

T H E
W O R K S
O F

Michael Drayton, Esq;

V O L. II.

C O N T A I N I N G,

1. The Miseries of Queen MARGARET, the
Unfortunate Wife of the most Unfortunate
King HENRY VI.
2. NYMPHIDIA : The COURT of FAIRY.
3. The MOON CALF.
4. The Legends of *Robert Duke of Normandy,*
Matilda the Fair, Pierce Gaveston, and Tho.
Cromwell, Earl of Essex.
5. The QUEST of CYNTHIA.
6. The SHEPHERD'S SIRENA.
7. Eight Songs of the POLY-OLBION, with the
Annotations of the learned SELDEN.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. R E E V E at *Shakespear's Head*
in *Fleet-street,* 1753.

WORKS OF

Michael Drayton, Esq;

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

1. The Mithras of Queen Margaret, the
Unfortunate Wife of the first Unfortunate
King Henry VI.

2. IYMPHIDIA: The Court of FAIRY.

3. The Mithras of Queen Margaret, the
Unfortunate Wife of the first Unfortunate
King Henry VI.

4. The Legends of the Duke of Normandy,
the Duke of Burgundy, and the Duke of
Brittany.

5. The Queen of YVIRIA.
6. The Queen of YVIRIA.
7. Eight Songs of the West-Orion, with the
Anecdotes of the several Singers.



L O N D O N
Printed for W. RAYNE at St. John's Church
in West-Street, 1755.

IS
H
The
So m
As u
In th
(T)
To

It wa
Their
But t
What
Their
The
TH
W



THE
MISERIES
OF
Queen MARGARET.

I SING a Woman, and a pow'rful Queen,
HENRY the Sixth, the King of England's wife,
The beauteous MARG'RET, whose misgovern'd spleen
So many sorrows brought upon her life,
As upon woman's never yet were seen ;
In the beginning of that fatal strife
(Th' unlucky season) when the Yorkists fought
To bring the line of Lancaster to nought.

It was the time of those great stirs in France,
Their ancient right that th' English had regain'd,
But the proud French attributing to chance,
What by meer manhood stoutly ours obtain'd,
Their late-fall'n ensigns labour'd to advance,
The streets with blood of either nation stain'd :
These strive to hold, those to cast off the yoke,
Whilst forts & towns flew up to heav'n in smoke.

386 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

The neighbouring Princes, greatly pitying then
The Christian blood in that long quarrel shed,
Which had devour'd such multitudes of men,
That the full earth could scarcely keep her dead;
Yet for each English, of her natives ten:
In zeal to peace these neighbouring Princes led,
At Tours in Touraine set them down a diet,
(Could it be done) these clamorous feuds to quiet.

From th' Emperor there ambassadors arrive,
The Kings of Denmark, Hungary and Spain;
And that each thing they aptly might contrive,
And both the Kings there largely might complain,
The Duke of Orleance for the French doth strive
To shew his grievance; WILLIAM POOL again,
The Earl of Suffolk, doth for England stand,
Who steer'd the state then with a pow'rful hand.

For eighteen months they ratify a peace
'Twixt these proud realms, which SUFFOLK doth pursue
With all his pow'rs, with hope still to encrease,
The same expir'd, that it should soon renew:
For by his means, if so this war might cease,
He had a plot of which they never knew,
To his intent which if all things went right,
He'll make the dull world to admire his might.

For having seen fair MARGARET in France,
(That time's bright'ft beauty) being then but young,
Her piercing eyes with many a subtile glance
His mighty heart so forcibly had stung,
As made him think, if that he could advance
This mortal wonder, only that among
His rising fortunes should the greatest prove,
If to his Queen he could advance his love.

Her

Her eyes at all points arm'd with those deceits,
That to her sex are natural every way ;
Which with more art she, as inticing baits,
For this great Lord doth with advantage lay ;
As he again, that on her bosom waits,
Had found that there, which could he come to sway,
He would put fair as ever man did yet,
Upon the height of Fortune's wheel to fit.

Love and ambition spur him in such sort,
As that (alone) t'accomplish his desire,
To fall with PHAËTON he would think it sport,
Tho' he should set the universe on fire :
Nor reckes he what the world of him report,
He must scorn that, who will dare to aspire ;
For thro' the air his wings him way shall make,
Tho' in his fall the frame of heaven he shake.

REYNER, descended from the royal stem
Of France, the Duke of Anjou, stiled King
Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem ;
Altho' in them he had not any thing,
But the poor title of a diadem ;
Seeing by SUFFOLK greater hopes to spring,
Puts on his daughter that great Lord to please,
Of England's counsels who kept all the keys.

But strange encounters strongly him oppose,
In his first entrance to this great design ;
Those men were mighty that against him rose,
And came upon him with a countermine ;
That he must now play cunningly, or lose ;
Cunning they were against him that combine,
Plot above plot doth strain aloft to tower,
The conflict great, 'twixt policy and power.

388 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

For HUMPHRY Duke of Glo'ster, stil'd the Good,
 England's protector, fought a match to make
 With a fair Princess of as royal blood,
 The daughter of the Earl of Arminake,
 And his crown'd nephew : but stout SUFFOLK stood
 Still for his mistress, nor will her forsake,
 But make her HENRY's Queen in spite of all ;
 Or she shall rise, or SUFFOLK swears to fall.

By the French faction when she up is cry'd,
 Of all angelic excellence the prime,
 Who was so dull that her not deify'd,
 To be the only master-piece of time ?
 The praise of her extended is so wide,
 As that thereon a man to heaven might climb :
 All tongues and ears enchanted with delight,
 When they do talk, or hear of MARGARITE.

And those whom POOL about his Prince had plac'd,
 And for his purpose taught the tricks of court ;
 To this great King, and many a time had grac'd,
 To make his ears more apt for their report ;
 Having the time most diligently trac'd,
 And saw these things successfully to fort,
 Strike in a hand, and up together bear,
 To make fair MARG'RET music in his ear.

Anjou a duchy, Main a county great,
 Of which the English long had been possesst ;
 And Mauns a city of no small receipt,
 To which the Duke pretended interest :
 For the conclusion, when they came to treat,
 And things by POOL were to the utmost prest,
 Are to Duke REYNER render'd up to hold :
 To buy a HELEN, thus a Troy was sold.

When

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 389

When of an Earl, a Marquess POOL is made,
Then of a Marquess is a Duke created ;
For he at ease in Fortune's lap was laid,
To glorious actions wholly consecrated :
Hard was the thing that he could not persuade,
In the King's favour he was so instated ;
Without his SUFFOLK who could not subsist,
So that he ruled all things as he list.

This with a strong astonishment doth strike
Th'amazed world, which knew not what to say ;
What living man but did the act mislike,
If him it did not utterly dismay,
That what with blood was bought at push of pike,
Got in an age, giv'n in an hour away ?
Some largely speak, and some again are dumb,
Wond'ring what would of this strange world become.

As when some dreadful comet doth appear,
Athwart the heaven that throws his threat'ning light,
The peaceful people that at quiet were,
Stand with wild gazes wond'ring at the sight ;
Some war, some plagues, some famine greatly fear,
Some falls of kingdoms, or of men of might :
The grieved people thus their judgments spend,
Of these strange actions what should be the end.

When SUFFOLK, procurator for the King,
Is ship'd for France, t'espouse the beauteous bride,
And fitted to the full of every thing,
Follow'd with England's gallantry and pride ;
(As fresh as is the bravery of the spring)
Coming to Tours, there sumptuously affy'd ;
This one, whose like no age had seen before,
Whose eyes out-shone the jewels that she wore.

390 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

Her reverent parents ready in the place,
As overjoy'd this happy day to see,
The King and Queen the nuptials there to grace;
On them three Dukes, as their attendants be,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons in their equipage,
And twenty Bishops: whilst that only she,
Like to the rosy morning towards the rise,
Cheers all the church, as it doth cheer the skies.

Triumphal arches the glad town doth raise,
And tilts and turneys are perform'd at court,
Conceited masks, rich banquets, witty plays,
Besides amongst them many a pretty sport:
Poets write prothalamions in their praise,
Until mens ears were cloy'd with the report:
Of either sex, and who doth not delight
To wear the daisy for Queen (a) MARGARITE?

The triumphs ended, he to England goes
With this rich gem allotted him to keep,
Still entertained with most sumptuous shows,
In passing thorough Normandy to Diepe,
Where like the sea the concourse daily flows,
For her departure whilst sad France doth weep;
And that the ships their crooked anchors weigh'd,
By which to England she must be convey'd.

And being fitted both for wind and tide,
Out of the harbour flies this goodly fleet,
And for fair Portsmouth their straight course they ply'd,
Where the King stay'd his lovely bride to meet:
Yonder she comes, when as the people cry'd,
Busy with rushes strewing every street,
The brainless vulgar little understand
The horrid plagues that ready were to land.

Which

(a) *Margarite* in French signifies a *Daisy*.

Which but too soon all-seeing heaven foretold:
For she was scarcely safely put on shore,
But that the skies (O wond'rous to behold!)
O'erspread with lightning hideously do roar,
The furious winds with one another scold,
Never such tempests had been seen before:

With sudden floods whole villages were drown'd,
Steeple with earthquakes tumbled to the ground.

WHen to their purpose things to pass were brought,
And these two brave ambitious spirits were met,
The Queen and Duke now frame their working thought,
Into their hands the sovereignty to get:
For soon they found the King could not be wrought
Up to their ends, nature so low had set
His humble heart; that what they would obtain,
'Tis they must do't, by colour of his reign.

And for they found the griev'd commons grutch,
At this which SUFFOLK desperately had done,
Who for the Queen had parted with so much,
Thereby yet nothing to the realm had won.
And those that spurr'd the people on, were such,
As to oppose them openly begun;
Therefore by them some great ones down must go,
Which if they miss'd of, they themselves must so.

YORK then, which had the Regency in France,
They force the King ignobly to displace,
Thereto the Duke of SOMERSET t' advance,
Their friend, and one of the Lancastrian race;
For they betwixt them turn'd the wheel of Chance,
'Tis they cry up, 'tis they that do debase:
He's the first man they purpos'd to remove,
The only minion of the people's love.

392 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

This open'd wide the public way, whereby
 Ruin rusht in upon the troubled land,
 Under whose weight it happen'd long to lye,
 Quite overthrown with their ill-guiding hand;
 For their ambition looking over-high,
 Could in no measure aptly understand
 Upon their heads the danger that they drew,
 Whose force, too soon, they and their faction knew,

For whilst this brave Prince was employ'd abroad,
 Th' affairs of France his mind up wholly took,
 But being thus disburthen'd of that load,
 Which gave him leave into himself to look,
 The course he ran in evidently shew'd,
 His late allegiance that he off had shook,
 And underhand his title set on foot,
 To pluck their Red-rose quite up by the root.

Thus having made a Regent of their own,
 By whom they mean great matters to effect,
 For by degrees they will ascend the throne,
 And but their own all aid they else neglect,
 As with a tempest he to ground is blown,
 On whom their rage doth any way reflect:
 Which good Duke HUMPHRY first of all must taste,
 Whose timeless death intemperately they haste,

This HENRY's uncle, and his next of blood,
 Was both Protector of the Realm, and King,
 Whose meekness had instilled him the Good,
 Of most especial trust in every thing;
 One to his country constantly that stood,
 As time should say, I forth a man will bring,
 So plain and honest, as on him I'll rest
 The age he liv'd in, as the only best.

This

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 393

This grave Protector, who both realms had sway'd,
Whilst the King's nonage his grave counsels crav'd,
In his great wisdom when he thoroughly weigh'd,
How this French Lady here herself behav'd,
To make her game again, how SUFFOLK play'd,
The realms from ruin hoping to have sav'd,
Lost his dear life within a little space,
Which overthrew the whole Lancastrian race.

This Prince, who still dar'd stoutly to oppose
Those whom he saw all but their own to hate,
Then found the league of his inveterate foes
To come upon him with the pow'r of fate ;
And things to that extremity still rose,
(The certain sign of the declining state)
As that their faction every day grew strong,
Perceiv'd his virtues like to suffer wrong.

Fierce MARGARET's malice propt with mighty men,
Her darling SUFFOLK, who her forward drew ;
Proud SOMERSET, of France the Regent then ;
And BUCKINGHAM, his pow'r too well that knew ;
The Cardinal BEAUFORT, and with him again
YORK's great Arch-bishop to make up the crew ;
By accusations doing all their best,
From the good Duke all government to wrest.

Who then compel the peaceful King to call
A parliament, their grievances to hear
Against the Duke, that, to enforce his fall,
They might have something that might colour bear :
But then they doubt his answer, and withall
The murmuring people they far more do fear,
As their own lives who lov'd him : therefore they
Must cast to make him secretly away.

And

394 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

And therefore with the parliament proceed,
Saint EDMOND's bury the appointed place,
Whereas they meant to do the fatal deed,
Which with much quickness should decide the case,
The cruel manner soon they had decreed,
And to the act they hasten them apace ;
On this good Prince their purpose to effect,
Then, when the people nothing should suspect.

No sooner was this great assembly met,
But the High-Marshal doth the Duke arrest,
And on his person such a guard they set,
That they of him were certainly possess'd ;
His servants were from their attendance let,
And either sent to prison or suppress'd ;
So that their Lord left in this piteous plight,
Lay'd in his bed, was strangled in the night.

Then give they out that of mere grief he dy'd,
To cover what they cruelly had done.
But this black deed when once the day descry'd,
The frantick people to his lodging run,
Some rail, some curse, yea little children chide,
Which forc'd that faction the fair streets to shun :
Some with proud SUFFOLK sunk into the ground,
Some bid a plague the cruel Queen confound.

Thus their ambition would not let them see
How by his death they hasten'd their decay,
Nor let them know, that this was only he
Who kept the YORKISTS evermore at bay,
But of this man they must the murderers be,
Upon whose life their safety only lay ;
But his dear blood, them nothing could suffice,
When now began Queen MARGARET's miseries.

In either kingdom all things go to wrack,
Which they had thought they could have made to thrive,
His noble counsels when they came to lack,
Which could them with facility contrive,
Nor could they stay them in their going back,
One mischief still another doth revive ;
As heav'n had sent a host of horrors out,
Which all at once incompass'd them about.

Out fly the Irish, and with sword and fire
Unmercied havock of the English made ;
They discontented here at home, conspire
To stir the Scot the borders to invade :
The faithless French then having their desire,
To see us thus in seas of troubles wade,
In every place outrageously rebel,
As out of France the English to expel.

The sturdy Normans, with high pride inflam'd,
Shake off the yoke of their subjection quite,
Nor will with patience hear the English nam'd,
Except of those that speak of them in spite,
But as their foes them publickly proclaim'd,
And their allies to open arms excite.

In every place thus England's right goes down,
Nor will they leave the English men a town.

Newcastle, Constance, Maleon, and St. Lo,
With Castle-Galliard, Argenton and Roan,
Ponteu-de-Mer, with forts and cities mo,
Than which that country stronger holds had none,
Set ope their gates, and bade the English go,
For that the French should then possess their own.
And to their armies up their forts they yield,
And turn the English out into the field.

And

396 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

And that great Earl of ARMINACK again,
A puissant Peer and mighty in estate,
Upon just cause, who took in high disdain
To have his daughter (b) so repudiate,
(His countries bord'ring upon Aquitain,)
Pursues the English nation with such hate,
As that he enter'd with his armed pow'rs,
And from that duchy drave all that was ours.

Th' intraged commons ready are to rise
Upon the Regent, to his charge and lay'd,
That from his slackness and base cowardice
These towns were lost, by his neglect of aid ;
Then follow SUFFOLK with confused cries,
With Main and Anjou and do him upbraid,
And vow his life shall for their losses pay,
Or at the stake their goods and lives to lay.

In th' open session and articulate,
Seven several treasons urg'd against them both,
As most pernicious members of the state,
Which was confirmed by the commons oath :
So that the King, who saw the people's hate,
(In his own self though he were very loath)
To both the houses lastly doth assent,
To set on SUFFOLK five years banishment.

His sovereign lady SUFFOLK thus must leave,
And she her servant, to her soul so dear,
Yet must they both conceal what they conceive,
Which they would not if any help there were :
Yet of all comfort they cannot bereave
Her, but this hope her pensive heart doth cheer,
That he in France shall have his most resort,
And live securely in her father's court.

(b) See p. 388. the first stanza.

His

His mighty mind nor can this doom molest,
But kicks the earth with a disdainful scorn:
If any thing do corrosive his breast,
It was, that he was in base England born.
He curst the King and Kingdom, but he blest
The Queen ; but if in any thing forlorn,
'Twas that he should her happy presence miss,
The endless sum of all his earthly blifs.

His sentence scarce in parliament had past,
But that the rascal multitude arise,
Pluck down his houses, lay his lordships waste,
And search how they his person may surprise ;
That he from England instantly must haste,
Cover'd by night, or by some strange disguise,
And to some small port secretly retire,
And there some poor boat for his passage hire.

From Harwich haven and embark'd for France,
As he for Calais his straight course doth steer,
(O here behold a most disastrous chance !)
A man of war (c) the seas that scoured there,
One at his actions that still lookt ascance,
And to this Duke did deadly hatred bear,
After a long chase took this little cray,
Which he suppos'd him safely should convey.

And from the fisher taking him by force,
He under hatches straightly him bestow'd,
And towards his country steering on his course,
He runs his vessel into Dover road,
Where railing on him without all remorse,
Him from the ship to all the people show'd ;
And when no more they could the Duke deride,
They cut his head off on the cock-boat side.

SUFFOLK

(c) By our historians called the NICHOLAS, and said to belong to the Duke of Exeter.

398 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

SUFFOLK thus dead, and SOMERSET disgrac'd,
His title YORK more freely might prefer ;
The commons love when cunningly to taste,
(Left over-weening he perhaps might err,)
He first suborns a villain that imbrac'd
The nobler name of March-born MORTIMER,
Which, in the title of the house of YORK,
Might set the monstrous multitude awork.

His name was CADE, his native country Kent,
Who tho' of birth and in estate but poor,
Yet for his courage he was eminent,
(Which the wise Duke well understood before :)
He had a mind was of a large extent,
The sign whereof on his bold brow he bore ;
Stern of behaviour, and of body strong ;
Witty, well-spoken, cautelous, tho' young.

But for the Duke his title (*d*) must derive
Out of the blood which bare that honour'd name,
Therefore must cast and cunningly contrive
To see how people relished the same ;
And if he found it fortun'd to thrive,
Then at the mark he had a farther aim,
To show himself his title good to make,
To raise him friends and pow'r, his part to take.

All opposition likewise to prevent,
The crafty Duke his meaning doth conceal,
And CADE doth rise t'reform the government,
And base abuses of the publick weal,
To which he knew the commons would consent,
Which otherwise his treason might reveal ;
Which rightly took, for by this colour he
Drew twenty thousand on his part to be.

From

(*d*) From the heir of LIONEL Duke of Clarence, the third son
of EDWARD III. married to EDW. MORTIMER Earl of March.

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 399

From Suffex, Surrey, and from Kent that rose,
Whom hope of spoil doth to this act perswade,
Which still increase his army as it goes,
And on Black-heath his rendezvous he made,
Where in short time it to that vastness grows,
As it at once the kingdom would invade,
And he himself the conquest could assure,
Of any pow'r King HENRY could procure.

And did in fight that gen'ral force defeat,
Sent by the King that rebel to pursue,
When under colour of a feign'd retreat,
He made as though he from the army flew,
The slaughter of the soldiers must be great,
When he those STAFFORDS miserably slew,
Captains select, and chosen by the Queen
To lead the pow'rs that should have wreak'd her teen.

When for a siege he to the city came,
Assaults the bridge with his embolden'd pow'r,
And after oft repulsed takes the same,
Makes himself master of the town and tow'r,
Doing such things as might the Devil shame,
Destroys records, and virgins doth deflow'r,
Robs, ransacks, spoils, and after all this stir,
Lastly, beheaded the Lord Treasurer.

These things by YORK being plotted underhand,
Wise as he was, as one that had not known
Aught of these treasons, hastes to Ireland
To tame those (e) kern, rebellious that were grown:
He knew it was not in the barren sand
That he this subtille pois'nous seed had sown,
Which came it on (as very well it might)
It would make room for his pretended right.

Whilst

(e) The vulgar;

400 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

Whilst these rebellions are in England broach'd,
As tho' the fates should enviously conspire
Our ruin, which too fast approach'd,
About our ears was Aquitain afire :
Their conquest so upon our towns incroach'd,
That CHARLES the French King then had his desire,
To see these troubles tire us here within,
That he the whilst in France from us might win.

To add to MARGARET's miseries again,
TALBOT, in France so bravely that had done,
Who many a year had aw'd proud Aquitain,
And many a fort and famous battle won,
At Chatillon (O endless grief!) was slain,
With the Lord LISLE, his over-valiant son ;
When all the towns that he had got before,
Yielded, nor would for England be no more.

YORK, in the nick from Ireland coming in,
Finding the kingdom cumber'd in this wise,
Thinks with himself 'twere time he did begin ;
But by no means he 'gainst the King must rise ;
(Oh, such a thought in any man were sin !)
But that he would proud SOMERSET surprize :
Yet wanting strength 'gainst the whole state to stand,
He bears his bus'ness with a moderate hand.

And first to mighty SAL'SBURY doth sue,
And his son WARWICK, and doth them intreat
With equal eyes they would be pleas'd to view
His rightful title. These two NEVILS, great
In pow'r and with the people, whom he knew
Deadly the Duke of SOMERSET to hate,
By his large offers he doth win at last,
In his just quarrel to cleave to him fast.

Thus

Thus his ambition having strongly back'd
With these two fatal fierbrands of war,
To his desires there very little lack'd,
He and the Earls, all three so popular,
To advance himself he no occasion slack'd,
For nought he sees him from his ends to bar:
'Tis no small tempest that he needs to fear,
Whom two such columns up betwixt them bear.

And by their strengths encourag'd, doth not stick
The other's actions boldly to o'erlook:
And for the season that the King was sick,
Upon himself the Regency he took;
For now his hopes upon him came so thick,
His entrance, doors from off the hinges shook.
He with a nod seem'd the world for to direct:
Who's he but bow'd, if this great Prince but beckt?

And in the Queen's great chamber doth arrest
Great SOMERSET, and sendeth him to ward;
And all his followers suddenly suppress,
Such was the number of his pow'rful guard!
With the proud Queen, this Prince as proud contests,
Nor for her frowns one friend of hers he spar'd:
Luck's on his side, while such stand by to bet.
He'll throw at all that any one dare set.

THE Queen, who saw which way this faction went,
And that these wrongs must still reflect on her,
The Duke of YORK to her destruction bent,
Thought with herself it was full time to stir,
And if his plots she ever would prevent,
Must with the wisest of her friends confer,
Their busy brains and must together beat,
To lessen him, like else to grow too great.

402 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

His pride a while yet patiently endure,
The King's recovery only to attend,
Of which themselves they hardly could assure,
Who once they thought had hasten'd to his end;
But when they found his physic to procure
His former health, then doth the Queen extend
Her utmost strength, to let the world to know
Queen MARGARET yet must not be master'd so.

With smiles and kisses when she woes the King,
That of his place the Duke he would discharge;
Which being done, the next especial thing,
She doth the Duke of SOMERSET inlarge,
And him of Calais gives the governing,
Whither his friends she caus'd him to inlarge,
Doubting the love and safeguard of the town.
Thus doth the Queen turn all things upside down.

Which so incens'd the angry Duke to ire,
With those two Earls upon his part that take,
Kindling in all that fierce revengeful fire,
Which the dear blood of SOMERSET must flake,
That into Wales they instantly retire,
And in the Marches up an army make:
And there by oath were each to other ty'd,
By dint of sword the quarrel to decide.

And whilst these Lords are busied in the West,
Of March-men must'ring a rebellious band,
HENRY again his Southern people press'd,
And settles there, their forces to withstand:
Then bows and bills were only in request,
Such rage and madness doth possess the land:
Set upon spoil on either part they were,
Whilst the weal-publick they in pieces tear.

On

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 403

On either part when for this war prepar'd,
Upon their march they at St. Albans met,
Where drums and ensigns one the other dar'd,
Whilst they in order their battalions set,
And with his fellow every soldier shar'd,
Bravely resolv'd to death to pay his debt:
When if that ever horror did appear
On th' English earth, it certainly was there.

That day the Queen's lov'd SOMERSET was slain;
There took the stout NORTHUMBERLAND his end:
There STAFFORD's blood the pavement did distain;
There CLIFFORD fell, King HENRY's constant friend:
The Earl of WARWICK, who brought on the main,
All down before him to pale death doth send.
ANTWESEL, BARTHORP, ZOUCHE, & CURWEN, all
King HENRY's friends, before the Yorkists fall.

Whilst this distressed miserable King,
Amazed much with fury of the fight,
And peril still his person menacing,
His living friends inforc'd to take their flight;
He, as a needles and neglected thing,
In a poor cottage hides him out of sight:
Who found by YORK, was as a pris'ner led,
Tho' with mild words the Duke him comforted.

And of his person being thus possess'd,
They in his name a parliament procure;
For with his Regal pow'r they will invest
Themselves, supposing to make all things sure,
That if their violent actions should be press'd
In after-time, they better might endure
The censuring; the worst and so prevent,
To shew them done by act of parliament.

404 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

And cause the King to take into his hands
 What to the crown did anciently pertain,
 Besides all honours, offices, and lands,
 Granted since the beginning of his reign;
 And not a fee, tho' ne'er so little, stands;
 All are call'd in, and let who will complain;
 And all his friends from council are remov'd,
 None must sit there, but those of them belov'd.

The silly King a cypher, set aside,
 What was in him that in great YORK is not?
 Amongst themselves all places they divide,
 And to be Chancellor SALS'BURY hath got,
 He is the man must take the law to guide;
 And Calais falls to warlike WARWICK's lot:
 And not a man at these must look awry,
 They make an act their acts to justify.

This done, the Duke had more to do than this;
 Something, it seem'd, more secretly to lurk,
 In which such pow'r (though from appearance) is,
 As yet once more would fret the Duke of YORK,
 And let him know he of his ends might miss;
 For now the Queen doth set her wits to work,
 To play the game that must renown her skill,
 And shew the law that rested in her will.

And from the root of SOMERSET late slain,
 Another stem to stand for her arose,
 HENRY for EDMOND, of his father's strain,
 (One of whose life she knew she could dispose)
 Of a strong judgment and a working brain.
 Great BUCKINGHAM and EXETER are those
 She means to work by, and by these restore
 Her to that height from whence she fell before.

1. 1.

These

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 405

These were the men to whom she trusted most,
To whom that faction much despight had done ;
For at St. Alban's SOMERSET had lost
His loved fire, and BUCKINGHAM his son ;
And EXETER, pursu'd from coast to coast,
From them enforc'd to sanct'ary to run :
Fetch'd thence by them, and to cold Pomfret sent,
And in a dungeon miserably pent.

Equal in envy as in pride and pow'r,
With ev'ry aid to their designment fraught,
Taking their turns at every fitting hour,
They on the King's much easiness so wrought,
As that they seem'd him wholly to devour,
Until to pass their purposes they brought ;
Lifting up still his spirit that was so poor,
Once more to do as he had done before.

For which at Greenwich he a council held,
Where, with th' opinion of those friends supply'd,
Those three which late with glorious titles swell'd,
Are from their sev'ral places put aside ;
Yet more, to seek their safety are compell'd,
At this prodigious turning of the tide :
For now the wind was strangely come about,
And brings them in who lately were shut out.

The cruel Queen and cunningly had cast,
At Coventry to cause them to appear,
With shew to pardon all that had been past,
If they but then would their allegiance swear ;
Which had they done, that day had been their last,
For she had plotted to destroy them there :
Of which forewarn'd, immediately they fled,
Which then their safety only promised.

406 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

Yet whilst one wrong thus from another rose,
 'Twixt them at last a meeting was ordain'd,
 All former strife and quarrels to compose,
 Which but too long betwixt them had remain'd ;
 Which to the world tho' handsomly it shows,
 Yet in plain truth, all was but meerly feign'd,
 To outward seeming yet are perfect friends :
 " But dev'lish folk have still their dev'lish ends.

And in proceſſion ſolemnly they go,
 In general joy, one ſmiling on the other,
 A Yorkiſt and Lancaſtrian make up two,
 Envy and malice, brother like to brother,
 In mind far ſunder'd, altho' coupl'd ſo,
 Bloody revenge and in their breſts they ſmother.
 Ill's the proceſſion, and fore-runs much loſs,
 Wherein men ſay, " the Devil bears the croſs.

Theſe rites of peace religiously perform'd
 To all men's thinking, the enraged Queen
 At WARWICK's greatneſs inwardly yet ſtorm'd,
 (Which every day ſtill more and more was ſeen)
 Againſt the King who Calais had ſo arm'd,
 As it his own inheritance had been.
 Which town, ſhe ſaw, that if he ſtill ſhould hold,
 That ſhe by him muſt hourly be controul'd.

For which his murder ſhe purſu'd ſo faſt,
 As that ſhe ſoon and ſecretly had lay'd
 Such to aſſault him as the ſtreets he paſt,
 As, if his brave name had not brought him aid,
 He of her vengeance had been ſure to taſte :
 The tragic ſcene ſo furiously was play'd,
 That he from London was forc'd to fly ;
 Like a rough ſea her malice wrought ſo high.

And

And tow'rds the Duke his speedy journey takes,
Who then at Middleham made his most abode,
Which SAL'SBURY his habitation makes,
Whereas their time together they bestow'd,
Whose courages the Earl of WARWICK wakes,
When he to them his sudden danger show'd
With a pale visage, and doth there disclose
Her brands set on him both in wounds and blows.

This wrong in council when they had discust,
And weigh'd the danger wherein still they were,
Continual treasons shrouded in their trust,
Nor other hopes else likely to appear,
They find that this might make a war seem just,
And give their cause up to the world more clear ;
To rise in arms when they resolve at last,
To raise them force, and wisely thus forecast :

To muster up their tenants and their friends,
Not as a war upon the land to bring,
Nor to advance their own sinister ends,
Nor wrong a subject in the smallest thing ;
Only to guard them (as their case then stands)
Till they had show'd their grievance to the King,
And give their pow'r to SAL'SBURY to guide,
That with the King the bus'ness should decide.

With this direction SAL'SBURY is sent,
WARWICK to Calais (with what haste he may)
By his much speed a mischief to prevent,
Fearing the town might else be giv'n away :
The Duke of YORK, by general consent,
At Middleham-castle they alot to stay,
To raise a second power (if need should be)
To re-inforce them, or to set them free.

408 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

The Queen, who heard (by such as were her own)
 With that false Earl how those of Cheshire sided,
 As in short time how pow'rful he was grown,
 Thinks with herself the shire might be divided,
 If that her love to some of them were known ;
 Which eas'ly might be, were her pleasure guided
 By some such person, of whose valour they
 Had an opinion, which she thus doth lay.

Causing the King to give a large command
 To JAMES Lord AUDLEY, pow'rful in those parts,
 To raise him force those rebels to withstand ;
 Such to their Sov'reign as had loyal hearts,
 And to make captains o'er ev'ry band,
 Men of the best blood, as of best deserts :
 Which he so labour'd, till that he had brought
 That t' half of one house 'gainst the other fought.

So that two men arising from one bed,
 Falling to talk, from one another fly ;
 This wears a white rose, and that wears a red ;
 And this a YORK, that LANCASTER doth cry :
 He wish'd to see that AUDLEY well had sped ;
 He prays again to prosper SAL'SBURY :
 And for their farewell when their leaves they take,
 They their sharp swords at one another shake.

'This fire in ev'ry family thus set,
 Out go the brown-bills with the well-strung bows,
 Till at Blore-heath these boist'rous soldiers met,
 For there it chanc'd the armies then to close,
 This must not live, if that he strove to let ;
 Never such friends yet e'er became such foes :
 With downright strokes they at each other lay ;
 No word for Cheshire was, but kill and slay.

The

The son (as some report) the father slew,
In opposition as they stoutly stood ;
The nephew's seen the uncle to pursue,
Bathing his sword in his own natural blood :
The brother in his brother's gore imbrue
His guilty hands, and at this deadly food,
Kinsman kills kinsman, which together fall,
As hellish fury had possess'd them all.

Here noble TUTCHET the Lord AUDLEY dy'd,
(Whose father wan him such renown in France)
And many a Cheshire Gentleman beside,
Fell at this field by war's uncertain chance.
These miseries QUEEN MARG'RET must abide,
Whilst the proud Yorkists do themselves advance :
And poor King HENRY on a pallet lay,
And scarcely ask'd which side had got the day.

Thus valiant AUDLEY at this battle slain,
And all those friends to the Lancastrians lost ;
Cheshire by her such damage to sustain,
So much dear blood had this late conflict cost :
Wherefore the grieved Queen, with might and main,
Labours for life to raise a second host :
Nor time therein she meaneth to foreflow,
Either she'll get all, or will all forego.

And whilst their friends them forces gathering were,
(The neigh'ring realms of this great bus'ness ring)
The Duke, and those that to his part adhere,
Proclaimed traitors ; pardon promising
To those at Blore that arms did lately bear,
So they would yet cleave to their lawful King ;
Which drive in many to their part again,
To make their full, they Yorkists in their wane.

410 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

YORK, who perceiv'd the puissant host prepar'd,
 With his dear NEVILS counsels what to do ;
 For it behov'd him to make good his guard
 With both their strengths, and all too little too ;
 And in the Marches he no labour spar'd,
 To win his friends along with him to go ;
 With expedition which he could not get,
 On the King's side the Commons so were set.

And being to meet so absolute a pow'r,
 Yet wanting much his party good to make ;
 And HENRY's proclamations ev'ry hour
 His soldiers win, their General to forsake ;
 Besides, the storm which rais'd this sudden show'r,
 Them all in funder likely was to shake :
 He saw his safety to consist in flight ;
 Thus, e'r he wist, o'ermaster'd in his might.

All on the spur for life away they post,
 Their homes too hot, nor there they might abide,
 The three brave (f) Earls soon reach the western coast,
 From whence to Calais their strait course they ply'd :
 The Duke to Wales, being there befriended most ;
 Yet for more safety he to Ireland hy'd :
 So others ship themselves from ev'ry bay,
 And happiest he that soon'st could get away.

As when a rout of rav'nous wolves are met,
 T' assail some herd the desert past'ring near,
 The watchful clowns which over them are set,
 Oft taught before their tyranny to fear,
 With dogs, with staves, and shouts together get,
 Nor never leave till they their cattle clear :
 So the King's pow'r the Yorkists still pursue,
 Which like those wolves before those herdsmen flew.

They

(f) EDWARD Earl of March, eldest son to the Duke, the Earls
 of Salisbury and Warwick.

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 411

They gone, the King at Coventry begun
A parliament, by good advice; wherein
The Duke of YORK, with th' Earl of MARCH his son,
With SALS'BRY and WARWICK, who had been
Conspirators, much mischief and had done,
And by whose help he hapt so much to win,
He there attaints of treason, and bestows
All that was theirs upon his friends, their foes.

When now those Earls in Calais still that kept,
The charge whereof proud WARWICK on him took,
In their intended bus'ness never slept,
Nor yet their former enterprize forsook;
In t' HENRY'S councils who had those that crept,
And did each day his actions over-look:
From whom as their advertisements still are,
So they their strengths accordingly prepare.

And in mean time the kingdom to embroil,
That with less noise their friends might raise an host,
They plague the seas with piracy and spoil,
And rob the havens all along the coast;
They ne'er take pity of their native soil,
For that they knew this would avail them most;
That whilst the state was busied there about,
Arms might be rais'd within by those without.

And slaughtering many that were set to ward
Th' especial ports, th' unwieldy anchors weigh'd
Of the King's ships, whose freight as prize they shar'd,
And them to Calais carefully convey'd
With their stol'n fleet, and his great navy dar'd,
As late by land, so now by sea they sway'd:
All in combustion, and their bloody rage,
Nor sea, nor land can possibly assuage.

Then

412 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

Then have they forces rais'd for them in Kent,
 Their next and most convenient place to land,
 (Where should the adverse pow'r their hopes prevent,
 In Dover road yet were their ships at hand)
 And by their posts still to and fro that went,
 They certainly were let to understand,
 That Kent was surely theirs, and only stay'd
 To rise in arms the Yorkists pow'r to aid.

When FALCONBRIDGE, who second brother was
 To SAL'SBURY, they send away before,
 To see no ships should out of Sandwich pass,
 To hinder them in coming to the shore ;
 There of munition took a wond'rous mass,
 Heapt in that town, that with th' abundant store
 He armed many at their coming in,
 Which of their side would scarcely else have been.

That they no sooner settled were on land,
 But that in arms th' rebellious Kentish rose,
 And the Lord COBHAM with a mighty band,
 With their Calicians presently doth close,
 That now they sway'd all with a pow'rful hand ;
 And in small time so great their army grows,
 From Suffex, Surrey, and those parts about,
 That of her safety London well might doubt.

But yet at last the Earls she in doth let,
 To whom the Clergy coming day by day,
 From further shires them greater forces get ;
 When tow'rd Northampton making forth their way,
 Where the sad King his army down had set,
 And for their coming only made his stay,
 With all the force his friends could him afford,
 And for a fight with all things fitly stor'd :

Who

Who
 (By th
 In ma
 By sta
 But th
 And f
 Tha
 On

When
 His vi
 And fu
 Bears c
 Old SA
 And F
 Tha
 And

There
 King H
 There S
 For his
 Brave B
 To deat
 And
 Welt'

The wre
 His soldi
 Left in h
 The seco
 The wof
 In a deep
 Nothin
 Was e

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 413

Who in his march the Earl doth oft molest,
(By their vauntcurrers hearing how they came)
In many a streight, and often him distress'd
By stakes and trenches that his horse might lame:
But the stout Yorkists still upon them press'd;
And still so fearful was great WARWICK's name,
That being once cry'd on, put them oft to flight,
On the King's army till at length they light.

When th' Earl of MARCH, then in the pride of blood,
His virgin valour on that day bestows;
And furious WARWICK, like a raging flood,
Bears down before him all that dare oppose;
Old SAL'SBURY so to his tackling stood,
And FALCONBRIDGE so lays amongst his foes,
That ev'n like leaves the poor Lancastrians fall,
And the proud Yorkists bear away the ball.

There HUMPHRY Duke of Buckingham expir'd,
King HENRY's comfort and his cause's friend;
There SHREWSBURY (even of his foes admir'd
For his high courage) his last breath doth spend;
Brave BEAUMONT there and EGREMONT lay tir'd
To death; there LUCY had his luckless end;
And many a noble Gentleman that day,
Welt'ring in gore, on the wild champion lay.

The wretched King, as Fortune's only scorn,
His soldiers slain, and he of all forsaken,
Left in his tent, of men the most forlorn,
The second time a pris'ner there is taken;
The woful Queen out of the battle born
In a deep swoon, and when she doth awaken,
Nothing about her hears but howls and cries:
Was ever Queen's like MARG'RET's miseries?

414 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

YORK coming in from Ireland in the end,
And to his hands thus finds the battle won,
By the high prowess of his faithful friend,
Great WARWICK, and that valiant MARCH his son,
His present hopes the former so transcend,
That the proud Duke immediately begun
By his bold actions to expresse his thought,
Through so much blood what he so long had fought.

The King's commandment daring to deny,
His sovereign Lord being call'd to wait upon,
And on his fortune bears himself so high,
That he in state presumes t' ascend his throne:
From the King's lodgings puts his servants by,
And placeth in them such as were his own:
So infinitely insolent he grows,
As he the crown at pleasure would dispose.

When he procures a parliament with speed,
In which himself Protector he doth make,
And only heir apparent to succeed
The King, when death him from the world should take:
And what had been at Coventry decreed,
He there annuls, from him and his to shake
The servile yoke of all subjection quite.
Down goes the Red rose, and up goes the White.

And he with Fortune that this while doth sport,
Seeing the Southern to him still were sure,
Thinks to the North if he should but resort,
He to his part the Northern should procure,
Seeking all ways his greatness to support,
Nor would an equal willingly endure:
Down into Yorkshire doth to Sandal ride,
Whose lofty site well suited with his pride.

The

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 415

The vexed Queen, whose very soul forgot
That such a thing as patience it had known,
And but she found her friends forsook her not,
As mad as ever HECUBA had grown;
Whilst both her wrongs and her revenge were hot,
Her mighty mind so down could not be thrown,
But that once more the bloody set she'll play
With YORK, ere so he bear the crown away.

And down to Sandal doth the Duke pursue,
With all the pow'r her friends could her provide,
Led by those Lords that had been ever true,
And had stood fast upon King HENRY's side:
With that most valiant and selected crew,
The brav'st of Queens so well her business ply'd,
That coming soon in Sandal's lofty fight,
Into the field she dares him forth to fight.

And for this conflict there came on with her
Her hope Prince HENRY, her dear only son,
Stout SOMERSET, and noble EXETER,
Dukes, that for MARG'RET mighty things had done,
DEVON and WILT, Earls using to confer
With this wise Queen, when danger she would shun;
Undaunted CLIFFORD, Ross in war up-brought,
Barons as brave as ere in battle fought.

When this stout Duke, who in his castle stood,
With SAL'SBURY, who beat them all at Blore,
Both which were flesht abundantly with blood,
In those three battles they had won before,
Thought in their pride it would be ever flood,
Nor 'gainst Queen MARGARET that they needed more;
For they led Fortune chain'd with them about,
That of their conquest none but fools could doubt.

And

416 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

And for the field soon marshalling their force,
 All poor delays they scornfully defy,
 Nor will the Duke stay for those troops of horse,
 With which his son him promis'd to supply ;
 In spite of fate they'll give their foe the worse,
 On their own valour they so much rely ;
 And with five thousand marshall'd well they come,
 Meaning to charge the Queen's main battle home.

But in her host she having those that were
 Expert in all the stratagems of war,
 To fight with him do cause her to forbear,
 Till from his castle she had got him far ;
 Whilst in an ambush she had placed there
 WILTSHIRE and CLIFFORD, with their strengths to bar
 Him from his home in off'ring to retire,
 Or wound his back e'v'n as they would desire.

When to't they fell upon an easy plain,
 At the hill foot, where furiously they fought,
 Upon both sides where there were many slain :
 But for the Queen four to his one had brought,
 The Duke of YORK (for all his pride) was fain
 Back to recoil, where he was finely caught ;
 For WILT and CLIFFORD, that in ambush were,
 The van thus routed, overthrew the rear.

Where YORK himself, who proudly but of late
 With no less hope than of a kingdom fed,
 Upon this field, before his castle gate,
 Mangled with wounds, on his own earth lay dead ;
 Upon whose body CLIFFORD down him sat,
 Stabbing the corps, and cutting off his head,
 Crown'd it with paper, and (to wreak his teen)
 Presents it so to the victorious Queen.

His

His bastard uncles, both couragious Knights,
Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER, so sped ;
HALL, HASTINGS, NEVILL, who in sundry fights
Had shew'd their valour, on the field found dead ;
And SAL'SBURY among these tragic fights,
Who at Blore-heath so much dear blood had shed,
Taken alive, to Pomfret sent with speed,
And for their bloods himself there made to bleed.

Some climb up rocks, thro' hedges others run,
Their foes so roughly execute their rage ;
Where th' Earl of RUTLAND, the Duke's eldest son,
Then in his childhood and of tender age,
Coming in hope to see the battle won,
CLIFFORD, whose wrath no rigour could assuage,
Takes, and whilst there he doth for mercy kneel,
In his soft bosom sheaths his sharp'ned steel.

EDWARD of MARCH, the Duke his father slain,
Succeeding him, whilst things thus badly sort,
Gathering an army, but yet all in vain,
To aid his father, for he came too short,
Hearing that PEMBROKE with a warlike train
Was coming tow'rs him ; touch'd with the report,
His valiant Marchers for the field prepares
To meet the Earl, if to approach he dares.

JASPER, by birth half-brother to the King,
On bright Queen CATH'RINE got by OWEN TETHER,
Whom HENRY's love did to this Earldom bring,
And as from Wales descended, sent him thither,
And of South Wales gave him the governing,
Where in short time he got an host together,
Cleaving to HENRY, who did him prefer,
As an ally to th' house of LANCASTER.

418 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

Upon their march when as they lastly met,
Near to the cross that MORTIMER is nam'd,
Where they in order their battalions set :
The Duke and Earl with equal rage inflam'd,
With angry eyes they one the other threat,
Their deadly arrows at each other aim'd :
And there a fierce and deadly fight begin,
A bloodier battle yet there had not been.

The Earl of ORMOND, an associate then
With this young TUDOR, for the King that stood,
Came in the vanguard with his Irish men,
With darts and skains ; those of the British blood
With shafts and gleaves them seconding again,
And as they fall, still make their places good :
That it amaz'd the Marchers, to behold
Men so ill arm'd upon their bows so bold.

Now th' Welch and Irish so their weapons wield,
As tho' themselves they conq'rors meant to call ;
Then are the Marchers masters of the field,
With their brown bills the Welchmen so they maul ;
Now th' one, now th' other likely were to yield ;
These like to fly, then those were like to fall :
Until at length (as Fortune pleas'd to guide)
The conquest turn'd upon the Yorkists side.

Three suns were seen that instant to appear,
Which soon again shut up themselves in one,
Ready to buckle as the armies were,
Which this brave Duke took to himself alone,
His drooping hopes which somewhat seem'd to cheer,
By his mishaps near lately overthrown ;
So that thereby encouraging his men,
Once more he sets the White rose up again.

PEMBROKE

PEMBROKE and ORMOND save themselves by flight,
Four thousand soldiers of both armies dead,
But the great loss on the Lancastrians light,
So ill the friends of poor King HENRY sped ;
Where OWEN TUDOR taken in the flight,
(This young Earl's father by Queen CATH'RINE's bed)
At Hereford, not far away from thence,
Where others with him dy'd for their offence.

THIS while the Queen, the goal at Sandal gain'd,
Leads on tow'rds London her victorious host,
Whose blades she shows with blood of Yorkists stain'd,
Nor of her conquest can she leave to boast ;
But to her side whilst lucky Fortune lean'd,
Come what can come, she means to clear the coast
Of those she knew in YORK's revenge would rise,
Found she not means their forces to surpise.

And at St. Alban's finding on her way
JOHN Duke of NORFOLK, and her dev'lish foe
Fierce WARWICK, who there with an army lay ;
Which two, deceased YORK, when he should go
To Sandal, left them as his only kay
To keep King HENRY (which they not foreflow,)
Left by the Queen and hers he might be wrought,
T' annul their late past parliament for nought.

For which to council calling up her Lords,
Well to consider what was to be done,
Who cheer her up with comfortable words,
And would in no wise she her way should shun,
For they would make her entrance with their swords ;
Here what was lost, might here again be won :
Assuring her, their minds them strongly gave,
That of this field the glory she should have.

420 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

And soon their army ordering for the ground,
Whereof a view they ev'ry way do take;
When for assault they bid their trumpets sound,
And so their entry on the town they make:
But coming to the market-place, they found
A shower of shafts as from a cloud it brake,
Which back again made them so fast to bear,
As that their van was like to rout their rear.

But thus repuls'd, another way they prove
How in upon their enemy to get;
Which makes their foes that they their force remove,
To stop that passage wherein they were set;
That whilst they shafts into each other shove,
For a long while it was an even bet,
Death being thus dealt, and both so deeply in,
Whether proud WARWICK or the Queen should win.

But by the Queen constrained to recoil,
Their ground from them they absolutely won,
When they the Yorkists miserably spoil,
And in with them on their main battle run:
Which being greatly straitned by the foil,
They could not do what else they might have done:
Thro' thick and thin, o'er hedge & ditch that take,
And happiest he that greatest haste could make.

Whilst WARWICK cries, 'Ye southern cowards, stay,
' And once more turn your faces to your foes;
' 'Tis fear, not danger, doth ye thus dismay:
' O prove the former fortune of your bows!
' Think but upon the late-won glorious day
' Got in this place, the same whereof you lose
' By your base flight.'—But he his breath might spare,
He might as well have call'd upon the air.

Scatter'd

Scatter'd like sheep by wolves that had been scar'd,
So run the Yorkists ; which when NORFOLK saw,
He calls to WARWICK, scarcely then prepar'd,
Himself out of this danger to withdraw.

‘ My Lord, quoth he, you see that all is marr’d ;

‘ Fortune hath sworn to keep us in her awe :

‘ Our lives are gone, if longer here we stay ;

‘ Lose not yourself, tho’ we have lost the day.

And for they found the foe came on so fast,
The King by them to this lost battle brought,
And under guard in his pavillion plac’d,
They ’re forc’d to leave, which late they little thought ;
For there were those which made them make such haste,
They could not stay to have their Sovereign fought :

But since the battle had such ill success,

That lost, they thought their loss of him the less.

The foe thus fled, they quickly found the King,
From whom a speedy messenger is sent,
His wife and son away to him to bring :
Who with their Lords arriving at his tent,
Where after many a fall and many a spring
Of tears of joy upon each other spent,

With strict embraces they each other strain,

No one had need a gladness there to feign.

Like as you see when partridges are flown,
(In falc’ners terms which we the covey call,)
By the sharp hawk and into thickets thrown,
There drops down one, there doth another fall :
Yet when they hear the questring spaniels gone,
They in the evening get together all,

With pretty juggling and each other greet,

Glad as it were they once again should meet.

422 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

But the fierce Queen, her full revenge to take
Of those she thought the Yorkists well that meant,
The stout Lord BONVILLE for King HENRY's sake,
And THOMAS KERRIL, a brave Knight of Kent,
Who the King's guard strove ever strong to make,
All threatening peril thereby to prevent,
And for their safeties had his sovereign word,
That cruel woman putteth to the sword.

This well might warn great WARWICK not to trust
Too much to Fortune, which so soon reveals
Her whorish likeness, like an averse gust,
And on the sudden makes him strike his sails,
Which when he most believ'd her to be just,
His forward hopes then most of all she fails ;
All his accounts and teach him thus to sum,
"None overcomes, but may be overcome."

Some think that WARWICK had not lost the day,
But that the King into the field he brought ;
For with the worse that side went still away,
Which had King HENRY with them when they fought,
Upon his birth so sad a curse they lay,
As that he never prospered in aught.
The Queen wan two amongst the loss of many,
Her husband absent ; present, never any.

But whilst her self with further hopes she fed,
The Queen still watchful, wisely understands,
That WARWICK late, who at St. Alban's fled,
(Whereas his heels serv'd better than his hands,)
Had met the Duke of YORK, and made a head
Of many fresh and yet unfought-with bands,
At Chipping-norton for more forces stay'd,
From whence tow' rds London they their march had laid.

And

And for she saw the Southern to adhere
Still to the Yorkists, who again rely'd
Much on their aid, as London she doth fear,
A small relief which lately her deny'd,
She can (at all) conceive no comfort there,
With any succours nor to be supply'd ;
But to the North her speedy course directs,
From whence fresh aids she every day expects.

Not four days march yet fully on her way,
But YORK to London with his army comes,
And near the walls his ensigns doth display,
Deaf'ning the city with his clamorous drums :
His title so the multitude doth sway,
That for his soldiers they provide him sums ;
And those provisions they QUEEN MARG'RET ow'd,
Taken from her's, they on the Duke bestow'd.

The gates set open to receive him in,
They with applause his gracious entrance greet ;
His presence so the peoples hearts doth win,
That they come flocking in from every street,
Kneeling before him as he crown'd had been ;
And as he rode along, they kiss his feet :
Whilst good K. HENRY tow'rs the North is gone,
'The poor Lancastrians damn'd by every one.

Whither (at once) doth presently repair
The spiritual Lords and temporal, who would have
Him take the crown ; who far more ready are
To give, than he their suffrages to crave :
The Commons take him so into their care,
Upon his name that doatingly they rave ;
And being ask'd who should their Sovereign be ?
They cry, King EDWARD, and no man but he.

424 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

Thus to his height this puissant Prince they heave,
The feat imperial; where then sitting down,
Their fealty they force him to receive,
Which on his head might firmly fix his crown,
And in his hand the regal scepter leave :
EDWARD the fourth proclaim'd in ev'ry town,
With all the pomp that they could think upon,
They then adorn his coronation.

THIS news too quickly in Queen MARG'RET's ear,
What by the Lords at London had been done,
Even at the point to fall into despair,
Ready she was on her own death to run ;
With her fair fingers rents her golden hair,
Cursing that hour when first she saw the sun,
With rage she faints ; reviving, and doth call
Upon high heav'n for vengeance on them all.

To aid her right yet still excites her friends,
By her fair speech enchanted, as by charms,
Scarce any man on any Lord depends
That follows her, that riseth not in arms :
The spacious North such plenteous succour sends,
That to her side the soldiers come in swarms.
Thus day by day she addeth more and more
To that full army which she had before.

Not long it was but EDWARD understood
Of this great pow'r prepared in the North,
When he, to make his coronation good,
Calls to his aid his friends of greatest worth :
With whom, then rising like a raging flood,
This forward King breaks violently forth,
That with the help of tributary flows,
Extends his breadth still onward as he goes.

Nor

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 425

Nor HENRY's army needed to be fought,
For every man could tell him where it lay;
In twelve days march which EDWARD eas'ly rought,
Without resistance keeping on his way,
Near fifty thousand in his host he brought,
Whose brandish'd ensigns seem'd to brave the day;
And under Pomfret his proud tents he pight,
Providing hourly for a deadly fight.

Of HENRY's host when they who had command,
On whom the Queen imposed had the care,
Great SOMERSET and stout NORTHUMBERLAND,
And CLIFFORD, whom no danger yet could dare:
The walls of York first having thoroughly mann'd,
There plac'd the King; when quickly they prepare
To range their battle, which consisted then
Of threescore thousand valiant Northern men.

From EDWARD's host the Lord FITZWATER went,
And valiant NEVILL, WARWICK's bastard brother,
At Ferrybridge the passage to prevent,
From coming over Eyre to keep the other:
'Gainst whom the adverse the Lord CLIFFORD sent,
Who taking night his enterprize to smother,
The dawn yet dusky, passing through a ford,
Puts them and all their soldiers to the sword.

At the shrill noise when WARWICK coming in,
And finds his brother and FITZWATER dead,
Even as a man distracted that had been,
Out of his face the lively colour fled:
'Doth cruel CLIFFORD thus (quoth he) begin?
'For ev'ry drop of blood that he hath shed
'This day, I'll make an enemy to bleed,
'Or never more in battle let me speed.'

And

426 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

And to the King returning in this mood :
 ' My Liege (quoth he) all mercy now defy,
 ' Delay no longer to revenge their blood,
 ' Whose mangled bodies breathless yonder lie ;
 ' And let the man that means King EDWARD's good,
 ' Stand fast to WARWICK, who no more shall flie ;
 ' Resolv'd to win, or bid the world adieu.'
 Which spoke, the Earl his sprightly courser flew.

This resolution so extreemly wrought
 Upon King EDWARD, that he gave command
 That on his side who willingly not fought,
 Should have his leave to quit him out of hand ;
 That ev'ry one should kill the man he caught ;
 To keep no quarter ; and who meant to stand
 In his just cause, rewarded he would see :
 This day he'll rise, or this day ruin'd be.

When near to Towton, on the spacious plain,
 These puissant armies on Palm-Sunday met,
 Where downright slaughter angry heav'n doth rain,
 With clouds of rage the element is set :
 The winds breathe fury, and the earth again
 With the hot gore of her own natives wet,
 Sends up a smoke, which makes them all so mad,
 Of neither part that mercy could be had.

One horrid sight another doth appall ;
 One fearful cry another doth confound ;
 Murthers so thick upon each other fall,
 That in one shriek another's shriek is drown'd :
 Whilst blood for blood incessantly doth call
 From the wide mouth of many a gaping wound,
 Slaughter so soon grows big, that com'n to birth,
 The monstrous burthen overloads the earth.

This

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 427

This bloody tempest ten long hours doth last,
Whilst neither side could to itself assure
The victory ; but as their lot was cast,
With wounds and death they stoutly it endure ;
Until the valiant Yorkists at the last,
Altho' in number near ten thousand fewer,
In their long fight their forces manage so,
That they before them lay their conquer'd foe.

Couragious CLIFFORD first here fell to ground,
Into the throat with a blunt arrow struck :
Here WESTMORLAND receiv'd his deadly wound :
Here dy'd the stout NORTHUMBERLAND, that stuck
Still to his Sovereign ; WELLS and DACRES found
That they had lighted on King HENRY's luck :
TROWLUP & HORNE, two brave commanders, dead,
Whilst SOMERSET and EXETER were fled.

Thirty two thousand in this battle slain,
Many in strays lie heap'd up like a wall ;
The rest lie scatter'd round about the plain :
And Cock, a river though but small,
Fill'd with those flying, doth so deeply stain
The river Wharf, int' which this Cock doth fall,
As that the fountain which this flood doth feed,
Besides their blood, had seem'd for them to bleed.

King HENRY's hopes thus utterly forlorn,
By the late loss of this unlucky day :
He feels the crown even from his temples torn,
On his sword point which EDWARD bears away :
And since his fall the angry Fates had sworn,
He finds no comfort longer here to stay ;
But leaving York, he post to Berwick goes,
With's Queen and son, true partners in his woes.

428 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

The King for Scotland, and for France the Queen,
Divided hence, since them thus Fortune thwarts,
Before this time there seldom had been seen
Two to be sever'd with so heavy hearts :
The Prince their son then standing them between,
Their song is sorrow, and they bear their parts :
He to the King of Scots, to get supplies ;
She to the French King, and her father flies.

Which well might show a Prince's slippery state :
For when she hither at the first came in,
England and France did her congratulate ;
Then in two battles she had conqueror been,
Seeming to tread upon the Yorkists hate,
As from that day she had been born to win ;
Now to sail back with miseries far more,
Than were her triumphs landing here before.

This cruel blow to the Lancastrians lent,
At fatal Towton that Palm-Sunday fight,
Where so much blood they prodigally spent,
To France and Scotland as inforc'd their flight,
Lifts up the Yorkists to their large extent ;
And EDWARD now to see his crown fate right,
Proud in his spoils, to London doth repair,
And re-anointed mounts th' imperial chair.

Where he a speedy parliament doth pass,
T' annul those laws which had been made before
'Gainst his succession, and dissolve the mass
Of treasons heap'd on his, them to restore :
Whereby King HENRY so much lessen'd was,
As after that he should subsist no more ;
Little then thinking LANCASTER again,
Now but an exile, over him should reign.

Where

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 429

Where he attaints as traitors to his crown,
JOHN Earl of OXFORD, and his valiant son
AUBRY DE VERE, with whom likewise went down
MONTGOM'RY, TERIL, TUDENHAM, who were done
To death ; so heav'n on HENRY seems to frown :
And SOMERSET, King's HENRY's wrath to shun,
Himself submitting, is receiv'd to grace.
Such is Queen MARG'RET's miserable case !

HENRY in Scotland, the sad Queen the while
Is left to France, to LEWIS there to sue
To lend her succour : scorning her exile,
In spite of fate she will the war renew ;
She will tempt Fortune till again she smile :
In such a pitch her mighty spir't till flew,
That should the world oppose her, yet that strength
She hopes shall work up her desires at length.

And with five thousand valiant volunteers
Of native French, put under her command,
With arms well fitted, she tow'rds Scotland steers ;
With which before she possibly could land,
The wrath of heaven upon this Queen appears,
And with fierce tempests strives her to withstand :
The winds make war against her with her foe,
Which, join'd together, work her overthrow.

Her forces thus unfortunately lost,
Which she in Scotland hop'd to have increas'd,
And in this tempest she herself so tost,
As never Lady ; yet she here not ceas'd :
But since she found her enterprize thus cross'd,
She to the Scottish her fair course address'd ;
Nor would desist, till she had rais'd again
Ten thousand valiant well-appointed men.

And

430 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

And in upon Northumberland doth break,
 Rouzing the sluggish villages from sleep,
 Bringing in HENRY though a help but weak,
 But leaves her son in Berwick safe to keep :
 Her rattling drums so rough a language speak,
 The ruffling Scots and all the country sweep ;
 Which rumour ran so fast with through the air,
 That EDWARD thought it shook his very chair.

And SOMERSET, receiv'd to grace before,
 With Sir RALPH PERCY, from that fatal day
 At Towton, found each minute more and more,
 How sad a fate on the Lancastrians lay ;
 Yet hoping now King HENRY to restore,
 Who, they suppos'd, had new found out the way,
 Revolt from EDWARD, and in HENRY's name
 Call in their friends, to aid him as he came.

THIS noise of war arising from the North,
 In EDWARD's ears re-echoing, bids him stir ;
 And rumour tells him, if he made not forth,
 Queen MARGARET com'n, he must resign to her ;
 For they were Captains of especial worth,
 On whom she did this mighty charge confer :
 For that her ensigns she at large display'd ;
 And as she came, so still came in her aid.

For which his much-lov'd MONTACUTE he sends,
 With England's valiant infantry his Peers ;
 To whose wise guidance he this war commends,
 His soldiers expert, pickt in sundry shires.
 His utmost strength King EDWARD now extends,
 Which he must do, or dragg'd down by the ears
 From his late-gotten, scarcely-settled throne,
 And on his shoulders she remount thereon.

And

And
 But
 And
 To
 Fear
 To
 Fo
 Bu

Now
 EDWA
 The
 Their
 Which
 And
 And
 Yet

At
 Where
 With
 Leagu
 Strives
 To
 That
 In

Which
 As
 For
 By
 As
 The
 Not
 That

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 431

And MONTACUTE had scarcely march'd away,
But he himself sets forward with an host,
And a strong navy likewise doth purvey,
To scour the seas, and keep the British coast,
Fearing from France fresh succours every day,
To aid Queen MARG'RET, which perplex'd him most:
For he perceiv'd his crown fate not so sure,
But might be shak'd, should she her pow'rs procure.

Now is the North fill'd with refulgent arms,
EDWARD's are English, Scots Queen MARG'RET brings.
The North's cold bosom this great concourse warms,
Their quarrel is the right of two great Kings,
Which oft before have wrought each other's harms,
And from that root new horror daily springs;
And tho' much blood they both had spent before,
Yet not so much, but that there must be more.

At Hegly-Heath their skirmishes begin,
Where two bold Barons, HUNGERFORD and ROSS,
With Sir RALPH PERCY (he who late had been
Leagu'd with King EDWARD, but then gotten loose,
Strives by all means to expiate that sin,)
To the Lancastrian faction cleaves so close,
That when those Barons from that conflict flie,
In HENRY's right he bravely dares to die.

Which leads along as tragical an act,
As since the wars had ever yet been play'd:
For MONTACUTE b'ing fortunately backt,
By brave King EDWARD's coming to his aid:
As of their force King HENRY little lackt,
The plain call'd Livels, where the scene was laid,
Not far from Exham near to Dowil's flood,
That day discolour'd with Lancastrians blood;

There

432 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

There struck they battle, bow-men bow-men ply'd,
 Northern to Southern, slaughter ceaseth all;
 Long the fight lasted, ere that either side
 Could tell to which the victory would fall:
 But to the Yorkists Fortune is so ty'd,
 That she must come when they shall please to call;
 And in his cradle HENRY had the curse,
 That where he was, that side had still the worse.

This luckless day by the Lancastrians lost,
 Was SOMERSET surprized in his flight,
 And in pursuing of this scatter'd host,
 On MULLINS, ROSS, and HUNGERFORD they light,
 Which this day's work ere long full dearly cost;
 And with these Lords were taken many a Knight,
 Nor from their hands could HENRY hardly shift,
 Had not his guide been, as his horse was, swift.

Still must Queen MARG'RET's miseries endure,
 This mass of sorrow markt out to sustain:
 For all the aids this time she should procure,
 Are either taken, put to flight, or slain;
 Of nothing else she can herself assure,
 That she will leave her losses to complain:
 For since she sees that still her friends go down,
 She will curse Fortune if she do not frown.

HENRY to flie to Scotland back is fain,
 To get to France the woful Queen is glad,
 There with her son inforced to remain,
 Till other aids might thence again be had:
 So them their hard necessities constrain,
 To set them down that it doth make me sad:
 Never so thick came miseries, I ween,
 Upon a poor King and a woful Queen.

This

This done, King EDWARD his strong army sends
To take those castles which not long before
Had been deliver'd to King HENRY's friends,
Which he by sieges makes them to restore;
And on the borders watchfully attends,
To HENRY's aid that there should come no more:
But oh, behold, as one ordain'd to ill,
The fate that follows hapless HENRY still!

For out of some deep melancholy fit,
Or otherwise, as fall'n into despair,
Or that he was not rightly in his wit,
Being safe in Scotland, and still succour'd there;
Upon the sudden he abandons it,
And into England inly ent'ring, where
He is surpriz'd, and (in his enemies power)
Is by King EDWARD shut up in the Tower.

This hap had HENRY; who when he was born
Of Christian Kings the greatest then alive,
Now he the crown full forty years had worn,
Doth all his regal sov'reignty survive,
Of all men living and the most forlorn,
So strange a thing can destiny contrive:
So many fundry miseries, as he,
No King before had ever liv'd to see.

To hear all this Queen MARGARET must endure,
Yet sadly to her father's court confin'd,
And now King EDWARD held himself secure,
When things fell out so fitly to his mind;
But when of rest he did himself assure,
Upon a sudden rose so rough a wind,
In his strong hand which shook his scepter more,
Than all the storms that ere had blown before.

434 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

For then in mind to league himself with France,
Which he perceiv'd would be the surest way
His question'd title highly to advance ;
And at his need should serve him for a kay
To open him their policies, whose chance
Was then in casting, and they next to play :
For MARG'RET still the French King LEWIS prest
For second aids, nor would she let him rest.

Wherefore he sends a marriage to entreat
With beauteous BONA (with whose rich report
Fame was oppress'd with, as a task too great)
The French Queen's sister, and with her in court,
WARWICK the man chose forth to work the feat ;
Who is sent thither in most sumptuous sort,
And in short time so well his bus'ness plies,
That she was like to prove an English prize.

In the mean while, this youthful King by chance
Coming to Grafton, where the Duchefs lay,
Then stil'd of BEDFORD, his eye haps to glance
On her bright daughter the fair widow GRAY,
Whose beauties did his senses so intrance,
And stole his heart so suddenly away,
That must he lose his crown, come weal, come woe,
She must be his, though all the world say no.

Her looks (like Lethe) make him to forget
Upon what bus'ness he had WARWICK sent ;
Upon this Lady he his love so set,
That should his crown from off his head be rent,
Or his rebellious people rise, to let
This choice of his, they should it not prevent :
For those pure eyes, his bosom that had pierc'd,
Had writ a law there, not to be revers'd.

• What

• Wh
• For
• Tha
• I m
• For
Soothi
Wi
Till

This a
And th
In his t
His hea
He his
Breaks
And
For t

• Have
• That t
• Have
• In this
• And n
• By this
• If th
• Hol

• Know,
• Else lon
• And in
• None of
• And no
• Only for
• From t
• Or if th

- ' What less amends this Lady can I make,
- ' For her dear husband in my quarrel slain,
- ' Than lawful marriage? which for justice sake
- ' I must perform (quoth he) lest she complain;
- ' For a just Prince so me the world shall take.'

Soothing himself up in this amorous vein,
With his affections in this sort doth play,
Till he a Queen made the fair Lady GRAY.

This act of EDWARD's com'n to WARWICK's ear,
And that the sequel show'd it to be true,
In his stern eyes it eas'ly might appear
His heart too great for his straight bosom grew,
He his commission doth in piece-meal tear,
Breaks the broad seal, and on the ground it threw;
And prays blest heav'n may curse him, if that he
For this disgrace revenged would not be.

- ' Have I (quoth he) so lifted thee aloft,
- ' That to thy greatness I the scorn am grown?
- ' Have I for thee adventur'd been so oft
- ' In this long war, as to the world is known,
- ' And now by thee thus basely am I scofft,
- ' By this disgrace upon me thou hast thrown?
- ' If these thy wrongs unpunish'd slightly pass,
- ' Hold WARWICK base, & fall'n from what he was.

- ' Know, 'twas the NEVILS for thy title stood,
- ' Else long ere this laid lower than the ground;
- ' And in thy cause my father shed his blood,
- ' None of our house for thee but bears some wound;
- ' And now at last to recompence this good,
- ' Only for me this guerdon hast thou found?
- ' From thy proud head this hand shall pluck thy crown,
- ' Or if thou stand, then needs must WARWICK down.

436 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

Yet he to England peaceably repairs,
And with a smooth brow smothers his intent,
And to the King relates the French affairs,
And what in court had pass'd there since he went :
His spleen he for a fitter season spares,
Till he the same more liberally might vent :
Calm was his count'nance, and his language fair,
But in his breast a deep revenge he bare.

MEan while Q. MARG'RET (a poor exile) hears
How things in *England* in her absence went,
Her half-burst heart which but a little cheers,
For from her head she felt the crown was rent :
Yet though far off a little glimpse appears,
A seeming hope and though it faintly lent,
It might have said, had not the Fates said no,
These storms at home might her some profit blow.

She hears how WARWICK cunningly had wrought
GEORGE Duke of ^a Clarence from his brother's side ;
And that brave youth at Calais having caught,
His eldest daughter had to him affy'd :
How to rebel the ^b Northern men were brought ;
And who by WARWICK ^c pointed was their guide ;
As on the Welch he had a mighty hand,
By EDWARD rais'd those rebels to withstand.

Of new ^d rebellions at Northampton rais'd,
And to despight the King what they had done ;
How they at Grafton the Earl ^e RIVERS seiz'd,
And Sir JOHN WOODVILLE his most hopeful son,
Who with their heads could hardly be appeas'd ;
And of the same by puissant WARWICK won,
Who having taken ^f EDWARD in his tent,
His King his pris'ner into Yorkshire sent.

(a) He was second brother to King EDWARD.

(b) WARWICK by his agents stirs up a rebellion in the north, while he remains at Calais to prevent his being suspected.

Then
And
How
Who
And
When
VA
Th

Lastly
And l
Where
To en
When
That
Yet
To

When
Their
He wi
That t
The te
That e
In g
Thu

' WA
' Haft
' That
' Whic
' That
' O ha
' Ou
' An

(d) He
(e) Ear
(f) At

Then hears again how EDWARD had escap'd,
And by his friends a greater pow'r had got ;
How he the men of Lincolnshire intrap'd,
Who near to Stamford pay'd a bloody shot :
And when the Earl his course for Calais shap'd,
When England lastly grew for him too hot,
VAUCLERE, who there his deputy he put,
The ports against his late grand Captain shut.

Lastly she hears that he at Diepe arrives,
And lately com'n to Amboise to the Court,
Whereas King LEWIS to his utmost strives
To entertain him in most Princely fort :
When the wise Queen her bus'ness so contrives,
That she comes thither ; small what tho' her port,
Yet brings along the sweet young Prince her son,
To prove what good with WARWICK might be done.

When both in Court and presence of the King,
Their due respect to both of them that gave,
He will'd them in so pertinent a thing,
That they the like should of each other have :
The tears began from both their eyes to spring,
That each from other pity seem'd to crave ;
In graceful manner when the grieved Queen
Thus to that great Earl gently breathes her spleen.

' WARWICK, saith she, how merciless a foe
' Hast thou been still to my poor child and me !
' That villain YORK which hast advanced so,
' Which never could have risen but for thee.
' That valour thou on EDWARD didst bestow,
' O hadst thou show'd for him thou here dost see,
' Our damask roses had adorn'd thy crest,
' And with their wreaths thy ragged staves been drest.

F 3

' First

- (d) Headed by one whom they termed ROBERT of RIDSDALE.
(e) Earl RIVERS was father to Lady GRAY, then Q. of England.
(f) At Woolney in Warwicksh. by entering his camp in the night.

438 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

‘ First at St. Albans, at Northampton then,
 ‘ And fatal Towton, that most fearful fight,
 ‘ How many, nay, what multitudes of men,
 ‘ By thee, fierce WARWICK, slain and put to flight!
 ‘ O if thy sword, that ever stood for ten,
 ‘ Had but been drawn for HENRY, and his right,
 ‘ He should have built thee trophies every where,
 ‘ Wrought with our crown, supported with thy bear.

‘ What glory had it won the NEVILS name,
 ‘ To have upheld the right-succeeding race
 ‘ Of that fifth HENRY, he that was of Fame
 ‘ The only minion, whom thou now dost trace!
 ‘ But SAL’S BURY the first against us came,
 ‘ Then FALCONBRIDGE and MONTACUTE: (o base!)
 ‘ To advance a traitor to his sovereign thus:
 ‘ But to our crown your name is ominous.

‘ How many a brave Peer, thy too near allies,
 ‘ (Whose loss the babe that’s yet unborn shall rue)
 ‘ Have made themselves a willing sacrifice
 ‘ In our just quarrel, who it rightly knew,
 ‘ Whose blood ’gainst YORK and his adherents cries,
 ‘ (Whom many a sad curse ever shall pursue :)
 ‘ O WARWICK, WARWICK, expiate this guilt,
 ‘ By shedding theirs, for whom our blood was spilt.

When in like language this great Earl again
 Regreets the Queen, and woes her to forbear
 Of former grief one thought to entertain :
 ‘ Things are not now (quoth he) as once they were :
 ‘ To talk of these past help, it is in vain ;
 ‘ What tho’ it ease your heart, and please your ear,
 ‘ This is not it, no, it must be our swords
 ‘ Must right our wrongs (dear Lady) not our words.

‘ Madam,

‘ Ma
 ‘ On
 ‘ Let
 ‘ Thi
 ‘ And
 ‘ Upo
 ‘ O
 ‘ O

When
 ANN
 By fac
 By arm
 Or in
 Compr
 Tha
 Wh

When
 To wa
 King
 That t
 Now is
 When
 And
 Who

Furnish
 By grea
 WARW
 That m
 Of all n
 Though
 On
 To v

‘ Madam, (quoth he) by this my vexed heart,
‘ On EDWARD’s head which oft hath wish’d the crown,
‘ Let but Q. MARG’RET cleave to WARWICK’s part,
‘ This hand that heav’d him up shall hew him down;
‘ And if from HENRY, RICHARD NEVILLE start,
‘ Upon my house let heav’n for ever frown:
‘ Or back the crown to this young Prince I’ll bring,
‘ Or not be WARWICK, if he be not King.

When they accord, Prince EDWARD should affy
ANN the Earl’s daughter; to confirm it more,
By sacrament themselves they strictly tie,
By arms again King HENRY to restore,
Or in the quarrel they would live and die:
Comprising likewise in the oath they swore,
That th’ Earl and CLARENCE should Protectors be,
When they King HENRY and the Prince should free.

When soon great WARWICK into England sends,
To warn his friends that they for war prepare,
King HENRY’s title and to them commends,
That they should take his cause into their care:
Now is the time that he must try his friends,
When he himself ’gainst EDWARD must declare;
And when much strife amongst the Commons rose,
Whom they should aid, or whom they should oppose.

Furnish’d with all things well befitting war,
By great King LEWIS to Queen MARG’RET lent;
WARWICK (whose name Fame sounded had so far,
That men with wonder view’d him as he went,
Of all men living the most popular)
Thought ev’ry hour to be but idly spent,
On England’s troubled earth until he were,
To view the troops attending for him there.

440 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

And in his army took with him along
 OXFORD and PEMBROKE, who had been destroy'd
 By EDWARD, sworn now to revenge their wrong,
 By BURGAIN the French Admiral convoy'd,
 At whose arrive the shores with people throng;
 At sight of WARWICK and so overjoy'd,
 That ev'ry one a WARWICK, WARWICK cries:
 Well may the Red-rose by great WARWICK rise.

Like some black cloud, which hovering lately hung,
 Thrust on at last by th' wind's impetuous pow'r,
 The groves and fields comes raging in among,
 As though both fowls and flocks it would devour,
 That those abroad make to the shelters strong,
 To save themselves from the outrageous show'r:
 So fly the Yorkists before WARWICK's drums,
 Like a stern tempest roaring as he comes.

When EDWARD late who wore the costly crown,
 Himself so high and on his fortunes bore,
 Then heard himself in ev'ry place cry'd down,
 And made much less than he was great before;
 Nor dares he trust himself in any town,
 For in the inlands, as along the shore,
 Their proclamations him a traitor make,
 And each man charg'd against him arms to take.

For which the Washes he is forc'd to wade,
 And in much peril lastly gets to Lynn,
 (To save himself such shift King EDWARD made,
 For in more danger he had never been;)
 Where finding three Dutch hulks which lay for trade,
 The greatest of them he hires to take him in,
 RICHARD his brother, HASTINGS his true friend,
 Scarce worth one sword their persons to defend.

When

When
 EDW
 Com
 And
 Bring
 By th
 W
 A

And
 In wh
 The l
 That
 Their
 Which
 Inta
 Th

Whilft
 See bu
 Such f
 Before
 That t
 As ang
 Her
 Tha

This m
 So mar
 And ha
 T' have
 Yet stil
 Well m
 Whic
 Noug

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 441

When WARWICK now the only Prince of pow'r,
EDWARD the fourth out of the kingdom fled,
Commands himself free entrance to the Tow'r,
And sets th' imperial wreath on HENRY's head,
Brings him through London to the Bishop's bow'r,
By the applauding people followed;
Whose shrill re-echoing shouts resound from far,
A WARWICK, WARWICK, long live LANCASTER.

And presently a parliament they call,
In which they attaint King EDWARD in his blood;
The lands and goods made forfeitures of all
That in this quarrel with proud YORK had stood;
Their friends in their old honours they install,
Which they had lost, now by an act made good;
Intail the crown on HENRY and his heirs;
The next on CLARENCE, should they fail in theirs.

Whilst WARWICK thus King HENRY doth advance,
See but the fate still following the sad Queen!
Such storms and tempests in that season chance,
Before that time as seldom had been seen;
That twice from sea she was forc'd back to France,
As angry heav'n had put itself between
Her and her joys, and would a witness be,
That nought but sorrow this sad Queen must see.

This might have lent her comfort yet at last,
So many troubles having undergone,
And having through so many perils past,
T' have seen her husband settled on his throne;
Yet still the skies with clouds are overcast:
Well might she hear, but of this sees she none,
Which from far off, as flying news, doth greet her:
Nought but mischance, when she comes in, must
[meet her.
But

442 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

But all this while King EDWARD not dismay'd,
His brother CHARLES of Burgundy so plies,
That though the subtile Duke on both sides play'd,
EDWARD and HENRY both his near allies,
Upon the Duke King EDWARD yet so lay'd,
(Having his sister's furtherance, who was wise,)
That underhand his strength he so restores,
As that he dar'd t' attempt the English shores.

With fourteen ships from th' Easterlings being hir'd,
And four Burgonians, excellently mann'd,
After some time with storms and tempests tir'd,
He near the mouth of Humber haps to land ;
Where tho' the beacons at his sight were fir'd,
Yet few or none his entrance do withstand ;
For that his friends had giv'n it out before,
He fought the Dukedom, and he would no more.

Upon his march when forward as he came,
Resolv'd to try the very worst of war,
He summons York (whereof he bare the name)
To him her Duke her gates that doth unbar ;
And coming next to rock-rear'd Nottingham,
MONTGOMERY, BOROUGH, HARRINGTON, and PAR,
Bring him their pow'r ; at Liecester again,
Three thousand came, to HASTINGS that retain.

To Coventry and keeping on his way,
Sets down his army in the city's fight,
Where at that time the Earl of WARWICK lay,
'To whom he sends to dare him out to fight ;
Which still the Earl defers from day to day,
Perceiving well that all things went not right ;
For with his succours CLARENCE came not in,
Whom to suspect he greatly doth begin.

And

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 443

And not in vain; for that disloyal Lord
Taking those forces he had levy'd, leaves
The Earl, and with his brother doth accord;
Which of all hope brave WARWICK so bereaves,
That now King EDWARD hopes to be restor'd,
Which then too late the credulous Earl perceives.

EDWARD towards London with his army sped,
To take the crown once more from HENRY's head.

The Queen, in France this woful news that heard,
How far through England EDWARD thus had past;
As how by CLARENCE (whom she ever fear'd)
WARWICK behind-hand mightily was cast;
This most undaunted Queen her hopes yet cheer'd,
By those great perils she had lately past,
And from King LEWIS doth three thousand press,
To aid her friends in England in distress.

Whilst she is busy gathering up those aids,
(In so short time) as France could her afford;
Couragious WARWICK basely thus betray'd,
By CLARENCE lewdly falsifying his word,
The most couragious Earl no whit dismay'd,
But trusting still to his successful sword,
Follows the King, tow'rd London march'd before,
Each day his pow'r increasing more and more.

But EDWARD by the Londoners let in,
Who in their gates his army took to guard;
WARWICK this while that trifling had not been,
But with a pow'r sufficiently prepar'd
T' approach the city, bravely doth begin
To dare the King, who lately him had dar'd;
Who then from London his arm'd forces leads,
Tow'rd where his march ambitious WARWICK treads.

From

444 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

From London this, that from Saint Alban's set,
 These two grand soldiers should'ring for the crown,
 They in the mid-way are at Barnet met,
 Where then they set their puissant armies down ;
 WARWICK, as near as ever he could get,
 But EDWARD only taketh up the town ;
 Betwixt whose tents a heath call'd Gladmoor lies,
 Where they prepare to act this bloody prize.

With drums and trumpets they awake the day,
 Muffled in mists her lowring self that shows,
 To stop their madness doing all it may,
 Knowing what blood her light was like to lose :
 But hope of slaughter bears so great a sway,
 That with the sun their rage still higher grows :
 Full were their hands of death, so freely dealt,
 That the most mortal wounds the least were felt.

The adverse ensigns to each other wave,
 As 'twere to call them forward to the field,
 The King the Earl, the Earl the King doth brave,
 Nor cares he for the Leopards in his shield :
 And whilst one friend another strives to save,
 He's slain himself, if not, enforc'd to yield :
 In either army there is not one eye,
 But is spectator of some tragedy.

Those wrongs the King had from the Earl receiv'd,
 Expuls'd the kingdom only by his pow'r,
 Ev'n to the height his pow'rful hand up-heav'd
 For full revenge in this unhappy hour ;
 And by the King the Earl his hopes bereav'd,
 Shelter'd by him from many a bloody show'r,
 Spurs up revenge, and with that violent rage,
 That scarcely blood their fury could assuage.

WAR-

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 445

WARWICK, who sees his soldiers had the worse,
And at a near point to be put to flight,
Throwing himself from off his armed horse,
Thrusts in on foot into the deadliest fight :
EDWARD again, with an unusual force,
In his own person, in the armies fight,
Puts for the garland, which if now he lose,
WARWICK his crown at pleasure would dispose.

To EDWARD's side but Fortune doth encline,
WARWICK's high valour then was but in vain ;
His noble soul there destin'd to resign,
Brave MONTACUTE his valiant brother slain :
Here SOMERSET (with them that did combine)
Forced to fly ; and EXETER is slain
To save himself by sanctuary ; this day
EDWARD's victorious, and bears all away.

THIS fatal field unluckily thus lost,
That very day so Destiny contrives,
That the griev'd Queen at sea turmoil'd and tost
Near twenty days, in Weymouth road arrives ;
Where scarcely landed, but post after post
Brings her this ill news, which so far deprives
Her of all comfort, that she curs'd and bann'd
Those plaguy winds that suffer'd her to land.

' Wert thou (quoth she) so fortunate in fight,
' O noble WARWICK, when thou wert our foe ?
' And now thou stood'st in our undoubted right,
' And should'st for HENRY thy high valour show,
' Thus to be slain ; what pow'r in our despight
' Watcheth from heav'n upon our overthrow ?
' Th' unlucky stars have certainly made laws,
' To mark for death the fav'ers of our cause.

' O what

446 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

‘ O what infernal brought that EDWARD back,
 ‘ So late expell’d by WARWICK’s pow’rful hand!
 ‘ Was there no way his rotten ship to wrack?
 ‘ Was there no rock? was there no swallow’d sand?
 ‘ And too, the wretched subjects were so slack,
 ‘ To suffer him so traiterously to land:
 ‘ Surely whole heav’n against us have conspir’d,
 ‘ Or in our troubles they had else been tir’d.

‘ Was I for this so long detain’d in France
 ‘ From rageful tempests, and reserv’d till now,
 ‘ That I should land to meet with this mischance?
 ‘ It needs must be, the pow’rs have made a vow,
 ‘ Up to that height my sorrows to advance,
 ‘ That before mine all miseries shall bow;
 ‘ That all the sorrow mortals can surmise,
 ‘ Shall fall far short of MARG’RET’s miseries.

These words scarce spoke, her half-slain heart to ease,
 But the least breath of comfort to prevent,
 The next ill news in-rushing after these,
 Was, that King HENRY to the Tow’r was sent,
 (As though itself ev’n Destiny should please,
 In wretched MARG’RET’s heavy discontent)
 Thronging so thick, as like themselves to smother,
 Or as one ran to overtake another.

Those scatter’d troops from Barnet that escap’d,
 Hearing the Queen thus landed with her pow’r,
 Though much dismay’d with what had lately hapt
 On gore-drown’d Gladmoor in that bloody show’r,
 And fearing by the foe to be entrapt;
 Through untrod grounds, in many a tedious hour,
 Flock to her daily, till that by their aid,
 Equal with EDWARD’s they her army made.

When

When
 To th
 Thoug
 Yet t
 What
 And t
 For
 Bef

And e
 As on
 When
 Again
 Both a
 By bot
 And
 Wh

Ill was
 Luckle
 The he
 As on
 As in a
 Here se
 The
 Horr

Never c
 Since fir
 Who w
 In the t
 In vain
 In vain
 In va
 By th

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 447

When SOMERSET and DEVONSHIRE came in
To the sad Queen, and bade her not despair,
Though they of late unfortunate had been,
Yet there was help that ruin to repair ;
What they had lost, they hop'd again to win,
And that the way lay open yet and fair ;
For that the West would wholly with her rise,
Besides from Wales assur'd her of supplies.

And every day still adding to their force,
As on their host tow'rs Gloucester they guide,
When EDWARD finding their intended course,
Again for battel strongly doth provide :
Both armies they supply with foot and horse,
By both their friends, as they affect the side ;
And in their march at Tewksbury they met,
Where they in order their battalions set.

Ill was her choice of this uneven ground,
Luckless the place, unlucky was the hour,
The heavens upon her so extreamly frown'd,
As on her head their plagues at once to pour,
As in a deluge here her hopes were drown'd :
Here sees she death her faithful friends devour,
The earth is fill'd with groans, the air with cries,
Horror on each side doth enclose her eyes.

Never did death so terrible appear,
Since first their arms the English learnt to wield :
Who would see slaughter, might behold it here
In the true shape upon this fatal field.
In vain was valour, and in vain was fear,
In vain to fight, in vain it was to yield,
In vain to fly ; for Destiny discust,
By their own hands, or others, die they must.

Here

448 *The Miseries of Queen MARGARET.*

Here her dear DEVONSHIRE, noble COURTNEY dy'd ;
 Her faithful friend great SOMERSET here fell ;
 DELVES, LEUKNOR, HAMDEN, WHITTINGHAM beside.
 O MARG'RET, who thy miseries can tell ! [wide,
 Sharp were those swords which made their wounds so
 Whose blood the soil did with th' abundance swell.
 Other her friends, into the town that fled,
 Taken, no better than the former sped.

But the amazing misery of all,
 As heaven the great'st until the last had kept,
 As it would say, that after this none shall
 By mortal eyes be worthy to be wept,
 The Prince her son, who sees his friends thus fall,
 And on each side their carcases lie heapt,
 Making away in this most piteous plight,
 Is taken pris'ner in his tardy flight :

And forth by CROFTS before the conq'ror brought,
 His proclamations clearing every doubt
 Of the youth's safety, living were he caught,
 As a reward to him should bring him out ;
 But when they once had found him whom they sought,
 Hearing his answers Princely, wise, and stout,
 Those bloody brothers, HASTINGS, and the rest,
 Sheath'd their sharp poniards in his manly breast.

Queen MARG'RET thus of mortals most forlorn,
 Her son now slain, her army overthrown,
 Left to the world as Fortune's only scorn,
 And not one friend to whom to make her moan,
 (To so much woe was never woman born)
 This wretched Lady wand'ring all alone,
 Gets to a homely cell not far away,
 If possibly to hide her from the day.

But

The Miseries of Queen MARGARET. 449

But (wretched woman !) quickly there bewray'd,
She thence is taken, and to prison sent,
Meanly attended, miserably array'd,
The people wond'ring at her as she went :
Of whom the most malicious her upbraid
With good Duke HUMPHRY's death, her heart to rent ;
Whilst her mild looks and graceful gesture drew
Many a sad eye, her miseries to rue.

Till by Duke RAYNER ransomed at last,
Her tender father, who a Prince but poor,
Borrow'd great sums of LEWIS with much waste,
Which for he was not able to restore,
Provence and both the Sicils to him pass'd,
With fruitful Naples, which was all his store :
To bring her back, from earthly joys exil'd,
The undone father helps the undone child.

And though enlarg'd, ere she could leave the land,
Making a long year of each short-liv'd hour,
She hears that by Duke RICHARD's murth'ring hand
The King her husband suffers in the Tow'r :
As though high heaven had laid a strict command
Upon each star, some plague on her to pour ;
And until now that nothing could suffice,
Nor give a period to her miseries.





P

C C

A

Oth
Son
An

An
Be
No

No
So
And

222



NYMPHIDIA:
THE
COURT of FAIRY.

OLD CHAUCER doth of TOPAS tell,
Mad RABLAIS of PANTAGRUEL,
A later third of DOWSABEL,

With such poor trifles playing :
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the FAIRIES still,
Nor never can they have their fill,

As they were wedded to them :
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no muse hath been so bold,
 Or of the later, or the old,
 Those Elvish secrets to unfold,
 Which lie from others reading ;
 My active muse to light shall bring
 The court of that proud Fairy King,
 And tell there of the revelling :
 Jove prosper my proceeding.

And thou NYMPHIDIA, gentle Fay,
 Which meeting me upon the way,
 These secrets didst to me bewray,
 Which now I am in telling :
 My pretty light fantastic maid,
 I here invoke to thee my aid,
 That I may speak what thou hast said,
 In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
 By necromancy placed there,
 That it no tempests needs to fear,
 Which way soe'er it blow it :
 And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
 Whence lies a way up to the moon,
 And thence the Fairy can as soon
 Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders legs are made,
 Well morticed and finely laid,
 He was the master of his trade,
 It curiously that builded :
 The windows of the eyes of cats,
 And for the roof, instead of flats,
 Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
 With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence

Hence OBERON, him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only Fairies wake)

Descendeth for his pleasure :
And MAB, his merry Queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the Mare that hight)

Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking Elves and Apes,
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them :
Which maids thiak on the hearth they see,
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hayes by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their flutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping :
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the Fairy ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother :
Some silly doating brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Say, that the Fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
 A chance in Fairy that befell,
 Which certainly may please some well,
 In love and arms delighting :
 Of OBERON, that jealous grew
 Of one of his own Fairy crew,
 Too well (he fear'd) his Queen that knew,
 His love but ill requiting.

PIGWIGGEN was this Fairy Knight,
 One wond'rous gracious in the sight
 Of fair Queen MAB, which day and night
 He amorously observed :
 Which made King OBERON suspect
 His service took too good effect,
 His fauciness and often checkt,
 And could have wish'd him starved.

PIGWIGGEN gladly would commend
 Some token to Queen MAB to send,
 If sea or land him aught could lend,
 Were worthy of her wearing :
 At length this lover doth devise,
 A bracelet made of emmets eyes,
 A thing he thought that she would prize,
 No whit her state impairing.

And to the Queen a letter writes,
 Which he most curiously indites,
 Conjuring her by all the rites
 Of love, she would be pleased
 To meet him her true servant, where
 They might without suspect or fear
 Themselves to one another clear,
 And have their poor hearts eased.

‘ At midnight the appointed hour,
‘ And for the Queen a fitting bow’r,
‘ (Quoth he) is that fair cowslip flow’r,
‘ On Hipcut-hill that groweth :
‘ In all your train there’s not a Fay,
‘ That ever went to gather May,
‘ But she hath made it in her way,
‘ The tallest there that groweth,

When by TOM THUM a Fairy page
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry :
Which done, the Queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready strait is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay’d,
For naught must her be letting :
Four nimble gnats the hories were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion, her chariotteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail’s fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell ;
The fair Queen MAB becoming well,
So lively was the limning :
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py’d butterflee,
I trow, ’twas simple trimming,

The wheels compos'd of crickets bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,

With thistle-down they shod it:

For all her maidens much did fear,
If OBERON had chanc'd to hear,
That MAB his Queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

HOP, and MOP, and DRAP so clear,
PIP, and TRIP, and SKIP, that were
To MAB their Sovereign dear,

Her special maids of honour;

FIB, and TIB, and PINCK, and PIN,
TICK, and QUICK, and JILL, and JIN,
TIT, and NIT, and WAP, and WIN,

The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,

But after her they hie them.

A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
Left any should espy them.

But

But let us leave Queen MAB a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this wile,
Her dear PIGWIGGEN kissing ;
And tell how OBERON doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare,
When he had sought each place with care,
And found his Queen was missing.

By grievously PLUTO he doth swear,
He rent his clothes, and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there,
An acron-cup he getteth ;
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature baulk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan Poet doth advance
The frantic PALADINE of France,
And those more ancient do inhance
ALCIDES in his fury,
And others AJAX TELAMON :
But to this time there hath been none
So Bedlam as our OBERON,
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encount'ring with a wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
As tho' his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for PIGWIGGEN taking :
' Where is my wife, thou rogue ? (quoth he)
' PIGWIGGEN, she is come to thee ;
' Restore her, or thou dy'st by me.'
Whereat the poor wasp quaking,

Cries,

Cries, "OBERON, great Fairy King,
 "Content thee, I am no such thing;
 "I am a wasp, behold my sting!"

At which the Fairy started.

When soon away the wasp doth go,
 Poor wretch was never frightened so,
 He thought his wings were much too slow,
 O'erjoy'd they so were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
 (You must suppose it now was night)
 Which, for her hinder part was bright,

He took to be a devil;
 And furiously doth her assail
 For carrying fier in her tail;
 He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail,
 The mad King fear'd no evil.

'Oh! (quoth the glow-worm) hold thy hand,
 'Thou puissant King of Fairy-land,
 'Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
 'Hold, or of life despair I.'

Together then herself doth roll,
 And tumbling down into a hole,
 She seem'd as black as any coal,
 Which vex'd away the Fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
 Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
 And down their combs begins to rive,

All likely to have spoiled:
 Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
 And with their honey daub'd his beard;
 It would have made a man affear'd,
 To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides :
He met an ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble,
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all besflurried head and face,
On runs he in this wildgoose chase,
As here and there he rambles,
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th' other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling :
So that the grubs therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury it doth somewhat slake,
He calleth for a ferry :
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry,

Men talk of the adventures strange
 Of Don QUISHOT, and of their change,
 Through which he armed oft did range,
 Of SANCHA PANCHA's travel :
 But should a man tell every thing
 Done by this frantic Fairy King,
 And them in lofty numbers sing,
 It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
 He meeteth PUCK, which most men call
 HOBGOBLIN, and on him doth fall

 With words from phrenzy spoken :

‘ Hoh, hoh, quoth HOB, God save thy grace,
 ‘ Who drest thee in this piteous case ?
 ‘ He thus that spoil'd my Sov'reign's face,
 ‘ I would his neck were broken.

This PUCK seems but a dreaming dolt,
 Still walking like a ragged colt,
 And oft out of a bush doth bolt,

 Of purpose to deceive us ;

And leading us, makes us to stray
 Long winters nights out of the way,
 And when we stick in mire and clay,

 He doth with laughter leave us.

‘ Dear PUCK, quoth he, my wife is gone ;
 ‘ As ere thou lov'st King OBERON,
 ‘ Let every thing but this alone,
 ‘ With vengeance and pursue her :
 ‘ Bring her to me, alive or dead ;
 ‘ Or that vile thief PIGWIGGEN's head ;
 ‘ That villain hath defil'd my bed,
 ‘ He to this folly drew her.

Quoth

Quoth Puck, " My liege, I'll never lin,
" But I will thorough thick and thin,
" Until at length I bring her in,
 " My dearest Lord, ne'er doubt it."
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier,
 And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing NYMPHIDIA overhear'd,
That on this mad King had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
 For first this bus'ness broaching:
And through the air away doth go
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her Sovereign MAB to know
 What peril was approaching.

The Queen, bound with love's pow'rful'st charm,
Sate with PIGWIGGEN arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
 About the room were skipping:
A humble-bee their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautbois, ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
 The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes NYMPHIDIA, and doth cry,
' My Sovereign, for your safety fly,
' For there is danger but too nigh,
 ' I posted to forewarn you:
' The King hath sent HOBGOBLIN out,
' To seek you all the fields about,
' And of your safety you may doubt,
 ' If he but once discern you.'

When

When like an uproar in a town,
 Before them every thing went down ;
 Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
 'Gainst one another justling :
 They flew about like chaff i' th' wind ;
 For haste some left their masks behind,
 Some could not stay their gloves to find ;
 There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they by a secret way,
 Into a brake that near them lay,
 Yet much they doubted there to stay,
 Left HOB should hap to find them :
 He had a sharp and piercing sight,
 All one to him the day and night,
 And therefore were resolv'd by flight
 To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
 In th' end of which a hole was cut,
 Which lay upon a hazel root,
 There scatter'd by a squirrel,
 Which out the kernel gotten had :
 When quoth this Fay, ' Dear Queen, be glad,
 ' Let OBERON be ne'er so mad,
 ' I'll set you safe from peril.

' Come all into this nut, (quoth she)
 ' Come closely in, be rul'd by me,
 ' Each one may here a chuser be,
 ' For room ye need not wrestle,
 ' Nor need ye be together heapt.'
 So one by one therein they crept,
 And lying down, they soundly slept,
 And safe as in a castle.

NYMPHIDIA, that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd if Puck the Queen should catch,
That he would be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some pow'rful charm,
The Queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had fought her.

And list'ning if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear;
But finding still the coast was clear,
Nor creature had descry'd her:
Each circumstance and having scann'd,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
When to her charms she hy'd her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the missetow;
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terror to affright him,
She night-shade straws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despight him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary distilling;
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithall,
And with the same the pismire's gall:
For she in nothing short would fall,
The Fairy was so willing.

Then

Then thrice under a brier doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leapt,

Her magick much availing :

Then on PROSERPINA doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

‘ By the croaking of the frog ;
‘ By the howling of the dog ;
‘ By the crying of the hog

‘ Against the storm arising ;

‘ By the evening curfeu-bell ;

‘ By the doleful dying knell ;

‘ O let this my direful spell,

‘ HOB, hinder thy surprising.

‘ By the mandrakes dreadful groans ;

‘ By the Lubricans sad moans ;

‘ By the noise of dead mens bones

‘ In charnel-houses rattling ;

‘ By the hissing of the snake,

‘ The rustling of the fire-drake,

‘ I charge thee this place forsake,

‘ Nor of Queen MAB be prattling.

‘ By the whirlwind’s hollow sound,

‘ By the thunder’s dreadful stound,

‘ Yells of spirits under ground,

‘ I charge thee not to fear us :

‘ By the scritch-owl’s dismal note,

‘ By the black night-raven’s throat,

‘ I charge thee, HOB, to tear thy coat

‘ With thorns, if thou come near us.

Her

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,

For she doth only mind him:
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she markt his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin:

For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor HOBGOBLIN's heels:
Alas! his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets,
HOBGOBLIN fumes, HOBGOBLIN frets,
And as again he forward sets,

And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor HOB upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case
Amongst the briers and brambles.

'Plague upon Queen MAB (quoth he)
'And all her maids, where-e'er they be;
'I think the devil guided me,
'To seek her, so provoked.'

When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
In danger to be choked.

H h

Now

Now worse than e'er he was before,
 Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
 That wak'd Queen MAB, who doubted fore
 Some treason had been wrought her :
 Until NYMPHIDIA told the Queen
 What she had done, what she had seen,
 Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
 With very extreme laughter.

But leave we HOB to clamber out,
 Queen MAB and all her Fairy rout,
 And come again to have a bout
 With OBERON yet madding :
 And with PIGWIGGEN now distrougt,
 Who much was troubled in his thought,
 That he so long the Queen had fought,
 And through the fields was gadding,

And as he runs, he still doth cry,
 ' King OBERON, I thee defy,
 ' And dare thee here in arms to try,
 ' For my dear Lady's honour :
 ' For that she is a Queen right good,
 ' In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
 ' And that thou in this jealous mood
 ' Hast laid this slander on her.

And quickly arms him for the field,
 A little cockle-shell his shield,
 Which he could very bravely wield,
 Yet could it not be pierced :
 His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
 And well near of two inches long :
 The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
 Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,

No point should be prevailing.

His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanc'd to hurt the King,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,

Yet it did well become him:

And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossed by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,

And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,

Ere he himself could settle:

He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,

He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with TOMALIN,
One that a valiant Knight had been,
And to great OBERON of kin:

Quoth he, 'Thou manly Fairy,

'Tell OBERON I come prepar'd,

'Then bid him stand upon his guard;

'This hand his baseness shall reward,

'Let him be ne'er so wary.'

- ' Say to him thus, That I defy
 ' His slanders and his infamy,
 ' And as a mortal enemy
 ' Do publickly proclaim him :
 ' Withal, that if I had mine own,
 ' He should not wear the Fairy crown,
 ' But with a vengeance should come down ;
 ' Nor we a King should name him.'

This TOMALIN could not abide,
 To hear his Sovereign vilify'd ;
 But to the Fairy court him hy'd,
 Full furiously he posted,
 With ev'ry thing PIGWIGGEN said ;
 How title to the crown he laid,
 And in what arms he was array'd,
 And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
 He told the arming of each joint,
 In every piece how neat and quaint ;
 For TOMALIN could do it :
 How fair he sat, how sure he rid ;
 As of the courser he bestrid,
 How manag'd, and how well he did.
 The King, which listen'd to it,

Quoth he, ' Go, TOMALIN, with speed,
 ' Provide me arms, provide my steed,
 ' And every thing that I shall need,
 ' By thee I will be guided :
 ' To strait account call thou thy wit,
 ' See there be wanting not a whit,
 ' In ev'ry thing see thou me fit,
 ' Just as my foe's provided.

Soon

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
Which gave Queen MAB to understand
The combat that was then in hand
Betwixt those men so mighty:
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew,
The first occasion from her grew,
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades,
To PROSERPINE the Queen of shades,
To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we MAB alone,
And come we to King OBERON,
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,
For proud PIOWIGGEN crying:
Who fought the Fairy King as fast,
And had so well his journies cast,
That he arrived at the last,
His puissant foe espying.

Stout TOMALIN came with the King,
Tom THUM doth on PIOWIGGEN bring,
That perfect were in ev'ry thing
To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear

'That either had been either :
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way :
Their staves upon their rests they lay ;
Yet ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their Knightly faith and troth,
No magick them supplied ;
And fought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms,
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man ;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters :
And tho' they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own ;
Such nimbleness was never shown,
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The seconds could not judge yet :
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
These champions would not budge yet.

Away

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
They every stroke redoubled :
Which made PROSERPINA take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wond'rously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose,
When well she had them blended :
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

Now PROSERPINE with MAB is gone
Unto the place where OBERON
And proud PIGWIGGEN, one to one,
Both to be slain were likely :
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espy'd ;
For PROSERPINE meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother :
So that the Knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post,
TOM THUM nor TOMALIN could boast
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
 PROSERPINA commandeth peace,
 And that a while they should release

Each other of their peril:

‘ Which here (quoth she) I do proclaim
 ‘ To all, in dreadful Pluto’s name,
 ‘ That as ye will eschew his blame,
 ‘ You let me hear the quarrel.

‘ But here yourselves you must engage,
 ‘ Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
 ‘ Your grievous thirst and to assuage,
 ‘ That first you drink this liquor;
 ‘ Which shall your understandings clear,
 ‘ As plainly shall to you appear,
 ‘ Those things from me that you shall hear,
 ‘ Conceiving much the quicker.

This Lethe water, you must know,
 The memory destroyeth so,
 That of our weal, or of our woe,
 It all remembrance blotted,
 Of it nor can you ever think:
 For they no sooner took this drink,
 But nought into their brains could sink,
 Of what had them befottered.

King OBERON forgotten had,
 That he for jealousy ran mad;
 But of his Queen was wondrous glad,
 And ask’d how they came thither;
 PIGWIGGEN likewise doth forget,
 That he Queen MAB had ever met,
 Or that they were so hard beset,
 When they were found together.

Nor

Nor either of 'em both had thought,
That e'er they had each other fought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were loathing.

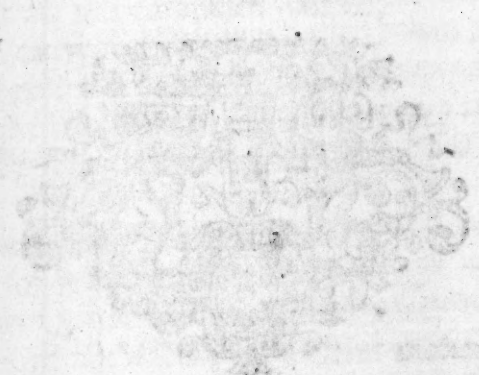
TOM THUM had got a little sup,
And TOMALIN scarce kiss'd the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen MAB and her light maids the while
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the King caught with this wile,

With one another jesting :
And to the Fairy court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent ;
And thus I left them feasting.



Not think of our own land though
 That we they had each other fought
 Much like that they were fighting
 But such a thing was nothing
 Tom Tamm and the other
 And Tom Tamm was the only
 Yet had their power to the back
 That was the only thing
 One of them and the other
 Among themselves they were
 To let the King know with his
 What was the thing
 And so the King was
 With the King and the
 Which thing was done with good
 And that was the thing



THE



H
 Mid
 Eith
 The
 Tha
 " B
 She
 ' D
 ' T
 U
 Son
 As
 The
 Wa
 Dro



THE MOON-CALF.

Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

[with speed,
HELP! neighbours, help! for God's sake come
 For of your help there never was such need.
 Midwives, make haste, and dress ye as ye run;
 Either come quickly, or we're all undone:
 The World's in labour, her throws come so thick,
 That with the pangs she's waxt stark lunatick.
 "But whither? whither?" one was heard to cry.
 She that call'd thus, doth presently reply,
 'Do ye not see, in ev'ry street and place,
 'The general World now in a piteous case?'

Up got the gossips, and for very haste
 Some came without shoes, some came all unlac'd,
 As she had first appointed them, and found
 The World in labour, dropt into a swoond:
 Wallowing she lay, like to a boist'rous hulk,
 Dropsy'd with riots, and her big-swoln bulk

Stuff'd

Stuff'd with infection, rottenness, and stench;
 Her blood so fir'd, that nothing might it quench;
 But the asp's poison, which stood by her still,
 That in her drought she often us'd to swill.
 Cloathed she was in a fool's coat and cap
 Of rich imbroider'd silks, and in her lap
 A sort of paper puppets, gauds, and toys,
 Trifles scarce good enough for girls and boys,
 Which she had dandled, and with them had play'd,
 And of this trash her only God had made.
 ' Out and alas ! (quoth one the rest among)
 ' I doubt me, neighbours, we have stay'd too long !
 ' Pluck off your rings, lay me your bracelets by,
 ' Fall to your bus'ness, and that speedily ;
 ' Or else I doubt, her spirits consume so fast,
 ' That ere the birth, her strength will quite be past.'
 But when more wittily they did her behold,
 There was not one that once durst be so bold
 As to come near her, but stood all amaz'd,
 Each upon other silently and gaz'd ;
 When as her belly they so big do see,
 As if a tun within the same should be ;
 And heard a noise and rumbling in her womb,
 As at the instant of the general doom :
 Thunder and earthquakes raging, and the rocks
 Tumbling down from their sites, like mighty blocks
 Roll'd from huge mountains, such a noise they make,
 As tho' in sunder heaven's huge ax-tree brake,
 They either poles their heads together pasht,
 And all again into the Chaos dasht.
 Some of slight judgment, that were standing by,
 Said, it was nothing but a tympany ;
 Others said, sure she human help did want,
 And had conceived by an elephant ;
 Or some sea-monster, of a horrid shape,
 Committed with her by some violent rape :

Others,

Other
 How
 Said,
 It w
 T
 ' Wo
 ' I pr
 ' Sha
 ' Brin
 ' She
 ' Som
 ' Or
 ' Let
 ' Mak
 ' Call
 ' And
 ' To l
 Dispat
 Of po
 Who l
 That f
 In that
 As she
 In birth
 Full of
 Darting
 Then c
 Save fo
 In wrea
 Up to t
 MEGER
 Gnawin
 Enter'd
 As to re
 In one h
 A long-f

Others, more wise, and noting very well
How her huge womb did pass all compass swell,
Said, certainly (if that they might confess her)
It would be found some devil did possess her.

Thus while they stood, and knew not what to do,
‘ Women, quoth one, why do you trifle so ?
‘ I pray you, think but wherefore ye came hither ;
‘ Shall womb and burthen perish both together ?
‘ Bring forth the birth-stool—no, let it alone—
‘ She is so far beyond all compass grown,
‘ Some other new device us needs must sted,
‘ Or else she never can be brought to bed.
‘ Let one that hath some execrable spell,
‘ Make presently her entrance into Hell,
‘ Call HECATE and the damn’d Furies hither,
‘ And try if they will undertake together
‘ To help the sick World.’ One is out of hand
Dispatch’d for Hell, who by the dread command
Of pow’rful charms brought HECATE away ;
Who knowing her bus’ness, from herself doth lay
That sad aspect she wont to put on there
In that black empire, and doth now appear
As she’s LUCINA, giving strength and aid
In birth to women ; mild as any maid,
Full of sweet hope her brow seem’d, and her eyes
Darting fresh comfort, like the morning skies.
Then came the Furies with their bosoms bare,
Save somewhat cover’d with their snaky hair
In wreaths contorted, mumbling hellish charms,
Up to the elbows naked were their arms.
MEGERA, eld’st of these damn’d female fiends,
Gnawing her wrists, biting her fingers ends,
Enter’d the first ; TISIPHONE the next,
As to revenge her sister thoroughly vex,
In one hand bare a whip, and in the other
A long-shape knife ; the third, which seem’d to smother
Her

Her manner of revenge, cast such an eye,
 As well near turn'd to stone all that stood by,
 Her name *ALECTO*, which no plague doth rue,
 Nor never leaves them whom she doth pursue.
 The women pray the Goddesses now to stand
 Auspicious to them, and to lend her hand
 To the sick World; which willingly she granted:
 But at the sight, as altogether daunted,
 From her clear face the sprightly vigour fled,
 And but she saw the women hard bested,
 Out she had gone, nor one glance back had shot,
 Till heav'n or hell she o'er her head had got;
 Yet she herself retires next to the door.
 The gossips, worse than e'er they were before,
 At their wits end, know not which way to take;
 At length the World beginning to awake
 Out of the trance, in which she lay as dead,
 And somewhat raising her unwieldy head,
 To bright *LUCINA* call'd for help, that she
 Now in her travail would propitious be.
 The Goddesses, not from feeling of her woe,
 Only to see with what the World might go,
 As she is dreaded *HECATE*, having power
 Of all that keep Hell's ugly baleful bower,
 Commands the Furies to step in and aid her,
 And be the midwives, till they safe had laid her.
 To do whose pleasure as they were about,
 A sturdy housewife pertly stepping out,
 Crys, ' Hold a while, and let the quean alone;
 ' It is no matter, let her lie and groan:
 ' Hold her still to't, we'll do the best we can
 ' To get out of her certainly the man
 ' Which owns the bastard: for there's not a nation
 ' But hath with her committed fornication;
 ' And by her base and common prostitution,
 ' She came by this unnatural pollution.

• There

- There is a mean for women thus abus'd,
- Which at this time may very well be us'd,
- That in this case, when people do desire
- To know the truth, yet doubtful of the fire,
- When as the woman most of life doth doubt her
- In grievous throws, to those that are about her,
- He that is then at the last cast disclos'd,
- The natural father is to be suppos'd ;
- And the just law doth faithfully decide,
- That for the nursing he is to provide :
- Therefore let's see what in her pangs she'll say,
- Lest that this bastard on the land we lay.'

They lik'd her counsel, and their help deny'd,
But bade her lie and languish till she dy'd,
Unless to them she truly would confess
Who fill'd her belly with this foul excess.

- “ Alas ! (quoth she) the devil dress me thus,
- “ Amidst my riot, whilst that Incubus
- “ Wrought on my weakness, and, by him beguil'd,
- “ He only is the father of the child :
- “ His instrument, my apish imitation
- “ Of ev'ry monstrous and prodigious fashion,
- “ Abus'd my weakness ; women, it was she,
- “ Who was the bawd betwixt the fiend and me :
- “ That this is true, it on my death I take ;
- “ Then help me, women, even for pity's sake.”

When ominous signs to show themselves began,
That now at hand this monstrous birth fore-ran :
About at noon flew the affrighted owl,
And dogs in corners set them down to howl ;
Bitches and wolves, these fatal signs among,
Brought forth most monstrous and prodigious young ;
And from his height the earth-refreshing sun,
Before his hour his golden head doth run
Far under us, in doubt his glorious eye
Should be polluted with this prodigy.

A panick

A panick fear upon the people grew,
 But yet the cause there was not one that knew,
 When they had heard this ; a short tale to tell,
 The Furies straight upon their bus'ness fell,
 And long it was not ere there came to light
 The most abhorred, the most fearful sight
 That ever eye beheld, a birth so strange,
 That at the view, it made their looks to change.
 ' Women, quoth one, stand off, & come not near it ;
 ' The Devil, if he saw it, sure would fear it :
 ' For by the shape, for aught that I can gather,
 ' The child is able to affright the father.
 ' Out ! (cries another) now for God's sake hide it,
 ' It is so ugly, we may not abide it :
 ' The birth is double, and grows side to side,
 ' That human hand it never can divide ;
 ' And in this wond'rous sort as they be twins,
 ' Like male and female, they be ANDROGYNES :
 ' The man is partly woman, likewise she
 ' Is partly man, and yet in face they be
 ' Full as prodigious as in parts ; the twin
 ' That is most man, yet in the face and skin
 ' Is all meer woman : that which most doth take
 ' From weaker woman, nature seems to make
 ' A man in show, thereby as to define,
 ' A feminine man, a woman masculine,
 ' Before bred nor begot ; a more strange thing
 ' Than ever NILE yet into light could bring,
 ' Made as creation meerly to despight,
 ' Nor man, nor woman, scarce hermaphrodite.
 ' Afric, that's said, mother of monsters is,
 ' Let her but shew me such a one as this,
 ' And then I will subscribe (to do her due)
 ' And swear that what is said of her is true.
 Quoth one, " 'Tis monstrous, and for nothing fit ;
 " And, for a monster, quick let's bury it."

Nay

' Nay, quoth another, rather make provision,
 ' If possibly, to part it by incision ;
 ' For were it parted, for aught I can see,
 ' Both man and woman it may seem to be.'
 ' Nay, quoth a third, that must be done with cost,
 ' And were it done, our labour is but lost :
 ' For when w' have wrought the utmost that we can,
 ' He's too much woman, and she's too much man :
 ' Therefore, as 'tis a most prodigious birth,
 ' Let it not live here to pollute the earth.'
 ' Gossip, quoth the last, your reason I deny,
 ' 'Tis more by law than we can justify ;
 ' For fire and dam have certainly decreed,
 ' That they will have more comfort of their seed :
 ' For he begot it, and 'twas born of her,
 ' And out of doubt they will their own prefer.
 ' Therefore, good women, better be advis'd ;
 ' For precious things should not be lightly priz'd.
 ' This MOON-CALF, born under a lucky fate,
 ' May pow'rful prove in many a wealthy state ;
 ' And, taught the tongues, about some few years hence
 ' (As now we're all tongue, and but little sense)
 ' It may fall out, for any thing you know,
 ' This MOON-CALF may on great employments go ;
 ' When learned men, for noble action fit,
 ' Idly at home (unthought of once) may sit ;
 ' A bawd, or a projector he may prove,
 ' And by his purse so purchasing him love,
 ' May be exalted to some thriving room,
 ' Where seldom good men suffer'd are to come ;
 ' What will you say, hereafter when you see
 ' The times so graceless and so mad to be,
 ' That men their perfect human shape shall fly,
 ' To imitate this beast's deformity ?
 ' Nay, when you see this monster, which you now
 ' Will hardly breath upon the earth allow,

- ‘ In his caroch with four white Friezlands drawn,
- ‘ And he as py’d and garish as the Pawn,
- ‘ With a set face, in which, as in a book,
- ‘ He thinks the world for grounds of state should look,
- ‘ When to some greater one, whose might doth awe him,
- ‘ He’s known a verier jade than those that draw him?
- ‘ Nay, at the last, the very killing sight,
- ‘ To see this CALF (as Virtue to despight)
- ‘ Above just honest men his head to rear,
- ‘ Nor to his greatness may they once come near?

*Each ignorant sot to Honour seeks to rise;
 But as for Virtue, who did first devise
 That title, a reward for her to be,
 As most contemned and despised she,
 Goes unregarded, that they who should own her,
 Dare not take notice ever to have known her:
 And but that Virtue, when she seemeth thrown
 Lower than Hell, hath power to raise her own
 Above the World, and this her monstrous birth,
 She long ere this had perish’d from the earth;
 Her fautors banish’d by her foes so high,
 Which look so big, as they would scale the sky.
 But seeing no help, why should I thus complain?
 Then to my MOON-CALF I return again,
 By his dear dam the World so choicely bred,
 To whom there is such greatness promised;
 For it might well a perfect man amaze,
 To see what means the fire and dam will raise
 T’ exalt their MOON-CALF, and him so to cherish,
 That he shall thrive when virtuous men shall perish.
 The drunkard, glutton, or who doth apply
 Himself to beastly sensuality,
 Shall get him many friends, for that there be
 Many in every place just such as he.
 The evil love them that delight in ill;
 Like have cleav’d to their like, and ever will.*

But

*But
 They
 Are
 “ Go
 Bu
 That
 And
 Of th
 Mark
 From
 When
 This a
 Just to
 Scarcel
 And w
 He to
 And th
 Can pa
 It is en
 To be
 Then in
 To the
 Next to
 And to
 Eats cap
 With th
 And bei
 His post
 And in
 Ten pou
 For his
 He holds
 And into
 Twelve
 Lay’d in
 Of the fr*

*But the true virtuous man (God knows) hath few;
They that his strait and harder steps pursue,
Are a small number, scarcely known of any;
"God hath few friends, the devil hath so many."*

But to return, that ye may plainly see,
That such a one he likely is to be,
And that my words for truth that ye may try,
Of the World's babe thus do I prophesy:
Mark but the more man of these monstrous twins,
From his first youth, how tow'r'dly he begins!
When he should learn, being learn'd to leave the school,
This arrant MOON-CALF, this most beastly fool,
Just to our English proverb shall be seen,
Scarcely so wise at fifty, as fifteen:
And when himself he of his home can free,
He to the city comes, where then if he,
And the familiar butterfly his page,
Can pass the street, the ord'nary, and stage,
It is enough; and he himself thinks then
To be the only absolut'st of men.
Then in his cups you shall not see him shrink,
To the grand devil a carouze to drink.
Next to his whore he doth himself apply;
And to maintain his goatish luxury,
Eats capons cookt at fifteen crowns apiece,
With their fat bellies stuff'd with ambergrise.
And being to travel, he sticks not to lay
His post-caroches still upon his way:
And in some six days journey doth consume
Ten pounds in suckets and the Indian fume.
For his attire, then foreign parts are sought,
He holds all vile in England that is wrought;
And into Flanders sendeth for the nonce,
Twelve dozen of shirts providing him at once,
Lay'd in the seams with costly lace, that be
Of the smock fashion, whole below the knee;

Then bathes in milk, in which when he hath been,
 He looks like one for the preposterous sin,
 Put by the wicked and rebellious Jews
 To be a pathick in their male-kind stews.
 With the ball of's foot the ground he may not feel,
 But he must tread upon his toe and heel:
 Doublet and cloke, with plush and velvet lin'd;
 Only his head-piece, that is fill'd with wind.
 Rags, running horses, dogs, drabs, drink, and dice,
 The only things that he doth hold in price:
 Yet more than these, naught doth him so delight,
 As doth his smooth-chin'd, plump-thigh'd catamite.
SODOM for her great sin that burning sank,
Which at one draught the pit infernal drank,
Which that just God on earth could not abide,
Hath she so much the devils terrify'd,
As from their seat them well-near to exile,
Hath hell new spew'd her up after this while?
Is she new risen, and her sin agen
Imbrac'd by beastly and outrageous men?
 Nay more, he jests at incest, as therein
 There were no fault, counts sacrilege no sin:
 His blasphemies he useth for his grace,
 Wherewith he truth doth often-times out-face:
 He termeth Virtue madness, or meer folly;
 He hates all high things, and profanes all holy.
Where is thy thunder, God, art thou asleep?
Or to what suffering hand giv'st thou to keep
Thy wrath and vengeance? where is now the strength
Of thy almighty arm, fails it at length?
Turn all the stars to Comets, to out-stare
The sun at noon-tide, that he shall not dare
To look but like a glow-worm, for that he
Can without melting these damnations see.

But this I'll leave, lest I my pen defile:
 Yet to my MOON-CALF keep I close the while,

Who

Who
 Whe
 Dare
 His c
 Can n
 That
 And t
 Which
 All his
 With t
 Knowl
 Above
 Nor kn
 For he
 He wor
 What h
 He not
 And no
 Now fo
 And seen
 Because
 Why nov
 Than of
 I hate th
 Poor is i
 Or seeks j
 Misfortun
 Ye sons of
 Who wou
 Itself so k
 Under the
 And from
 But all thi
 In these lay
 That whic
 For her mu

Who by some knave persuaded he hath wit,
 When like a brave fool, he to utter it,
 Dare with a desperate boldness roughly pass
 His censure on those books, which the poor ass
 Can never reach to, things from darkness sought,
 That to the light with blood and sweat were brought:
 And takes upon him those things to controul,
 Which should the brainless idiot sell his soul,
 All his dull race, and he, can never buy
 With their base pelf, his glorious industry.
 Knowledge with him is idle, if it strain
 Above the compass of his yesty brain:
 Nor knows men's worths but by a second hand,
 For he himself doth nothing understand;
 He would have something, but what 'tis he shows not:
 What he would speak, nay what to think he knows not:
 He nothing more than truth and knowledge loaths,
 And nothing he admires of man, but cloaths.
*Now for that I thy dotage dare mislike,
 And seem so deep into thy soul to strike;
 Because I am so plain, thou lik'st not me:
 Why now, poor slave, I no more think of thee,
 Than of the ordure that is cast abroad,
 I bate thy vice more than I do a toad.
 Poor is the spirit that fawns on thy applause,
 Or seeks for suffrage from thy barbarous jaws.
 Misfortune light on him, that aught doth weigh,
 Ye sons of BELIAL, what ye think or say:
 Who would have thought, whilst wit sought to advance
 Itself so high, damn'd beastly ignorance
 Under the cloak of knowledge should creep in,
 And from desert should so much credit win?
 But all this poisonous froth Hell bath let fly,
 In these last days, at noble Poesy,
 That which hath had both in all times and places,
 For her much worth, so sundry sovereign graces;*

The language which the spheres and angels speak,
 In which their mind they to poor mortals break,
 By God's great power, into rich souls infus'd,
 By every MOON-CALF lately thus abus'd:
 Shou'd all Hell's black inhabitants conspire,
 And more unheard-of mischief to them hire,
 Such as high Heav'n were able to affright,
 And on the noonsted bring a double night,
 Than they have done, they could not more disgrace her,
 As from the earth (ev'n) utterly to raze her:
 What Princes lov'd, by peasants now made hateful
 In this our age, so damnably ungrateful:
 And to give open passage to her fall,
 It is devis'd to blemish her withall,
 That th' hideous braying of each barb'rous ass,
 In printed letters freely now must pass,
 In accents so untuneable and vile,
 With other nations as might damn our isle,
 If so our tongue they truly understood,
 And make them think our brains were meerly mud,
 To make her vile and ugly to appear,
 Whose natural beauty is divinely clear,
 That on the Stationer's stall who passing looks,
 To see the multiplicity of books
 That pester it, may well believe the press,
 Sick of a surfeit, spew'd with the excess:
 Which breedeth such a dulness thro' the land,
 'Mongst those one tongue who only understand,
 Which, did they read those sneewy poems writ,
 That are material, relishing of wit,
 Wise policy, morality, or story,
 Well pourtraying th' ancients and their glory,
 These blinded fools, on their base carrion feeding,
 Which are (in truth) made ignorant by reading,
 In little time would grow to be asham'd,
 And blush to bear those lowzy pamphlets nam'd,

Which

Which
 Which
 The ge
 Becau
 Who j
 They t
 O than
 Of wh
 Loosly
 Thoug
 But ye
 All is
 For wh
 Then b
 But
 Accord
 Him to
 Whose
 And ev
 Who co
 Of one
 If but
 His pat
 Take hi
 Whilst
 Smiles a
 His tim
 As it we
 Until th
 Even lik
 Fir'd wi
 Sparkles
 The wea
 Thus in
 And so f
 Whereby

*Which now they study, naught but folly learning,
Which is the cause that they have no discerning,
The good from bad, this ill, that well to know,
Because in ignorance they are nourish'd so.*

*Who for this hateful trash should I condemn,
They that do utter, or authorize them?*

*O that the ancients should so careful be
Of what they did impress, and only we
Loosly at random should let all things fly,*

Though 'gainst the Muses it be blasphemy!

*But yet to happy spirits, and to the wise,
All is but foolish that they can devise;*

For when contempt of Poesy is proudest,

Then have the Muses ever sung the loudest.

But to my CALF; who, to be counted prime,

According to the fashion of the time,

Him to associate some buffoon doth get,

Whose brains he still with much expence must whet,

And ever bear about him as his guest,

Who coming out with some ridiculous jest,

Of one perhaps a God that well might be,

If but compar'd with such an ass as he,

His patron roars with laughter, and doth cry,

Take him away, or presently I dye;

Whilst that knave-fool, which well himself doth know,

Smiles at the coxcomb, which admires him so;

His time and wealth thus lewdly that doth spend,

As it were lent him to no other end:

Until this MOON-CALF, this most drunken puff,

Even like a candle burnt into the snuff,

Fir'd with surfeit, in his own grease fries,

Sparkles a little, and then stinking dies.

The wealth his father by extortion won,

Thus in the spending helps to damn the son,

And so falls out indifferently to either,

Whereby in Hell they justly meet together;

*And yet the World much joys in her behalf,
 And takes no little pleasure in her CALF.
 Had this declining time the freedom now,
 Which the brave Roman once it did allow,
 With wire and whipcord ye should see her pay'd,
 Till the luxurious whore should be afraid
 Of prostitution; and such lashes given,
 To make her blood spirt in the face of Heaven,
 That men by looking upwards as they go,
 Should see the plagues lay'd on her here below.*

But now proceed we with the other twin,
 Which is most woman, who shall soon begin
 To shew herself. No sooner got the teens,
 But her own natural beauty she disdains;
 With oyls and broths most venomous and base
 She plaisters over her well-favour'd face;
 And those sweet veins by nature rightly plac'd,
 Wherewith she seem'd that white skin to have lac'd,
 She soon doth alter; and with fading blue
 Blanching her bosom, she makes others new,
 Blotting the curious workmanship of nature;
 That ere she be arriv'd at her full stature,
 Ere she be drest, she seemeth aged grown,
 And to have nothing on her of her own.
 Her black, brown, auburn, or her yellow hair,
 Naturally lovely, she doth scorn to wear;
 It must be white, to make it fresh to show,
 And with compounded meal she makes it so,
 With fumes and powd'rings raising such a smoke,
 That a whole region able were to choke:
 Whose stench might fright a dragon from his den;
 The sun yet ne'er exhal'd from any fen,
 Such pestilentious vapours as arise
 From their French powd'rings, and their mercuries,
 IRELAND, if thou wilt able be alone,
 Of thine own power to drive out thy TYRONE,

By

By be
 Shear
 Thy
 Than
 Our
 Whit
 Nay
 And
 Hair
 To be
 Then
 The d
 And in
 The o
 But to
 And to
 Which
 She thi
 Our me
 Cannot
 Nor nar
 The cur
 She thin
 Except
 Which f
 Except
 And in
 In ev'ry
 Her picc
 Her fard
 Which li
 To drive
 After aga
 Shorn lik
 Like him
 With the

By heaping up a mass of coin together,
Shear thy old wolves, and send their fleeces hither.
Thy white goats hair, WALES, dearer will be sold
Than silk of NAPLES, or than thread of gold,
Our water-dogs, and islands here are shorn,
White hair of women here so much is worn,
Nay more than this, they'll any thing endure,
And with large sums they stick not to procure
Hair from the dead, yea and the most unclean;
To help their pride they nothing will disdain.
Then in attiring her, and in her sleep,
The day's three parts she exercis'd doth keep;
And in ridiculous visits she doth spend
The other fourth part, to no other end
But to take note how such a Lady lies,
And to glean from her some deformities,
Which for a grace she holds, and till she get,
She thinks herself to be but counterfeit.
Our merchants from all parts 'twixt either INN,
Cannot get silk to satisfy her mind;
Nor nature's perfect'st patterns can suffice
The curious draughts for her imbroideries.
She thinks her honour utterly is lost,
Except those things do infinitely cost
Which she doth wear; nor thinks they can her dress,
Except she have them in most strange excess.
And in her fashion she is likewise thus,
In ev'ry thing she must be monstrous.
Her piccadil above her crown up-bears;
Her fardingale is set above her ears,
Which like a broad sail with the wind doth swell,
To drive this fair hulk headlong into hell.
After again note, and you shall her see
Shorn like a man; and for that she will be
Like him in all, her congies she will make
With the man's court'fy, and her hat off take,

Of

Of the French fashion ; and wear by her side
 Her sharp stiletto in a riband ty'd ;
 Then gird herself close to the paps she shall,
 Shap'd breast and buttock, but no waist at all.

But of this She-Calf now to cease all strife,
 I'll by example limn her to the life :

Not long ago it was my chance to meet

With such a fury, such a female sprite,

As never man saw yet, except 'twere she,

And such a one as I may never see

Again, I pray ; but where I will not name,

For that the place might so partake her shame :

But when I saw her rampant to transcend

All womanhood, I thought her (sure) some fiend ;

And to myself my thoughts suggested thus,

That she was gotten by some Incubus ;

And so remembring an old woman's tale,

As she sat dreaming o'er a pot of ale,

That on a time she did the devil meet,

And knew him only by his cloven feet ;

So did I look at her's where she did go,

To see if her feet were not cloven so.

Ten long-tongu'd tapsters in a common inn,

When as the guests to flock apace begin,

When up-stair one, down-stair another hies,

With squeaking clamours and confused cries,

Never did yet make such a noise as she ;

That I dare boldly justify, that he

Who but one hour her loud clack can endure,

May undisturbed, safely, and secure

Sleep under any bells, and never hear

Tho' they were rung, the clappers at his ear ;

And the long'st night with one sweet sleep beguile,

As tho' he dreamt of musick all the while.

The very sight of her, when she doth roar,

Is able to strike dumb the boldest whore

That
 All i
 How
 Her
 And
 That
 And
 As to
 And
 Then
 In wo
 Read
 Were
 He th
 Shoul
 Into th
 His co
 Thus l
 Am
 Four g
 Which
 Throug
 For me
 And m
 For she
 Then m
 As ever
 Old gan
 As the l
 The bus
 Quoth j
 'I see th
 'And fir
 'And th
 'Let's h
 'And w

That ever traded : she'll not stick to tell,
 All in her life that ever her befell ;
 How she hath lain with all degrees and ages,
 Her plow-boys, scullions, lackies, and some pages ;
 And swear, when we have said all that we can,
 That there is nothing worth a pin in man ;
 And that there's nothing doth so please her mind,
 As to see mares and horses do their kind :
 And when she's tipsy, howsoe'er 't offend,
 Then all her speech to bawdry doth intend ;
 In womens secrets, and she'll name ye all
 Read to the midwives at the Surgeons hall.
 Were the poor coxcomb her dull husband dead,
 He that durst then this female Moon-calf wed,
 Should quite put down the Roman, which once leapt
 Into the burning gulf, thereby to keep
 His country from devouring with the flame :
 Thus leave we her, of all her sex the shame.

Amongst the rest at the World's labour, there
 Four good old women most especial were,
 Which had been jolly wenches in their days,
 Through all the parish and had borne the praise
 For merry tales ; one, mother REDCAP hight,
 And mother HOWLET, somewhat ill of sight,
 For she had hurt her eyes with watching late ;
 Then mother BUMBY, a mad jocund mate
 As ever gossipt ; and with her there came
 Old gammer GURTON, a right pleasant dame
 As the best of them : being thus together,
 The bus'ness done for which they had come thither,
 Quoth jolly mother REDCAP at the last,
 ' I see the night is quickly like to waste ;
 ' And since the World so kindly now is laid,
 ' And the child safe, which made us all afraid,
 ' Let's have a night ont't, wenches ; hang up sorrow,
 ' And what sleep wants now, take it up to-morrow,
 ' Stir

‘ Stir up the fire, and let us have our ale,
 ‘ And o’er our cups let each one tell her tale :
 ‘ My honest gossips, and to put you in,
 ‘ I’ll break the ice, and thus doth mine begin.
 ‘ There was a certain prophesy of old,
 ‘ Which to an isle had anciently been told,
 ‘ That after many years were com’n and gone,
 ‘ Which then came out, and the set time came on ;
 ‘ Nay more, it told the very day and hour,
 ‘ Wherein should fall so violent a show’r,
 ‘ That it new rivers in the earth should wear,
 ‘ And dorps and bridges quite away should bear :
 ‘ But where this isle is, that I cannot show,
 ‘ Let them enquire that have desire to know :
 ‘ The story leaves out that ; let it alone,
 ‘ And, gossips, with my tale I will go on.
 ‘ Yet what was worse, the prophecy this spake,
 ‘ (As to warn men defence for it to make)
 ‘ That upon whom one drop should chance to light,
 ‘ They should of reason be deprived quite.
 ‘ This prophecy had many an age been heard,
 ‘ But not a man did it one pin regard ;
 ‘ For all to folly did themselves dispose,
 ‘ (On verier calves the sun yet never rose)
 ‘ And of their laughter made it all the theme,
 ‘ By terming it, the drunken wizard’s dream.
 ‘ There was one honest man, amongst the rest,
 ‘ That bare more perfect knowledge in his breast,
 ‘ And to himself his private hours had kept,
 ‘ To talk with God, whilst others drank or slept,
 ‘ Who, in his mercy to this man, reveal’d
 ‘ That which in justice he had long conceal’d
 ‘ From the rude herd, but let them still run on
 ‘ The ready way to their destruction.
 ‘ This honest man the prophecy that noted,
 ‘ And things therein more curiously had quoted,

‘ Found

‘ Found all those signs were truly come to pass,
‘ That should foreshow this rain, and that it was
‘ Nearly at hand ; and from his depth of skill
‘ Had many a time forewarn’d them of their ill,
‘ And preach’d to them this deluge (for their good)
‘ As to th’ old world NOE did before the flood,
‘ But lost his labour ; and since ’twas in vain
‘ To talk more to those idiots of the rain,
‘ He let them rest, and silent sought about
‘ Where he might find some place of safety out,
‘ To shroud himself in ; for right well he knew,
‘ That from this show’r, which then began to brew,
‘ No roof of tile or thatch he could come in,
‘ Could serve him from being wet to the bare skin.
‘ At length this man bethought him of a cave
‘ In a huge rock, which likely was to save
‘ Him from the show’r, upon a hill so steep,
‘ As up the same a man could hardly creep ;
‘ So that, except NOAH’s flood should come again,
‘ He never could be raught by any rain :
‘ Thither at length, tho’ with much toil he clomb,
‘ List’ning to hear what would thereof become.
‘ It was not long ere he perceiv’d the skies
‘ Settled to rain, and a black cloud arise,
‘ Whose foggy grossness so oppos’d the light,
‘ As it would turn the noonstid into night.
‘ When the wind came about with all his pow’r,
‘ Into the tail of this approaching show’r,
‘ And it to lighten presently began,
‘ Quicker than thought from east to west that ran ;
‘ The thunder following did so fiercely rave,
‘ And through the thick clouds with such fury drave,
‘ As Hell had been set open for the nonce,
‘ And all the devils heard to roar at once :
‘ And soon the tempest so outrageous grew,
‘ That it whole hedge-rows by the roots upthrew,
‘ So

' So wond'rously prodigious was the weather,
 ' As heaven and earth had meant to go together ;
 ' And down the show'r impetuously doth fall,
 ' Like that which men the hurricano call ;
 ' As the grand deluge had been come again,
 ' And all the world should perish by the rain.
 ' And long it lasted ; all which time this man,
 ' Hid in this cave, doth in his judgment scan
 ' What of this inundation would ensue,
 ' For he knew well the prophecy was true :
 ' And when the show'r was somewhat overpast,
 ' And that the skies began to clear at last,
 ' To the cave's mouth he softly put his ear,
 ' To listen if he any thing could hear,
 ' What harm this storm had done, and what became
 ' Of those that had been sowed in the same.
 ' No sooner he that nimble organ lent
 ' To the cave's mouth, but that incontinent
 ' There was a noise, as if the garden bears,
 ' And all the dogs together by the ears,
 ' And those of Bedlam had enlarged been,
 ' And to behold the baiting had come in.
 ' Which when he heard, he knew too well (alas !)
 ' That what had been foretold, was come to pass ;
 ' Within himself, good man, he reason'd thus :
 ' 'Tis for our sins this plague is fall'n on us.
 ' Of all the rest, tho' in my wits I be,
 ' (I thank my maker) yet it grieveth me
 ' To see my country in this piteous case ;
 ' Woe's me that ever they so wanted grace !
 ' But when as man once casts off virtue quite,
 ' And doth in sin and beastliness delight,
 ' We see how soon GOD turns him to a sot.
 ' To show myself yet a true patriot,
 ' I'll in amongst them, and if so that they
 ' Be not accurst of GOD, yet, yet I may

' By

‘ By wholesome counsel (if they can but hear)
‘ Make them as perfect as at first they were.
‘ And thus resolv’d, goes this good poor man down ;
‘ When at the entrance of the neighbouring town
‘ He meets a woman with her buttocks bare,
‘ Got up astride upon a wall-ey’d mare,
‘ To run a horse-race, and was like to ride
‘ Over the good man ; but he stept aside :
‘ And after her, another that bestrode
‘ A horse of service, with a lance she rode
‘ Arm’d, and behind her on a pillion sat
‘ Her frantick husband, in a broad-brim’d hat,
‘ A mask and safeguard ; and had in his hand
‘ His mad wife’s distaff for a riding-wand.
‘ Scarce from these mad folk had he gone so far,
‘ As a strong man will eas’ly pitch a bar,
‘ But that he found a youth in tiffue brave,
‘ (A daintier man one would not wish to have)
‘ Was courting of a loathsome meazled sow,
‘ And, in his judgment, swore he must allow
‘ Her’s the prime beauty that he ever saw.
‘ Thus was she su’d to (by that prating daw)
‘ Who on a dunghill in the loathsome gore
‘ Had farrowed ten pigs scarce an hour before.
‘ At which this man in melancholy deep,
‘ Burst into laughter, like before to weep.
‘ Another fool, to fit him for the weather,
‘ Had arm’d his heels with cork, his head with feather,
‘ And in more strange and sundry colours clad,
‘ Than in the rain-bow ever can be had ;
‘ Stalk’d through the streets, preparing him to fly
‘ Up to the moon upon an embassy.
‘ Another seeing his drunken wife disgorge
‘ Her pamper’d stomach, got her to a forge,
‘ And in her throat the feverous heat to quench,
‘ With the smith’s horn was giving her a drench.

‘ One

' One his next neighbour halter'd had by force,
 ' So frantick, that he took him for a horse;
 ' And to a pond was leading him to drink.
 ' It went beyond the wit of man to think;
 ' The sundry frenzies that he there might see.
 ' One man would to another married be;
 ' And for a curate taking the town bull;
 ' Would have him knit the knot. Another gull
 ' Had found an ape was chained to a stall,
 ' Which he to worship on his knees doth fall;
 ' To do the like and doth his neighbours get,
 ' Who in a chair this ill-fac'd monkey set,
 ' And on their shoulder lifting him on high,
 ' They in procession bear him with a cry;
 ' And him a Lord will have at least, if not
 ' A greater man. Another sort had got
 ' About a pedlar, who had lately hear'd
 ' How with the mad-men of this isle it far'd;
 ' And having nothing in his pack but toys,
 ' Which none except meer madmen and fond boys
 ' Would ever touch, thought verily that he
 ' Amongst these Bedlams would a gainer be,
 ' Or else lose all; scarce had he pitch'd his pack,
 ' Ere he could scarcely say, what do ye lack?
 ' But that they throng'd about him with their money,
 ' As thick as flies about a pot of hony.
 ' Some of these lunatics, these frantick asses,
 ' Gave him spur-rials for his farthing glasses:
 ' There should you see another of these cattle
 ' Give him a pound of silver for a rattle;
 ' And there another, that would needily scorse
 ' A costly jewel for a hobby-horse.
 ' For bells and babies, such as children small
 ' Are ever us'd to solace them withal,
 ' Those they did buy at such a costly rate,
 ' That it was able to subvert a state,

' Which

' WI
 ' For
 ' Ala
 ' Tha
 ' In t
 ' Both
 ' He
 ' I
 ' Hea
 ' Ala
 ' Into
 ' Be n
 ' But
 ' Mus
 ' Thus
 ' Than
 ' Upon
 ' That
 ' And
 ' The i
 ' Your
 ' And
 ' And c
 ' The d
 ' But w
 ' They
 ' And as
 ' One of
 ' Lays ho
 ' Thou fe
 ' Com'st
 ' What!
 ' Us, of v
 ' May we
 ' Why fur
 ' Another

' Which when this wise and sober man beheld,
 ' For very grief his eyes with tears were swell'd.
 ' Alas, that ere I saw this day ! (quoth he)
 ' That I my native country-men should see
 ' In this estate ! When out of very zeal
 ' Both to his native earth and common-weal,
 ' He thrust amongst them, and thus frames his speech.
 " Dear country-men, I humbly ye beseech,
 " Hear me a little, and but mark me well.
 " Alas ! it is not long since first ye fell
 " Into this frenzy, these outrageous fits ;
 " Be not, I pray you, so out of your wits,
 " But call to mind th' inevitable ill
 " Must fall on ye, if ye continue still
 " Thus mad and frantick ; therefore be not worse
 " Than your brute beasts, to bring thereby a curse
 " Upon your nephews, so to taint their blood,
 " That twenty generations shall be woo'd ;
 " And this brave land, for wit that hath been fam'd,
 " The isle of Idiots after shall be nam'd :
 " Your brains are not so craz'd, but leave this riot,
 " And 'tis no question, but with temp'rate diet,
 " And counsel of wise men, when they shall see
 " The desperate estate wherein you be,
 " But with such med'cines as they will apply,
 " They'll quickly cure your grievous malady."
 ' And as he would proceed with his oration,
 ' One of the chiefest of this Bedlam nation
 ' Lays hold on him, and asks who he should be :
 ' Thou fellow, (quoth this Lord) where had we thee ?
 ' Com'st thou to preach to us that be so wise ?
 ' What ! wilt thou take upon thee to advise
 ' Us, of whom all now underneath the sky
 ' May well be seen to learn frugality ?
 ' Why surely, honest fellow, thou art mad.
 ' Another standing by, swore that he had

' Seen him in Bedlam fourteen years ago.
 ' O (quoth a third) this fellow do I know;
 ' This is an arrant coxcomb, a meer dizard:
 ' If ye remember, this is the same wizard,
 ' Which took upon him wisely to fore-tell
 ' The show'r, so many years before it fell;
 ' Whose strong effects being so strange and rare,
 ' Have made us such brave creatures as we are.
 ' When of this nation all the frantic rout
 ' Fell into laughter the poor man about:
 ' Some made mouths at him, others, as in scorn,
 ' With their fork't fingers pointed him the horn:
 ' They call'd him ass and dolt, and bade him go
 ' Amongst such fools as he himself was, who
 ' Could not teach them. At which this honest man
 ' Finding that nought but hate and scorn he wan
 ' Amongst these idiots and their beastly kind,
 ' The poor small remnant of his life behind,
 ' Determineth to solitude to give,
 ' And a true hermit afterward to live.'

The tale thus ended, ' Gossip, by your leave,
 (Quoth mother BUMBY) ' I do well perceive
 ' The moral of your story, which is this
 ' (Correct me, dame, if I do judge amiss:)
 ' But first I'll tell you, by this honest ale,
 ' In my conceit this is a pretty tale;
 ' And if some handsome players would it take,
 ' It (sure) a pretty interlude would make.
 ' But to the moral: This same mighty shower
 ' Is a plague sent by supernatural power
 ' Upon the wicked. For when God intends
 ' To lay a curse on men's ungodly ends,
 ' Of understanding he doth them deprive;
 ' Which taken from them, up themselves they give
 ' To beastlinefs; nor will he let them see
 ' The miserable estate wherein they be.

' The

' Th
 ' Th
 ' Of
 ' To
 ' Sho
 ' WH
 Qu
 Quoth
 ' You
 ' The
 ' C
 ' The
 ' As i
 ' Yet
 ' Was
 ' Whic
 ' Whic
 ' Whit
 ' And
 ' Ther
 ' She c
 ' Buy t
 ' What
 ' Whic
 ' They
 ' To th
 ' She b
 ' And f
 ' Raife
 ' And v
 ' Upon
 ' Nature
 ' Yet in
 ' Seldom
 ' Half m
 ' Such a

' The rock, to which this man for safety climbs,
 ' The contemplation is of the sad times
 ' Of the declining world. His counsels told
 ' To the mad rout, to spoil and baseness sold,
 ' Shows, that from such no goodness can proceed;
 ' Who counsels fools, shall seldom better speed.'

Quoth mother REDCAP, " You have hit it right."
 Quoth she, ' I know it, gossip; and to quit
 ' Your tale, another you of me shall have,
 ' Therefore a while your patience let me crave.
 ' Out in the North tow'rs Groenland, far away,
 ' There was a witch, (as ancient stories say)
 ' As in those parts there many witches be;
 ' Yet in her craft above all other she
 ' Was the most expert, dwelling in an isle,
 ' Which was in compass scarce an English mile;
 ' Which by her cunning she could make to float
 ' Whither she list, as though it were a boat;
 ' And where again she meant to have it stay,
 ' There could she fix it in the deepest sea.
 ' She could sell winds to any one that would
 ' Buy them for money, forcing them to hold
 ' What time she listed, tie them in a thread,
 ' Which ever as the seafarer undid,
 ' They rose or scantled, as his sails would drive,
 ' To the same port whereas he would arrive.
 ' She by her spells could make the moon to stay,
 ' And from the east she could keep back the day,
 ' Raise mists and fogs that could eclipse the light,
 ' And with the noonsted she could mix the night.
 ' Upon this isle whereas she had abode,
 ' Nature (God knows) but little cost bestow'd;
 ' Yet in the same some bastard creatures were,
 ' Seldom yet seen in any place but there;
 ' Half men, half goat, there was a certain kind,
 ' Such as we Satyrs pourtray'd out do find;

' Another sort of a most ugly shape,
 ' A bear in body, and in face an ape;
 ' Other, like beasts, yet had the feet of fowls,
 ' That demi-urchins were, or demi-owls:
 ' Besides, there were of sundry other sorts,
 ' But we'll not stand too long on these reports.
 ' Of all the rest that most resembles man,
 ' Was an o'er-worn ill-favour'd Babian;
 ' Which of all other (for that only he
 ' Was full of tricks, as they are us'd to be)
 ' Him in her craft so seriously she taught,
 ' As that in little time she had him brought,
 ' That nothing could afore this ape be set,
 ' That presently he could not counterfeit:
 ' She learnt him med'cines instantly to make;
 ' Him any thing whose shape he pleas'd to take;
 ' And when this skill she had on him bestow'd,
 ' She sent him for intelligence abroad.
 ' Thus fully furnish'd, and by her sent out,
 ' He went to practise all the world about.
 ' He like a gypsy oftentimes would go,
 ' All kind of gibb'rish he had learnt to know,
 ' And with a stick, a short string, and a noose,
 ' Would show the people tricks at fast and loose;
 ' Tell folks their fortunes, for he would find out
 ' By sly enquiry as he went about,
 ' What chance this one he, or that she had prov'd,
 ' Whom they most hated, or whom most they lov'd;
 ' And looking in their hands, as there he knew it,
 ' Out of his skill would counterfeit to shew it.
 ' Sometimes he for a mountebank would pass,
 ' And shew you in a crucible or glass
 ' Some rare extraction, presently and run
 ' Through all the cures that he therewith had done.
 ' An aspick still he carry'd in a poke,
 ' Which he to bite him often would provoke,

And

‘ And with an oil, when it began to swell,
‘ The deadly poison quickly could expell :
‘ And many times a juggler he would be,
‘ (A craftier knave there never was than he)
‘ And by a mist deceiving of the sight,
‘ (As knavery ever falsifies the light)
‘ He by his active nimbleness of hand
‘ Into a serpent would transform a wand,
‘ As those Egyptians, which by magick thought,
‘ Far beyond MOSES wonders to have wrought.
‘ There never was a subtilty devis’d,
‘ In which this villain was not exercis’d.
‘ Now from this region where they dwelt, not far,
‘ There was a wise and learn’d astronomer,
‘ Who skilful in the planetary hours,
‘ The working knew of the celestial powers,
‘ And by their ill, or by their good aspect,
‘ Men in their actions wisely could direct;
‘ And in the black and gloomy arts so skill’d,
‘ That he even Hell in his subjection held;
‘ He could command the spir’ts up from below,
‘ And bind them strongly, till they let him know
‘ All the dread secrets that belong’d them to,
‘ And what those did, with whom they had to do,
‘ This wizard, in his knowledge most profound,
‘ Sitting one day the depth of things to sound;
‘ For that the world was brought to such pass,
‘ That it well-near in a confusion was;
‘ For things set right, ran quickly out of frame,
‘ And those awry to rare perfection came :
‘ And matters in such sort about were brought,
‘ That states were puzzled almost beyond thought,
‘ Which made him think (as he might very well)
‘ There were more devils than he knew in Hell;
‘ And thus resolves, that he would cast about
‘ In his best skill to find the engine out

' That wrought all this, and put himself therein.
 ' When in this bus'ness long he had not been,
 ' But by the spirits which he had sent abroad,
 ' And in this work had every way bestow'd,
 ' He came to know this foul witch, and her factor,
 ' The one the plotter, and the other th'actor
 ' Of all these stirs, which many a state had spoil'd,
 ' Whereby the world so long had been turmoil'd ;
 ' Wherefore he thought it much did him behove,
 ' Out of the way this couple to remove,
 ' Or (out of question) half the world e're long
 ' Would be divided, hers and his among.
 ' When turning over his most mystick books,
 ' Into the secrets of his art he looks ;
 ' And th'earth and th'air doth with such magicks fill,
 ' That ev'ry place was troubled by his skill ;
 ' Whilst in his mind he many a thing revolves,
 ' Till at the last he with himself resolves,
 ' One spirit of his should take the witch's shape,
 ' Another in the person of the ape
 ' Should be join'd with him, so to prove by this,
 ' Whether their pow'r were less, or more than his ;
 ' Which he performs, and to their task them sets,
 ' When soon that spirit, the witch that counterfeits,
 ' Watch'd till he found her far abroad to be,
 ' Into the place then of her home gets he :
 ' And when the Babian came the news to bring
 ' What he had done abroad, and ev'ry thing
 ' Which he had plotted, how their bus'ness went,
 ' And in the rest to know her dread intent,
 ' Where she was wont to call him her dear son,
 ' Her little play-feer, and her pretty bun ;
 ' Hug him, and swear he was her only joy,
 ' Her very HERMES, her most dainty boy ;
 ' O most strange thing ! she chang'd her wonted chear,
 ' And doth to him most terrible appear :

* And

‘ And in most fearful shapes she doth him threaten
 ‘ With eager looks, as him she would have eaten,
 ‘ That from her presence he was forc’d to fly,
 ‘ As from his death, or deadly enemy.
 ‘ When now the second, which the shape doth take
 ‘ Of the Baboon, determining to make
 ‘ The like sport with him, his best time doth watch,
 ‘ When he alone the curfed witch might catch ;
 ‘ And when her factor farthest was remote,
 ‘ Then he began to change his former note ;
 ‘ And where he wont to tell her pleasing stories
 ‘ Full of their conquests, triumphs, and their glories,
 ‘ He turns his tale, and to the witch relates
 ‘ The strange revolts of tributary states,
 ‘ Things gotten back, which late they had for prize,
 ‘ With new discoveries of their policies ;
 ‘ Disgusts and dangers that had crost their cunning,
 ‘ With sad portents, their ruin still forerunning :
 ‘ That thus the witch and the baboon deceiv’d
 ‘ Of all their hopes, of all their joys bereav’d,
 ‘ As in despair do bid the world adieu.
 ‘ When as the ape, which weak and sickly grew,
 ‘ On the cold earth his scurvy carrion lays,
 ‘ And worn to nothing, ends his wretched days :
 ‘ The filthy hag, abhorring of the light,
 ‘ Into the North past THULE takes her flight,
 ‘ And in those deeps, past which no land is found,
 ‘ Her wretched self she miserably drown’d.’

The tale thus ended, mother OWL doth take
 Her turn, and thus to mother BUMBY spake:

‘ The tale our gossip REDCAP told before,
 ‘ You so well riddled, that there can no more
 ‘ Be said of it ; and therefore as your due,
 ‘ What you have done for her, I’ll do for you.

‘ And thus it is : That same notorious witch,
 ‘ Is the ambition men have to be rich

' And great ; for which all faith aside they lay,
 ' And to the devil give themselves away.
 ' The floating isle, where she is said to won,
 ' The various courses are through which they run
 ' To get their ends. And by the ape is meant
 ' Those damned villains, made the instrument
 ' To their designs. That wond'rous man of skill,
 ' Sound counsel is ; or rather, if you will,
 ' The divine justice, which doth bring to light
 ' Their wicked plots, not raught by common fight ;
 ' For tho' they never have so closely wrought,
 ' Yet to confusion lastly they are brought.'

" Gossip, indeed you have hit it to a hair ;

" And surely your morality is rare,"

Quoth mother BUMBY, Mother OWL reply'd,

' Come, come, I know I was not very wide :
 ' Wherefore, to quit your tales, and make 'em three,
 ' My honest gossips, listen now to me.

' There was a man not long since dead, but he
 ' Rather a devil might accounted be :
 ' For Judgment, at her best, could hardly scan,
 ' Whether he were more devil, or more man :
 ' And as he was, he did himself apply
 ' T' all kind of witchcraft and black forcery ;
 ' And for his humour naturally stood
 ' To theft, to rapine, and to shedding blood,
 ' By those damn'd hags, with whom he was in grace,
 ' And us'd to meet in many a secret place,
 ' He learnt an herb of such a wond'rous pow'r,
 ' That were it gather'd at a certain hour,
 ' (For nature for the same did so provide,
 ' As tho' from knowledge gladly it to hide,
 ' For at sunset itself it did disclose,
 ' And shut itself up as the morning rose)
 ' That with thrice saying a strange magick spell,
 ' Which, but to him, to no man they would tell,

' When

‘ When as so e’er that simple he would take,
‘ It him a war-wolf instantly would make ;
‘ Which put in practice, he most certain prov’d,
‘ When to a forest he himself remov’d,
‘ Thro’ which there lay a plain and common road,
‘ Which he the place chose for his chief abode,
‘ And there this monster sat him down to thieve,
‘ Nothing but stol’n goods might this fiend relieve,
‘ No silly woman by that way could pass,
‘ But by this wolf she surely ravish’d was ;
‘ And if he found her flesh were soft and good,
‘ What serv’d for lust, must also serve for food.
‘ Into a village he sometime would get,
‘ And watching there (as for the purpose set)
‘ For little children when they came to play,
‘ The fatt’st he ever bore with him away :
‘ And as the people oft were wont to rise,
‘ Following with hubbubs and confused cries,
‘ Yet was he so well-breathed, and so light,
‘ That he would still outstrip them by his flight ;
‘ And making straight to the tall forest near,
‘ Of the sweet flesh would have his junkets there.
‘ And let the shepherds do the best they could,
‘ Yet would he venture oft upon the fold ;
‘ And taking the fatt’st sheep he there could find,
‘ Bear him away, and leave the dogs behind.
‘ Nor could men keep so much as pig or lamb,
‘ But it no sooner could drop from the dam,
‘ By hook or crook but he would surely catch,
‘ Tho’ with their weapons all the town should watch.
‘ Amongst the rest there was a silly ass,
‘ That on the way by fortune chanc’d to pass,
‘ Yet (it was true) he in his time had been
‘ A very perfect man in shape and skin ;
‘ But by a witch (envying his estate)
‘ That had borne to him a most deadly hate,

‘ Into

' Into this shape he was transform'd, and so
 ' From place to place he wander'd to and fro,
 ' And oftentimes was taken for a stray,
 ' And in the pinfold many a time he lay;
 ' Yet held he still the reason that he had
 ' When he was man, altho' he thus was clad
 ' In a poor ass's shape, wherein he goes,
 ' And must endure what Fortune will impose.
 ' Him on his way this cruel wolf doth take,
 ' His present prey determining to make.
 ' He bray'd and roar'd, to make the people hear;
 ' But it fell out, no creature being near,
 ' The silly ass, when he had done his best,
 ' Must walk the common way amongst the rest;
 ' When tow'ards his den the cruel wolf him tugs,
 ' And by the ears most terribly him lugs:
 ' But as God would, he had no list to feed,
 ' Wherefore to keep him still he should have need,
 ' The silly creature utterly forlorn,
 ' He brings into a brake of briars and thorn,
 ' And so entangles by the mane and tail,
 ' That he might pluck and struggle there, and hale,
 ' Till his breath left him, unless by great chance
 ' Some one might come for his deliverance.
 ' At length the people grievously annoy'd
 ' By this vile wolf, so many that destroy'd,
 ' Determined a hunting they would make,
 ' To see if they by any means could take
 ' This rav'nous war-wolf: and with them they bring
 ' Mastiffs and mongrels, all that in a string
 ' Could be got out, or could but lug a hog;
 ' Ball, Eatall, Cuttail, Blackfoot, bitch and dog.
 ' Bills, bats, and clubs the angry men do bear;
 ' The women, eager as their husbands were,
 ' With spits & fireforks, sware if they could catch him,
 ' It should go hard but they would soon dispatch him.

' This

' This subtle wolf, by passengers that heard
 ' What forces thus against him were prepar'd,
 ' And, by the noise, that they were near at hand,
 ' Thinking this afs did nothing understand,
 ' Goes down into a spring that was hard by,
 ' Which the afs noted, and immediately
 ' He came out perfect man, his wolf's shape left,
 ' In which so long he had committed theft.
 ' The silly afs so wistly then did view him,
 ' And in his fancy so exactly drew him,
 ' That he was sure to own this thief again,
 ' If he should see him 'mongst a thousand men.
 ' This wolf turn'd man, him instantly doth shroud
 ' In a near thicket, till the boist'rous crowd
 ' Had somewhat past him, then he in doth fall
 ' Upon the rear, not any of them all
 ' Makes greater stir, nor seems to them to be
 ' More diligent to find the wolf than he.
 ' They beat each brake and tuft o'er all the ground,
 ' But yet the war-wolf was not to be found ;
 ' But a poor afs entangled in the briers,
 ' In such strange sort, as ev'ry one desires
 ' To see the manner, and each one doth gather
 ' How he was fasten'd so, how he came thither.
 ' The silly afs yet being still in hold,
 ' Makes all the means that possibly he could
 ' To be let loose ; he hums, he kneels, and cries,
 ' Shaketh his head, and turneth up his eyes
 ' To move their pity ; that some said, 'twas sure
 ' This afs had sense of what he did endure :
 ' And at the last amongst themselves decreed
 ' To let him loose. The afs no sooner freed,
 ' But out he goes the company among,
 ' And where he saw the people thick'nt to throng,
 ' There he thrusts in, and looketh round about ;
 ' Here he runs in, and there he rusheth out ;

' That

' That he was likely to have thrown to ground
 ' Those in his way : which when the people found,
 ' Tho' the poor asfs they seemed to disdain,
 ' Follow'd him yet, to find what he should mean,
 ' Until by chance that he this villain met,
 ' When he upon him furiously doth set,
 ' Fast'ning his teeth upon him with such strength,
 ' That he could not be loos'd, till at the length
 ' Railing them in, the people make a ring,
 ' Struck with the wonder of so strange a thing ;
 ' Whilst they are cag'd, contending whether can
 ' Conquer, the asfs some cry, some cry the man :
 ' Yet the asfs dragg'd him, and still forward drew
 ' Tow' rds the strange spring, wh^{ch} yet they never knew ;
 ' Yet to what part the struggling seem'd to sway,
 ' The people made a lane, and gave them way.
 ' At length the asfs had tugg'd him near thereto,
 ' The people wond'ring what he meant to do ;
 ' He seem'd to show them with his foot the well,
 ' Then with an asf-like noise he seem'd to tell
 ' The story, now by pointing to the men,
 ' Then to the thief, then to the spring again :
 ' At length waxt angry, growing into passion
 ' Because they could not find his demonstration,
 ' T' express it more, he leaps into the spring,
 ' When on the sudden (O most wond'rous thing !)
 ' To change his shape he presently began,
 ' And at an instant became perfect man,
 ' Recov'ring speech ; and coming forth, accus'd
 ' The bloody murth'rer, who had so abus'd
 ' The honest people, and such harm had done ;
 ' Before them all and presently begun,
 ' To shew them in what danger he had been,
 ' And of this wolf the cruelty and sin,
 ' How he came chang'd again, as he had prov'd,
 ' Whereat the people being strangely mov'd,

' Some

' S
 ' A
 ' T
 ' A
 ' T
 ' A
 ' R
 ' Be
 ' Q
 " Y
 " G
 " Ea
 " An
 " As
 " TH
 " To
 " An
 " WH
 " Th
 " Is t
 " He
 " Wh
 " Is fo
 " Yet
 " To b
 Quo
 ' I thou
 ' My tu
 ' A mig
 ' Yet no
 ' 'Twas
 ' So bar
 ' Could
 ' Nor w
 ' Upon
 ' 'Twas

' Some on the head, some on the back do clap him,
 ' And in their arms with shouts and kisses hap him ;
 ' Then all at once upon the war-wolf flew,
 ' And up and down him on the earth they drew ;
 ' Then from his bones the flesh in collops cut,
 ' And on their weapon's points in triumph put ;
 ' Returning back with a victorious song,
 ' Bearing the man aloft with them along.'

Quoth gammer GURTON, " On my honest word,
 " You've told a tale doth much conceit afford,
 " Good neighbour HOWLET ; and as ye have done
 " Each one for other since our tales begun,
 " And since our stand of ale so well endures,
 " As you have moral'd BUMBY's, I will yours.
 " The fable of the war-wolf I apply
 " To a man given to blood and cruelty,
 " And upon spoil doth only set his rest ;
 " Which by a wolf's shape liveliest is exprest.
 " The spring, by which he gets his former shape,
 " Is the evasion after every rape
 " He hath to start by. And the silly ass,
 " Which, unregarded, every where doth pass,
 " Is some just soul, who though the world disdain,
 " Yet he by GOD is strangely made the mean
 " To bring his damned practices to light."

Quoth mother HOWLET, ' You have hit the white.'
 ' I thought as much (quoth gammer GURTON :) then
 ' My turn comes next, have with you once again.
 ' A mighty waste there in a country was,
 ' Yet not so great as it was poor of grass.
 ' 'Twas said of old, a faint once curst the soil,
 ' So barren and so hungry, that no toil
 ' Could ever make it any thing to bear,
 ' Nor would aught prosper that was planted there.
 ' Upon the earth the spring was seldom seen,
 ' 'Twas winter there, when each place else was green ;
 ' When

' When summer did her most abundance yield,
 ' That lay still brown as any fallow field ;
 ' Upon the same some few trees scattering stood,
 ' But it was autumn ere they us'd to bud ;
 ' And they were crookt and knotty, and the leaves
 ' The niggard sap so utterly deceives,
 ' That sprouting forth, they drooping hung the head,
 ' And were near wither'd ere yet fully spread.
 ' No mirthful birds the boughs did ever grace,
 ' Nor could be won to stay upon that place ;
 ' Only the night-crow sometimes you might see,
 ' Croaking, to sit upon some ranpick-tree,
 ' Which was but very seldom too, and then
 ' It boded great mortality to men.
 ' As were the trees, which on that common grew,
 ' So were the cattle, starvings ; and a few
 ' Affes and mules, and they were us'd to gnaw
 ' The very earth to fill the hungry maw ;
 ' When they far'd best, they fed on fern and brack,
 ' Their lean shrunk bellies cleav'd up to their back.
 ' Of all the rest in that great waste that went,
 ' Of those quick carrions the most eminent
 ' Was a poor mule, upon that common bred,
 ' And from his foaling farther never fed ;
 ' The summer well-near ev'ry year was past,
 ' Ere he his ragged winter coat could cast ;
 ' And then the jade would get him to a tree
 ' That had a rough bark, purposely, where he
 ' Rubbing his buttocks and his either side,
 ' Would get the old hair from his starved hide ;
 ' And tho' he were as naked as my nail,
 ' Yet he would whinny then, and wag the tail.
 ' In this short pasture one day as he stood
 ' Ready to faint amongst the rest for food,
 ' Yet the poor beast (according to his kind)
 ' Bearing his nostrils up into the wind,

' A sweet

‘ A sweet fresh feeding thought that he did vent,
‘ (Nothing, as hunger, sharpeneth so the scent ;)
‘ For that not far there was a goodly ground,
‘ Which with sweet grass so greatly did abound,
‘ That the fat soil seem’d to be over-fraught,
‘ Nor could bestow the burthen that it brought ;
‘ Besides that bounteous nature did it stick
‘ With fundry sorts of fragrant flow’rs so thick,
‘ That when the warm and balmy south-wind blew,
‘ The luscious smells o’er all the region flew.
‘ Led by his sense, at length this poor jade found
‘ This pasture (fenc’d tho’ with a mighty mound,
‘ A pale and quickset circling it about,
‘ That nothing could get in, nor nothing out)
‘ And with himself thus wittily doth cast :
‘ Well, I have found good pasture yet at last,
‘ If by some means accomplish’d it might be ;
‘ Round with the ditch immediately walks he ;
‘ And long tho’ ’twas, (good luck ne’er comes too late)
‘ It was his chance to light upon a gate
‘ That led into it : tho’ his hap were good,
‘ Yet was it made of so sufficient wood,
‘ And every bar that did to it belong
‘ Was so well jointed, and so wond’rous strong,
‘ Besides a great lock with a double ward,
‘ That he thereby of entrance was debarr’d,
‘ And thereby hard beset ; yet thought at length,
‘ ’Twas done by sleight, that was not done by strength.
‘ Fast in the ground his two fore-feet doth get,
‘ Then his hard buttocks to the gate he set,
‘ And thrust, and shook, and labour’d, till at last,
‘ The two great posts, that held the same so fast,
‘ Began to loosen ; when again he takes
‘ Fresh foot-hold, and afresh he shakes and shakes,
‘ Till the great hinges to fly off he feels,
‘ And heard the gate fall clatt’ring at his heels ;
‘ Then

' Then neighs and brays with such an open throat,
 ' That all the waste resounded with his note.
 ' The rest, that did his language understand,
 ' Knew well there was some good to them in hand,
 ' And tag and rag thro' thick and thin came running,
 ' Nor dale nor ditch, nor bank nor bushes shunning;
 ' And so desirous to see their good hap,
 ' That with their thronging they stuck in the gap.
 ' Now they bestir their teeth, and do devour
 ' More sweetness in the compass of one hour,
 ' Than twice so many could in twice the time,
 ' For now the spring was in the very prime;
 ' Till prickt with plenty, eas'd of all their lacks,
 ' Their pamp'ring bellies swoln above their backs,
 ' They tread and waddle all the goodly grafs,
 ' That in the field there scarce a corner was
 ' Left free by them; and what they had not swallow'd,
 ' There they had dung'd, & laid 'em down & wallow'd.
 ' One with another they would lie and play,
 ' And in the deep fog batten all the day.
 ' Thus a long while this merry life they led,
 ' Till ev'n like lard their thicken'd sides were fed.
 ' But on a time, the weather being fair,
 ' And season fit to take the pleasant air,
 ' To view his pasture the rich owner went,
 ' And see what grafs the fruitful year had sent;
 ' Finding the feeding, for which he had toil'd
 ' To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd,
 ' He in a rage upon them sets his cur,
 ' But for his bawling not a beast would stir;
 ' Then whoots and shouts, & claps his hands; but he
 ' Might as well move the dull earth, or a tree,
 ' As once but stir them: when all would not do,
 ' Last with his goad amongst them he doth go,
 ' And some of them he grideth in the haunches,
 ' Some in the flanks, that prickt their very paunches:
 ' But

' But when they felt that they began to smart,
 ' Upon a sudden they together start,
 ' And drive at him as fast as they could ding,
 ' They flirt, they jerk, they backward fluce and fling,
 ' As though the devil in their heels had been,
 ' That to escape the danger he was in,
 ' He back and back into a quagmire by,
 ' Though with much peril, forced was to fly :
 ' But lightly treading thereupon, doth shift,
 ' Out of the bog his cumber'd feet to lift,
 ' When they the peril that do not fore-cast,
 ' In the stiff mud are quickly stabled fast :
 ' When to the town he presently doth fly,
 ' Raising the neighbours with a sudden cry,
 ' With cords and halters that came all at once,
 ' For now the jades were fitted for the nonce :
 ' For by that time th' had sunk themselves so deep,
 ' That scarce their heads above ground they could keep,
 ' When presently they by the necks them bound,
 ' And so they led them to the common pound.'

Quoth mother REDCAP, " Right well have you
 ' Good gammer GURTON; and as we begun, [done,
 ' So you conclude: 'tis time we parted now;
 ' But first of my morality allow.
 ' The common that you speak of here, say I,
 ' Is nothing else but want and beggery,
 ' In the world common; and the beasts that go
 ' Upon the same, which oft are famish'd so,
 ' Are the poor, bred in scarcity. The mule,
 ' The other cattel that doth seem to rule,
 ' Some crafty fellow that hath sily found
 ' A way to thrive by. And the fruitful ground
 ' Is wealth, which he by subtilty doth win;
 ' In his possession which not long hath been,
 ' But he with riot and excess doth waste,
 ' For goods ill-gotten do consume as fast;

L 1

' And

‘ And with the law they lastly do contend,
 ‘ Till at the last the prison is the end.

Quoth gammer GURTON “ Well yourself you quit.”
 By this the dawn usurpt upon the night,
 And at the window biddeth them good-day,
 When they departed each their several way.





THE
LEGENDS
OF

ROBERT, Duke of NORMANDY.		PIERCE GAVESTON, Earl of CORNWAL.
MATILDA the FAIR.		THO. CROMWELL; Earl of ESSEX.

By MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq;



THE

LEGENDS

OF

THE

THE

BY MICHAEL DENISON

THE

THE

THE



RO

W

The
With
Fillin

W
H

And
Was
Herf
To v
With
D
W



THE
LEGEND
OF

ROBERT, Duke of NORMANDY

WHAT time soft night had silently begun
To steal by minutes on the long-liv'd days,
The furious dog-star following the bright sun,
With noisom heat infests his chearful rays,
Filling the earth with many a sad disease;
Which then inflam'd with their intemp'rate fires,
Herself in light habiliments attires.

And the rathe morning newly but awake,
Was with fresh beauty burnishing her brows,
Herself beholding in the gen'ral lake,
To which she pays her never-ceasing vows,
With the new day me willingly to rouze,
Down to fair THAMES I gently took my way,
With whom the winds continually do play,

Striving to fancy his chaste breast to move,
 Whereas all pleasures plentifully flow,
 When him along the wanton tide doth shove,
 And to keep back, they easily do blow,
 Or else force forward, thinking him too slow ;
 Who with his waves would check the winds imbrace,
 Whilst they fan air upon his crystal face.

Still forward fallying from his bounteous source,
 Along the shores lasciviously doth strain,
 Making such strange meanders in his course,
 As to his fountain he would back again,
 Or turn'd about to look upon his train ;

Whose sundry soils with coy regard he greets,
 Till with clear MEDWAY happily he meets.

Steering my compass by this wand'ring stream,
 Whose flight preach'd to me Time's swift-posting hours,
 Delighted thus, as with some pretty dream,
 Where pleasure wholly had possess'd my pow'rs,
 And looking back on LONDON's stately tow'rs;
 So TROY, thought I, her stately head did rear,
 Whose crazed ribs the furrowing plow doth eyre.

Weary, at length a willow tree I found,
 Which on the bank of this brave river stood,
 Whose root with rich grass greatly did abound,
 Forc'd by the fluxure of the swelling flood,
 Ordain'd (it seem'd) to sport his nymphish brood ;
 Whose curled top envy'd the heav'n's great eye
 Should view the stock it was maintained by.

The lark, that holds observance to the sun,
 Quaver'd her clear notes in the quiet air,
 And on the river's murmuring base did run,
 Whilst the pleas'd Heav'n her fairest liv'ry ware,
 The place such pleasure gently did prepare ;
 The flow'rs my smell, the flood my taste to steep,
 And the much softness lulled me asleep.

When

When in a vision as it seem'd to me,
Triumphal musick from the flood arose,
As when the Sov'reign we embarged see,
And by fair LONDON for his pleasure rows,
Whose tender welcome the glad city shows :
The people swarming on the pester'd shoars,
And the curl'd waters over-spread with oars.

A troop of nymphs came suddenly on land,
In the full end of this triumphal found,
And me incompas'd, taking hand in hand,
Casting themselves about me in a round,
And so down set them on the easy ground,
Bending their clear eyes with a modest grace
Upon my swart and melancholy face.

Next, 'twixt two Ladies, came a goodly Knight,
As newly brought from some distressful place,
To me who seem'd some right worthy wight,
Though his attire were miserably base,
And time had worn deep furrows in his face ;
Yet, though cold age had frosted his fair hairs,
It rather seem'd with sorrow than with years.

The one a Lady of a Princely port,
Leading this sad Lord, scarcely that could stand ;
The other fleeing in disdainful sort,
With scornful gestures drew him by the hand,
Who lame and blind, yet bound with many a band:
When I perceived nearer as they came,
This fool was FORTUNE, and the braver FAME.

FAME had the right hand in a robe of gold,
(Whose train old TIME obsequiously did bear)
Whereon in rich embroid'ry was enroll'd
The names of all that Worthies ever were,
Which all might read depainted lively there,
Set down in lofty well-composed verse,
Fitt'st the great deeds of Heroes to rehearse.

On her fair breast she two broad tablets wore,
 Of crystal one, the other ebony;
 On which ingraven were all names of yore
 In the clear tomb of living Memory,
 Or the black book of endless Obloquy:

The first with Poets and with Conqu'rors pil'd,
 That with base Worldlings ev'ry where defil'd.

'And in her words appeared (as a wonder)
 Her present force and after-during might,
 Which softly spoke, far off were heard to thunder
 About the world, that quickly took their flight,
 And brought the most obscurest things to light;
 That still the farther off, the greater still
 Did make our good, or manifest our ill.

FORTUNE, as blind as he whom she did lead,
 Changing her feature often in an hour,
 Fantastically carrying her head,
 Soon would she smile, and suddenly would lour,
 And with one breath her words were sweet and sour:
 Upon stark fools she amorously would glance,
 And upon wise men coyly look a-scance.

'About her neck, in manner of a chain,
 Torn diadems and broken scepters hung;
 If any on her stedfastly did lean,
 Them to the ground despightfully she flung:
 And in this posture as she past along,
 She bags of gold out of her bosom drew,
 Which she to sots and arrant idiots threw.

A dusky vail did hide her sightless eyes,
 Like clouds that cover our uncertain lives,
 Whereon were pourtray'd direful tragedies,
 Fools wearing crowns, and wise men clogg'd in gyves;
 How all things she preposterously contrives,
 Which, as a map, her regency discovers
 In camps, in courts, and in the way of lovers.

An

An easy bank near to this place there was,
A seat fair FLORA us'd to sit upon,
Curling her clear locks in this liquid glass,
Putting her rich gems and attirings on,
Fitter than this about us there was none :

Where they set down that poor distressed man,
When to the purpose FORTUNE thus began.

' Behold this Duke of NORMANDY, quoth she,
' The heir of WILLIAM conqueror of this isle,
' Appealing to be justify'd by thee,
' (Whose tragedy this poet must compile)
' He whom I have ever esteemed vile,
' Marking his birth with an unlucky brand;
' And yet for him thou com'st prepar'd to stand.

' What art thou, but a tumour of the mind,
' A bubble, blown up by deceitful breath?
' Which never yet exactly wert defin'd,
' In whom no wise man e'er repos'd faith,
' Speaking of few well, until after death,
' That from loose humour hast thy timeless birth,
' Unknown to heaven, not much esteem'd on earth.

' First, by Opinion had'st thou thy creation,
' On whom thou still dost servilely attend,
' And like whom, long thou keep'st not any fashion;
' But with the world uncertainly do'st wend,
' Which as a post thee up and down doth fend:
' Without profane tongues thou canst never rise,
' Nor be upholden, be it not with lies.

' In ev'ry corner prying like a thief,
' And through each cranny like the wind do'st creep,
' Apt to report, as easy of belief:
' What's he, whose counsel thou dost ever keep?
' Yet into closets saucily dar'st peep,
' Telling for truth what thou canst but suppose,
' Divulging that which thou should'st not disclose.

' With

' With extreme toil and labour thou art sought,
 ' Death is the way which leadeth to thy cell,
 ' Only with blood thy favour must be bought,
 ' And who will have thee, fetcheth thee from Hell,
 ' Where thou impal'd with fire and fword do'st dwell;
 ' And when thou art in all this peril found,
 ' What art thou? only but a tinkling found.

' Such as the world doth hold to be but base,
 ' Of human creatures and the most doth scorn,
 ' That amongst men sit in the servil'ft place,
 ' These for the most part thou do'st most suborn,
 ' Those follow FAME, whose weeds are nearly worn:
 ' Yet those poor wretches cannot come to thee,
 ' Unless prefer'd and dignify'd by me.

' Thy trumpet such supposed to advance,
 ' Is but as those fantastically deem,
 ' Whom folly, youth, or frenzy doth intrance;
 ' Nor doth it sound, but only so doth seem,
 ' (Which the wise fort a dotage but esteem)
 ' Only thereby the humorous abusing,
 ' Fondly their error and thy fault excusing.

' Except in peril thou do'st not appear;
 ' Yet scarcely then, but with intreats and wooing,
 ' Flying far off when as thou should'st be near,
 ' At hand diminish'd, and augmented going,
 ' Upon slight toys the greatest cost bestowing,
 ' Oft promising men's losses to repair,
 ' Yet the performance but a little air.

' On baleful herbes (as the fittest grounds)
 ' Written with blood thy sad memorials lye,
 ' Whose letters are immedicable wounds,
 ' Only fit objects for the weeping eye;
 ' Thou from the dust men's worths do'st only try,
 ' And what before thou falsely didst deprave,
 ' Thou do'st acknowledge only in the grave.

' The

‘ The world itself is witness of my pow’r,
‘ O’er whom I reign with the eternal Fates,
‘ With whom I sit in council every hour,
‘ On th’ alterations of all times and states,
‘ Setting them down their changes and their dates,
‘ In fore-appointing ev’ry thing to come,
‘ Until the great and universal doom.

‘ The stars to me an everlasting book,
‘ In that eternal register, the sky,
‘ Whose mighty volumes I oft over-look,
‘ Still turning o’er the leaves of Destiny,
‘ Which man I too inviolate deny,
‘ And his frail will thereby I see controul’d,
‘ By such strong clauses as are there inroll’d.

‘ Predestination giving me a being,
‘ Whose depth man’s wisdom never yet could found,
‘ Into whose secrets only I have seeing,
‘ Wherein wise reason doth herself confound,
‘ Searching where doubts do more thereby abound :
‘ For sacred texts unlock the way to me,
‘ To lighten those that will my glory see.

‘ Those names th’ old poets to their gods did give,
‘ Were only figures to express my might,
‘ To shew the virtues that in FORTUNE live,
‘ And my much pow’r in this all-moving wight,
‘ Who all their altars to my godhead dight ;
‘ Which alterations upon earth do bring,
‘ And give them matter still whereon to sing.

‘ What though uncertain, varying in my course,
‘ I make my changes aim one certain end,
‘ Crossing man’s forecast, to make known my force,
‘ Still foe to none, to none a perfect friend ?
‘ To him least hoping, soonest I do send,
‘ That all should find, I worthily bestow,
‘ And ’tis a reason, that I think it so.

‘ Forth

- 'Forth off my lap I pour abundant blifs,
- 'All good proceeds from my all-giving hand,
- 'By me, man happy or unhappy is,
- 'For whom I stick, or whom I do withstand,
- 'And it is I am friendship's only band ;
- 'And upon me all greedily take hold,
- 'Which being broke, all worldly love grows cold.'

Pausing she frown'd, when suddenly withal
 A fearful noise ariseth from the flood,
 As when a tempest furiously doth fall
 Within the thick waste of some ancient wood ;
 That in amazement ev'ry mortal stood,
 As though her words such pow'rfulness did bear,
 That each thing seem'd her menaces to fear.

- When FAME yet smiling, mildly thus replies :
- 'Alas, (quoth she) what labour thou hast lost !
 - 'What wond'rous mists thou casts before our eyes !
 - 'Yet will the gain not countervail the cost.
 - 'What would'st thou say, if thou hadst cause to boast,
 - 'Which sett'st thy state out in such wond'rous sort,
 - 'Which, but thy self, none ever could report ?

- 'For what is Fortune only, but Event,
- 'Breeding in some a transitory terror ?
- 'A what men will, that falls by accident,
- 'And only named to excuse their error.
- 'What else is Fortune ? or who doth prefer her ?
- 'Or who to her so foolish is to lean,
- 'Which weak tradition only doth maintain ?

- 'A toy, whereon the doating world doth dream,
- 'First soothed by uncertain Observation,
- 'Of men's attempts that being the extreme,
- 'Fast'neth thereby on weak Imagination ;
- 'Yet notwithstanding all this usurpation,
- 'Must to thy self be incidently loathing, [thing.
- 'Most when thou would'st be, that art rightly no-
- And

' And with the world insinuating thus,
 ' And under so allowable pretence,
 ' Closely incroacheft on man's genius,
 ' In good and evil taking residence ;
 ' And having got this small preheminance,
 ' When to thy self a being thou would'st frame,
 ' Art in conclusion only but a name.

' Those ignorant, which made a god of Nature,
 ' And nature's God divinely never knew,
 ' Were those to Fortune that first built a stature,
 ' From whom thy worship ignorantly grew,
 ' Which being ador'd foolishly by few,
 ' Grounded thy looser and uncertain laws
 ' Upon so weak and indigent a cause.

' First Sloth did hatch thee in her sleepy cell,
 ' And thee with Ease dishonourably fed,
 ' Deliv'ring thee with Cowardice to dwell,
 ' Which with base thoughts continually thee bred ;
 ' By Superstition idly being led,
 ' It an imposture after did thee make,
 ' Whom for a goddess fools do only take.

' Nor never dost thou any thing forecast,
 ' But as thou art improvident, so light ;
 ' And this most wicked property thou hast,
 ' That against Virtue thou bend'st all thy might,
 ' With whom thou wagest a continual fight ;
 ' The yielding spirit in fetters thou dost bind,
 ' But art a mere slave to the constant mind.

' Such is thy froward and malignant kind,
 ' That what thou do'st, thou still do'st in despight,
 ' And art enamour'd of the barbarous hind,
 ' Whom thou dost make thy only favourite :
 ' None but the base in baseness do delight ;
 ' For wert thou heavenly, thou in love would'st be
 ' With that which nearest doth resemble thee.

' But

' But I alone the herald am of Heaven,
 ' Whose spacious kingdom stretcheth far and wide,
 ' Through ev'ry coast upon the light'ning driven,
 ' As on the sun-beams gloriously I ride,
 ' By them I mount, and down by them I slide,
 ' I register the world's long-during hours,
 ' And know the high will of th' immortal pow'rs.

' Men to the stars me guiding them do climb,
 ' That all dimensions perfectly express,
 ' I am alone the vanquisher of time,
 ' Bearing those sweets which cure death's bitterness :
 ' I all good labours plentifully blefs,
 ' Yea, all abstruse profundities impart,
 ' Leading men through the tedious ways of art.

' My palace placed betwixt earth and skies,
 ' Which many a tower ambitiously up bears,
 ' Whereof the windows are all glaz'd with eyes,
 ' The walls as neatly builded are of ears,
 ' Where ev'ry thing in heaven and earth appears ;
 ' Nothing so softly whisper'd in the round,
 ' But through my palace presently doth sound.

' And under foot floor'd all about with drums,
 ' The rafters trumpets admirably clear,
 ' Sounding aloud each name that thither comes,
 ' The crannies tongues, and talking ev'ry where,
 ' And all things past in memory do bear ;
 ' The doors unlock with ev'ry little breath,
 ' Nay, open wide with each word which man saith,

' And hung about with arms and conquer'd spoils ;
 ' The posts whereon the goodly roof doth stand,
 ' Are pillars graven with Herculean toils :
 ' Th' achievements great of many a warlike hand,
 ' As well in christned, as in heathen land,
 ' Done by those Nobles that are most renown'd,
 ' That there by me immortally are crown'd.

' Here,

' I
 ' A
 ' T
 ' V
 ' T
 ' '
 ' My
 ' As
 ' My
 ' Tin
 ' Nor
 ' T
 ' N
 ' The
 ' (And
 ' Whic
 ' The
 ' The
 ' Wh
 ' So
 FAME h
 Further
 ' When
 ' Which
 ' For wh
 ' Who
 ' Who
 ' A fitter
 ' Than is
 ' Greater
 ' Doing to
 ' And find
 ' Proceed
 ' After

‘ Here, in the body’s likeness whilst it lives,
 ‘ Appear the thoughts proceeding from the mind,
 ‘ To which the place a glorious habit gives,
 ‘ When once to me they freely are resign’d,
 ‘ To be preserv’d here: and are so refin’d,
 ‘ That when the corps by death doth lastly perish;
 ‘ Then doth this place the mind’s true image cherish.

‘ My beauty never fades, but still new-born,
 ‘ As years increase, so ever waxing young,
 ‘ My strength is not diminished, nor worn,
 ‘ Time weak’ning all things, only makes me strong,
 ‘ Nor am I subject to base worldly wrong:
 ‘ The power of Kings I utterly defy,
 ‘ Nor am I aw’d by all their tyranny.

‘ The brow of Heav’n my monuments contain,
 ‘ (And is the mighty register of FAME)
 ‘ Which there in fiery characters remain,
 ‘ The gorgeous cieling of th’ immortal frame,
 ‘ The constellations publishing my name,
 ‘ Where my memorials evermore abide,
 ‘ So by th’ old Poets was I glorify’d.’

FAME having ended, FORTUNE soon began
 Further to urge what she before had said;
 ‘ When lo (quoth she) Duke ROBERT is the man,
 ‘ Which, as my prisoner, I in bonds do lead,
 ‘ For whom thou com’st against me here to plead,
 ‘ Who I alone deprived of his crown;
 ‘ Who can raise him, that FORTUNE will have down?’

‘ A fitter instance (FAME replying) none
 ‘ Than is Duke ROBERT; FORTUNE, do thy worst,
 ‘ Greater on man thy might was never shown,
 ‘ Doing to him all that thou could’st or durst:
 ‘ And since thy turn allotted is the first,
 ‘ Proceed; see which the Norman Duke shall have,
 ‘ After so long being laid up in his grave.’

Quoth

faith,

s;

nd,

d,

Here,

Quoth FORTUNE. ' Then I found th' unstedfast star,
 ' Whose luckless working limited his fate,
 ' That mark'd his sad nativity with war,
 ' And brothers most unnatural debate,
 ' As to be punish'd by his parents hate:
 ' For that the kingdom, which the conqu'ror won,
 ' Should be the wrack of him, his first-born son.

' By that which nature did on him bestow,
 ' In him her best that strained her to try,
 ' Thereby himself I made him overthrow,
 ' In human birth so powerful am I;
 ' Marking his breast too openly to lye,
 ' ' From both his brothers different too far,
 ' ' Too mild for peace, too merciful for war.

' And yet the courage that he did inherit,
 ' And from the greatness of his blood did take,
 ' Though shrowded in so peaceable a spirit,
 ' When once his wrongs came roughly to awake,
 ' Forth with so strange and violent fury brake,
 ' As made the world apparently to see
 ' All human actions managed by me.

' That till revenge was wholly h'm bereft,
 ' (In ev'ry thing opposed by my pow'r)
 ' For him to lean to, nothing being left,
 ' And danger him most threat'ned to devour,
 ' To the last period of the utmost hour,
 ' Oft by vain hopes that he might get my love,
 ' There was no peril but I made him prove.

' For whilst his father with the Norman sword,
 ' His prosp'rous entrance upon England made,
 ' I laid the project, that this youthful Lord
 ' In the mean time did Normandy invade,
 ' Upon his sire and made him draw his blade;
 ' The mean whereby he thought he could not miss,
 ' That which he else might fail of to make his.

' That

- ‘ That ROBERT daily in disgrace might run
‘ With the great Conqu’ror, as he still did grow
‘ Nearer his death; who vexed by his son,
‘ (His pride which but too openly did show)
‘ His state devised wisely to bestow
 ‘ Upon his second, that his days to close,
 ‘ Himself he might more quietly repose.
‘ And then, lest time might chance to cool his blood,
‘ That luckless war by ling’ring I supply’d,
‘ That while Duke ROBERT justly censur’d stood,
‘ For disobedience and unnat’ral pride,
‘ In heat of this the Conq’ror WILLIAM dy’d,
 ‘ Setting young RUFUS upon England’s throne,
 ‘ Leaving his eldest struggling for his own.
‘ Which in short time so many mischiefs bred,
‘ (As sundry plagues on WILLIAM’s offspring sent)
‘ Which soon rose to so violent a head,
‘ That policy them no way could prevent,
‘ When to destruction all things headlong went ;
 ‘ And in the end, as consummating all,
 ‘ Duke ROBERT’s irrecoverable fall.
‘ Whom then I did auspiciously persuade,
‘ Once more with war to fright the English fields,
‘ His brother (then King WILLIAM) to invade,
‘ To make him know the diff’rence of their shields ;
‘ Where though his arms he ne’er so wisely wields,
 ‘ And though by him the Kingdom were not taken,
 ‘ His scepter should be violently shaken.
‘ These sundry soils, in both of which was sown
‘ (By so approv’d and fortunate a hand)
‘ Seed, which to both might prosp’rously have grown,
‘ Had they remain’d in friendship’s sacred band :
‘ In opposition when they came to stand,
 ‘ Far wider wounds to either of them lent,
 ‘ Than all the pow’r that Europe could have sent.

' Thus did I win King WILLIAM in his life,
 ' His conquer'd realm on RUFUS to bestow ;
 ' What he had got by strength, to leave in strife,
 ' Those to molest that from his stock should grow :
 ' Which by my cunning I contrived so,
 ' To plague his issue with a general ill,
 ' Yet the extreme to fall on ROBERT still.

' That Prelate ODO (that with WILLIAM held)
 ' To Bishop LANFRANK for his deadly spight,
 ' That WILLIAM lov'd, against the King rebell'd,
 ' With all his power abetting ROBERT's right,
 ' Aided by MORTAIN's and MONTGOM'RY's might,
 ' Upon this land to bring a second war,
 ' Of her late conquest whilst she bear the scar.

' And when he was in so direct a way,
 ' Great friends at hand his enterprize to back,
 ' Ready before him when his entrance lay,
 ' Nor could he think of aught that he did lack,
 ' Yet won I him his enterprize to slack,
 ' Stopping the course which rightly he had run,
 ' All to undo that he before had done.

' Thus did I first provoke him to that rage,
 ' Which had so far prevail'd upon his blood,
 ' And at my pleasure did the same assuage,
 ' When this brave heat in stead might him have stood,
 ' So to my humour alter'd I his mood,
 ' By taking arms, his cost and coin to lose,
 ' And leaving them to animate his foes.

' That by concluding this untimely peace,
 ' I might thereby a ling'ring war begin,
 ' That whilst these tumults for a while did cease,
 ' WILLIAM on ROBERT might advantage win :
 ' Thus let I treason secretly in,
 ' Giving deceitful policy the key,
 ' Into the closet where his counsels lay.

‘ Thus, in the habit of a faithful friend,
‘ I drew into him a most dang’rous foe,
‘ His wit that used to no other end,
‘ But to cloath treason in a virtuous show,
‘ Which he for current so contriv’d to go,
‘ As he in secret hurt Duke ROBERT more
‘ By this soft peace, than in the war before.

‘ And to thee, FAME, I then my pow’r address’d,
‘ Nay, thee mine only instrument I made,
‘ That whilst these brothers at this point did rest,
‘ ROBERT to war I won thee to perswade,
‘ With those that went the Soldan to invade, [bands,
‘ With great Duke GODFREY’s pressing forth his
‘ From his proud pow’r to free the Holy Lands.

‘ Thus by thee, FAME, did I his humour feed,
‘ The only way to draw this Duke abroad,
‘ That whilst at home his presence most should need,
‘ In foreign parts to fasten his abode,
‘ Him in this manner wisely I bestow’d;
‘ That WILLIAM dying, ROBERT being gone,
‘ HENRY might seat him on the English throne.

‘ His ear so seas’ning with the sound of arms,
‘ As in aught else no musick it could find,
‘ Neither had any feeling of his harms,
‘ On Palestine so placed he his mind,
‘ (Clearly that shew’d the greatness of his kind)
‘ And him so high and with such force did bear,
‘ As when he had most cause, he least did fear.

‘ Thus was he thrown into his endless thrall,
‘ Which though the mean devised was by me,
‘ And ev’ry thing was fitted to his fall,
‘ Which none could hinder, tho’ the most foresee,
‘ Yet here I made an instrument of thee :
‘ For where destruction I do once pretend,
‘ All that man doth, still sorteth to that end,

- ‘ He gone, and RUFUS being robb’d of breath,
 - ‘ And HENRY BEAUCLERK coveting to reign,
 - ‘ Offer’d so fairly by King WILLIAM’s death,
 - ‘ Whilst ROBERT doth in Palestine remain,
 - ‘ Whereby a Kingdom he might eas’ly gain ;
 - ‘ What by his pow’r and science to persuade,
 - ‘ Himself a monarch absolutely made.
- ‘ Whilst this great Duke embraced was by thee,
 - ‘ Which thou as thine do’st absolutely claim,
 - ‘ But finds mere shadows, only missing me,
 - ‘ And idle castles in the air doth frame ;
 - ‘ Lo, such a mighty Monarchefs is FAME,
 - ‘ That what she gives, so easy is to bear,
 - ‘ As none therefore needs violence to fear.
- ‘ Till ROBERT safely from the holy wars
 - ‘ Returning, honour’d by the Pagans flight,
 - ‘ From foreign battles into civil jars,
 - ‘ From getting others, for his own to fight,
 - ‘ Inforc’d to use the utmost of his might,
 - ‘ With that brave sword, in Pagan blood imbru’d,
 - ‘ To save himself, by his own friends pursu’d.
- ‘ When wanting sums, the sinews of a force,
 - ‘ (Which his high spirit too quickly came to find,
 - ‘ Ere he could put himself into his course)
 - ‘ Most strangely seem’d to mollify his mind ;
 - ‘ And on the sudden HENRY seeming kind,
 - ‘ Offer’d his love at any rate to buy,
 - ‘ So that fast to him he the Duke might tie.
- ‘ Thus of Duke ROBERT wisely did he win,
 - ‘ Not then so well establish’d as he would,
 - ‘ Till he by craft had closely copen in,
 - ‘ Setting himself substantially to hold,
 - ‘ Off’ring him great sums of bewitching gold,
 - ‘ As yearly tribute from this realm to rise,
 - ‘ Quite to blot out all former injuries.

‘ Which

‘ Which to the poor Duke yielding much relief,
‘ HENRY to pass his purposes so brought,
‘ Whilst ROBERT yet suspected not that thief,
‘ Which under-hand so cunningly him caught :
‘ Of whom, the least when Princely ROBERT thought,
‘ Ev’n in a moment did annoy him more,
‘ Than all those ills that happ’d to him before.

‘ Which to this Lord (believing well) unknown,
‘ And he not finding eas’ly could not fly,
‘ For it a bait into his way was thrown,
‘ Which to avoid, Duke ROBERT look’d too high :
‘ (Into good minds craft can eas’liest pry :)
‘ For in his pliant nature, as a mold,
‘ Well could I cast what form soe’er I would.

‘ For by this tribute cutting off the claim,
‘ Which he, the elder, to his England made ;
‘ His former hopes he forcibly did maim,
‘ Which for a while by HENRY being paid,
‘ But after by him fraudulently stay’d,
‘ As from a fountain, plenteously did spring
‘ Th’ efficient cause of ROBERT’S ruining.

‘ Whenas his friends, so well to him that meant,
‘ To take his part and did their force prepare,
‘ Finding him thus their purpose to prevent,
‘ And how thereby ’twas like with him to fare ;
‘ Upon King HENRY planted all their care,
‘ Giving their pow’rs, their peace with him to make,
‘ Gather’d at first the Norman part to take.

‘ And I, that friendly evermore had been
‘ To the stout Normans, which by me had won,
‘ To prove my self the Earth’s imperious Queen,
‘ And shew the world by me what can be done,
‘ To spight this ROBERT, WILLIAM Conq’ror’s son,
‘ With England against Normandy do stand,
‘ Conquer’d but lately by the Norman hand.

- ' Their issue, which were conqu'rors of this isle,
- ' At Hastings which the Englishmen did tame,
- ' Here natives, graced with the English stile,
- ' To their first country carry back their claim,
- ' Conquest returning whence it lately came ;
- ' That once as England felt Nueftria's stroke,
- ' To make Nueftria to bear England's yoke.
- ' Those angry brothers in the field of arms,
- ' Than whom there were not two more deadly foes,
- ' Each seeking other in the hott'st alarms,
- ' And at their meeting changing deadly blows,
- ' Quickly that meant to win, or soon to lose :
- ' ROBERT would fain release himself of thrall ;
- ' HENRY again doth hotly put for all.
- ' On him, which late in Palestine I smil'd,
- ' Return'd, at fatal Tenacbray I frown,
- ' And from his Dukedom him that day exil'd,
- ' Which had he won it, might have worn a crown :
- ' And to be sure him in mishap to drown,
- ' Lastly himself he in the fight did lose,
- ' Taken a prisoner by his trait'rous foes.
- ' Which bound to England basely did him bring,
- ' Baselier abus'd and mockt at of his own,
- ' A Captive where he should have been a King ;
- ' Such was the lot by me upon him thrown :
- ' There to lament his misery alone,
- ' Prescrib'd to one poor solitary place,
- ' Who should have progress'd all a Kingdom's space.
- ' Could human knowledge comprehend my hate,
- ' Or reason sound the depth of things divine,
- ' The world amazed at Duke ROBERT's state,
- ' Might think no pow'r to be compar'd to mine,
- ' And wish the gods would all to me resign :
- ' In this man's fall apparently might see,
- ' Above the stars what might there rests in me.

' That

- ‘ That blade on him, in battle which had pow’r,
‘ Was too much blunted to abridge his days ;
‘ Time, that so fast from all away doth scour,
‘ Defers his end with dilatory stays,
‘ Whilst he his brother’s tyranny obeys,
‘ That he in life a thousand deaths might die.
‘ Where I will plague, so tyrannous am I.
- ‘ The while in Cardiff he a captive lies,
‘ Whose windows were but niggards of their light,
‘ I wrought, this HENRY’s rage not to suffice,
‘ But that he robb’d Duke ROBERT of his fight,
‘ To turn this little piece of day to night ;
‘ As though that sense, whose want should be the last
‘ To all things living, he the first should taste.
- ‘ That ROBERT so unfortunately blind,
‘ No outward object might disperse his care,
‘ The better to illuminate his mind,
‘ To see his sorrows throughly what they were,
‘ To do so much to this great Prince I dare,
‘ By taking from him that which serv’d him best,
‘ To his affliction to turn all the rest.
- ‘ And when he was bereaved of his ease,
‘ With the remembrance of so heinous wrong,
‘ Upon his breast so strongly that did seize,
‘ And his sad heart so violently stung ;
‘ Yet made I nature in that Prince so strong,
‘ That grief, which many doth of life deprive,
‘ Seem’d to preserve and keep him still alive.
- ‘ Him I forbade that any foe should kill,
‘ Nor by his own hand suffer’d him to die,
‘ That life to ROBERT should be loathsome still,
‘ And that death from him evermore should flie,
‘ Making them both to him an enemy ;
‘ Willing to die, by life him doubly killing ;
‘ Urged to live, twice dying, he unwilling.

' So many years as he had worn a crown,
 ' So many years as he had hop'd to rise,
 ' So many years upon him did I frown,
 ' So many years he liv'd without his eyes,
 ' So many years in dying, ere he dies ;
 ' So many years shut up in prison strong,
 ' Tho' sorrow make the shortest time seem long.

' Thus sway I in the course of earthly things,
 ' To make time work him everlasting spite,
 ' To shew how I can tyrannize on Kings,
 ' And in the fall of great ones do delight,
 ' In finite things my working infinite :
 ' All worldly changes at my will disposed,
 ' For that in me all wonder is inclosed.'

At FORTUNE's speech amazed whilst they stand,
 And FAME herself much wonder'd at his woe,
 When from Duke ROBERT, FORTUNE took her hand,
 Whose misery she thus had let them know :
 When now to answer her despightful foe,
 FAME from deep silence seeming to awake,
 For her dear client modestly thus spake.

' What time I held my residence in Rome,
 ' Striving my self o'er Europe to advance,
 ' To win her Princes to regain the tomb,
 ' Which had been lost by their misgovernance,
 ' Awaking England, Germany, and France ;
 ' All which were woo'd, and bravely won by me,
 ' From the proud Pagans Palestine to free.

' PETER, that holy hermit putting on,
 ' T' all Christian Princes to preach out the loss,
 ' And stirring brave Duke GODFREY to be gone,
 ' Under the banner of the bloody cross,
 ' And whilst in so fair forwardness it was,
 ' And every ear attentive seem'd to stand,
 ' To hear what pow'r brave BULLOYN should com-
 mand:]

 ' Thither

‘ Thither did I all happy spirits exhort,
‘ As to that bus’ness luckily to bring,
‘ Allured by the confident report,
‘ That from so great an enterprize did spring,
‘ T’ adventure in so popular a thing,
‘ And deemed no man worthy to be mine,
‘ That was found backward in this great design.

‘ What time this Duke, great WILLIAM conq’ror’s son,
‘ That in his native Normandy did rest :
‘ For of what else his valiant father won,
‘ His brother WILLIAM RUFUS was possess’d,
‘ Which, whilst he striveth from his hands to wrest,
‘ This brave attempt brake like a deluge forth,
‘ By my shrill trumpet sounded through the North.

‘ Which having got free entrance to his ear,
‘ Such entertainment happen’d there to find,
‘ As suffer’d no persuasion to be there,
‘ From that high purpose to divert his mind :
‘ For being most religiously inclin’d,
‘ Woo’d with this offer, wisely did prepare
‘ Himself to furnish for this great affair.

‘ That kingdom he doth carelessly neglect,
‘ Which WILLIAM RUFUS wrongfully did keep,
‘ And only that doth constantly respect,
‘ Where he once in his sepulchre did sleep,
‘ At whose dear death the very rocks did weep :
‘ His crown of gold this Christian Prince doth scorn,
‘ So much he lov’d him that was crown’d with thorn.

‘ And though his wants him grievously oppress’d,
‘ Of those great sums which lately he had spent
‘ In levying pow’r, which him should have possess’d
‘ Of England, and much hinder’d his intent ;
‘ Yet his brave purpose it could not prevent,
‘ Although a while it seem’d delay to make
‘ Of that, which he resolv’d to undertake.

‘ Where-

- ' Wherefore this noble and clear-spirited Lord,
- ' Whilst the great bus'ness standeth at this stay ;
- ' And since his state no better could afford,
- ' In gage to WILLIAM Normandy doth lay,
- ' Providing first his soldiers how to pay :
- ' And of the two, yet rather chose to leave
- ' His crown, than he that army would deceive.
- ' To his victorious ensign came from far
- ' Th' inisled Redshanks, touch'd with no remorse ;
- ' The nimble Irish, that with darts do war ;
- ' The Scot, that is so cunning on his horse ;
- ' The English archer, of a lion's force ;
- ' The valiant Norman, not the least among ;
- ' The Camber-Briton, hardy, big, and strong.
- ' Which long inclos'd within these colder climes,
- ' He to the blessed sepulchre did bring,
- ' And taught them how they should redeem the times,
- ' Whence their eternal memory might spring,
- ' To see the place whereas their Heav'nly King
- ' Their dear redemption happily began ;
- ' Living on earth, that was both God and Man.
- ' Ye islanders, bound in the ocean's chain,
- ' Lock'd up like pris'ners from the chearful day,
- ' Your brave commander brought ye to the main,
- ' Which to my court show'd ye the open way,
- ' And his victorious hand became the key
- ' To let ye in to my rich treasure, where
- ' None ever come, but those that I hold dear.
- ' And did thereto so zealously proceed,
- ' That those fair locks, whose curls did him adorn,
- ' Till he had seen the holy city freed,
- ' He deeply vow'd he never would have shorn ;
- ' Which, for they so religiously were worn,
- ' In every eye did beautify him more,
- ' Than did the crown of Normandy before.

' No

- ' No threats his hand could cause him to with-hold,
- ' As I the sequel briefly shall relate,
- ' Yet bare himself right wisely as he could,
- ' And best became his dignity and state ;
- ' Teaching how his themselves should moderate,
 - ' Not following life, so with his chance content,
 - ' Nor flying death, so truly valiant.
- ' So did he all his faculties bestow,
- ' That every thing exactly might be done,
- ' That true foresight before the act might go,
- ' Others gross errors happily to shun,
- ' Wisely to finish well what was begun,
 - ' Justly directed in the course of things,
 - ' By the strait rule which sound experience brings.
- ' Idle regards of greatness he did scorn,
- ' Careless of pomp, magnificent to be,
- ' That man reputing to be noblest born,
- ' Which was the most magnanimous and free,
- ' In honour so impartial was he,
 - ' Esteeming titles meriteless and nought,
 - ' Unless with danger absolutely bought.
- ' Giving the soldier comfortable words,
- ' And oft imbalm'd his well-received wound,
- ' And in his need him maintenance affords,
- ' To brave attempts encouraging the sound,
- ' Never dismay'd in any danger found :
 - ' His tent a seat of justice to the griev'd ;
 - ' And 'twas a court, when want should be reliev'd.
- ' So perfectly celestial was that fire,
- ' Bestow'd in the composure of his mind,
- ' To that high pitch as rais'd his desire
- ' Above the usual compass of his kind,
- ' And from all dross so clearly him refin'd,
 - ' As did him wholly consecrate to glory,
 - ' And made him a fit subject for a story.

' Who

- ‘ Who on ambassage to the Emperor sent,
- ‘ Passing along through Macedon and Thrace,
- ‘ Ne’er came in bed, nor slept out of his tent,
- ‘ Till he review’d Duke GODFREY’s rev’rend face ;
- ‘ Nor till he came into that hallow’d place,
- ‘ Above three hours by night he never slept :
- ‘ Such were the cares his troubled brain that kept.

O wherefore thou great singer of thy days,

- ‘ Renowned TASSO, in thy noble story,
- ‘ Wert thou so slack in this great worthy’s praise,
- ‘ And yet so much should’st fet forth others glory ?
- ‘ Methinks, for this thou canst not but be sorry,
- ‘ That thou should’st leave another to recite
- ‘ That, which so much thou didst neglect to write.

- ‘ There was not found in all the Christian host,
- ‘ Any, than he more forward to the field ;
- ‘ Nor could the army of another boast,
- ‘ To bear himself more bravely with his shield ;
- ‘ So well his arms this noble Duke could wield,
- ‘ As such a one he properly should be,
- ‘ That I did mean to consecrate to me.

- ‘ Of so approved and deliver force,
- ‘ Handling his launce, or brandishing his blade :
- ‘ For oft he had the leading of their horse,
- ‘ That where he charg’d, he slaughter ever made ;
- ‘ At all assays so happy to invade,
- ‘ That were he absent when they gave the chace,
- ‘ It was suppos’d the day did lose the grace.

- ‘ In doubtful fights, where danger hap’d to fall,
- ‘ He would be present ever by his will ;
- ‘ And where the Christians for supplies did call,
- ‘ Thither through peril ROBERT pressed still,
- ‘ To help by courage, or relieve by skill :
- ‘ To every place so providently seeing,
- ‘ As power in him had absolutely being.

‘ When

- ‘ When in the morn his courser he bestrid,
‘ He seem’d compos’d essentially of fire,
‘ But from the field he ever drooping rid,
‘ As he were vanquish’d, only to retire ;
‘ Nearest his rest, the furth’st from his desire :
‘ And in the spoils his soldiers shar’d the crowns ;
‘ They rich in gold, he only rich in wounds.
- ‘ And when they had the holy city won,
‘ And King thereof they gladly would him make,
‘ All Sovereign titles he so much did shun,
‘ As he refus’d the charge on him to take,
‘ He the vain world so clearly did forsake ;
‘ So far it was from his religious mind,
‘ To mix vile things with those of heav’nly kind.
- ‘ He would that him no triumph should adorn,
‘ But his high praise for sinful man that dy’d ;
‘ By him no mark of victory was worn,
‘ But the Red cross, to tell him crucify’d ;
‘ All other glories he himself deny’d :
‘ A holy life but willingly he leads,
‘ In dealing alms, and bidding of his beads.
- ‘ And as a pilgrim he return’d again ;
‘ For glitt’ring arms, in palmers homely gray,
‘ Leaving his Lords to lead his warlike train,
‘ Whilst he alone came sadly on the way,
‘ Dealing abroad his lately-purchas’d prey ;
‘ A hermit’s staff his careful hand did hold,
‘ That with a lance the Heathen foe controul’d.
- ‘ But now to end this long-continued strife,
‘ Henceforth thy malice takes no further place ;
‘ Thy hate began and ended with his life ;
‘ By thee his spirit can suffer no disgrace,
‘ Now in mine arms his virtues I embrace ;
‘ His body thine, his crosses witness be ;
‘ But mine his mind, that from thy pow’r is free.
- ‘ Thou

' Thou gav'st up rule, when he gave up his breath;
 ' And where thou endedst, there did I begin,
 ' Thy strength was buried in his timeless death,
 ' And as thy conq'ror lastly come I in;
 ' And all thou gott'st, from thee again I win:
 ' To me thy right I call thee to resign,
 ' And make thy glory absolutely mine.

' To the base world then, FORTUNE, get thee back,
 ' The earth with dreary tragedies to fill;
 ' Empires and Kingdoms bring thou there to wrack,
 ' And on weak mortals only work thy will:
 ' And since thou only do'st delight in ill,
 ' Hear his complaint, who wanting eyes to see,
 ' Can lend thee sight, which art as blind as he.

At her great words amazed whilst they stand,
 The Prince, which look'd most fearfully and grim,
 Bearing his eyes in his distressful hand,
 Whose places stood with blood up to the brim;
 And as in anguish quaking ev'ry limb,
 After deep sighs and lamentable throws,
 Thus to the world disburthened his woes,

' Dear eyes, adieu, by envy thus put out,
 ' Where in your places buried is my joy,
 ' With endless darkness compassed about,
 ' Which death would scarce have dared to destroy;
 ' To breed my more perpetual annoy,
 ' That even that sense I only should forego,
 ' That could alone give comfort to my woe.

' Ye which beheld fair Palestine restor'd,
 ' From the profane hands of the Pagans freed,
 ' The sepulchre of that most glorious LORD,
 ' And seen that place where his dear wounds did bleed,
 ' Which with the sight my zealous soul did feed,
 ' Sith from your functions night doth you dis sever,
 ' Seclude me now from worldly joys for ever.

' Ye

- ' Ye saw no sun, nor did ye view the day ;
 - ' Except a candle, ye beheld no light ;
 - ' The thick stone walls those blessings kept away.
 - ' What could be fear'd ? ye could not hurt the night,
 - ' For then tears wholly hinder'd ye of sight ;
 - ' O then, from whence should HENRY's hate arise,
 - ' That I saw nothing, yet that I had eyes ?
 - ' The wretched'st thing, the most despised beast,
 - ' Enjoys that sense as gen'rally as we,
 - ' The very gnat, or what than that is least,
 - ' Of sight by nature kindly is made free.
 - ' What thing hath mouth to feed, but eyes to see ?
 - ' O that a tyrant then should me deprave,
 - ' Of that, which else all living creatures have !
 - ' Whilst yet the light did mitigate my moan,
 - ' Tears found a mean to sound my sorrows deep,
 - ' But now (ah me !) that comfort being gone,
 - ' By wanting eyes wherewith I erst did weep,
 - ' My cares alone concealed I must keep.
 - ' O God, that blindness, dark'ning all delight,
 - ' Should above all things give my sorrow sight !
 - ' Where sometime stood the beauty of this face,
 - ' Lamps clearly lighted as the Vestal flame,
 - ' Is now a dungeon, a distressful place,
 - ' A harbour fit for infamy and shame ;
 - ' Which but with horror one can scarcely name :
 - ' Out of whose dark grates misery and grief,
 - ' Starv'd for vengeance, daily beg relief.
 - ' The day abhors me, and from me doth fly,
 - ' Night still me follows, yet too long doth stay,
 - ' Th' one I o'ertake not though it still be nigh ;
 - ' The other coming, vanisheth away.
 - ' But what availeth either night or day ?
 - ' All's one to me, still day, or ever night ;
 - ' My light is darkness, and my darkness light.
- O ye,

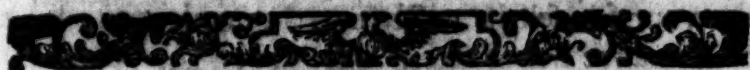
' O ye, wherewith I did my comfort view,
 ' Th' all-covering heaven, and glory that it bears,
 ' No more that sight shall ere be seen of you!
 ' The blessed sun, that every mortal chears,
 ' Eclips'd to me eternally appears ;
 ' ROBERT, betake thee to the darksome cell,
 ' And bid the world eternally farewell.

His speech thus ending, FORTUNE discontent,
 Turned herself as she away would flie,
 Playing with fools and babes incontinent,
 As never touch'd with human misery ;
 As what she was, herself to verify,
 And straight forgetting what she had to tell,
 To other speech and girlish laughter fell.

When graceful FAME conveying thence her charge,
 (As first with him she thither did resort)
 Gave me this book, wherein was writ at large
 His life, set out though in this legend short,
 T' amaze the world with this so true report :
 But FORTUNE, angry with her foe therefore,
 Gave me the gift that I should still be poor.



IF y
 TH
 As car
 Will sp
 If this
 By H
 Whi
 Oh, if
 Here on
 And to
 By the
 In these
 Four
 Findin
 O you,
 Whom I
 Lady mo
 The wor
 It shall fu
 Readin
 Which



THE
LEGEND
OF
MATILDA the FAIR.

IF yet a Muse there happily remain,
That is by truth so diligently taught,
As caring not on foolish things to fain,
Will speak but what with modesty she ought ;
If this be such, which I so long have sought,
By her I crave my life may be reveal'd,
Which black oblivion hath too long conceal'd.

Oh, if such favour I might hap to find,
Here on this earth but once to speak again,
And to disburthen my oppressed mind,
By the endeavour of a powerful pen,
In these my sorrows happy were I then :

Four hundred years by all men overpast,
Finding one friend to pity me at last.

O you, of him so happily elect,
Whom I entreat to prosecute my story,
Lady most dear, most worthy of respect,
The world's rar'st jewel, and your sex's glory,
It shall suffice, if you for me be sorry,
Reading my legend builded by his verse,
Which must hereafter serve me for a herse.

546 *The Legend of MATILDA the Fair.*

Be you the pattern, by whose perfect view,
Like your fair self he wisely may me make,
For sure alive none fitter is than you,
Whose form unspotted Chastity may take :
Be you propitious, for whose only sake,
For me, I know, he'll gladly do his best,
So you and I may equally be blest.

Bright ROSAMOND exceedingly is graced,
Inrolled in the register of Fame,
Nay, in our sainted kalendar is placed,
By him who strives to stellify her name,
Yet will the modest say, she was to blame :
Though full of state, and pleasing be his rhyme,
Yet all his skill cannot excuse her crime.

The wife of SHORE wins general applause,
Finding a pen laborious in her praise.
ELSTRED reviv'd to plead her pitied cause,
After the envy of so many days ;
And happy's he their glory high't can raise.
Thus the loose wanton liked is of many :
Vice still finds friends, but Virtue seldom any.

To vaunt of my Nobility were vain,
Which were, I know, not better'd of the best,
Nor would beseem an honourable strain,
And me a maiden fits not of the rest :
All transitory titles I detest,
A virtuous life I mean to boast alone ;
Our birth's our fires, our virtues be our own.

Thou that do'st fetch thy long descent from Kings,
If from the Gods derived thou could'st be,
And shew'st th'achievements of those wond'rous things,
Which thou thyself then lived'st not to see,
These were their own, and not belong to thee,
If thou do'st stain that honour which was theirs,
Who could not leave their virtues to their heirs.

Heaven

Heav
Than
And
As th
Her g
Th
Ev

Upon
To he
And t
As dic
And y
As
Ord

My ca
My tor
As of
Nor of
So well
As i
Whi

In me f
As that
And ye
Than th
Or in m
Or in
Whic

Whence
And soo
For she
That eve
For whic
But to
Which

Heaven pour'd down more abundance on my birth,
Than it before had usually bestow'd,
And was in me so bountiful to earth,
As though her very utmost she had shew'd,
Her graces so immeasurably flow'd,
That such a shape, with such a spirit inspir'd,
Even of the wisest made me most admir'd.

Upon my brow sat Beauty in her pride,
To her beholders ministring her law,
And to them all her bounties so divide,
As did to her their due attention draw;
And yet mine eye did keep her so in awe,
As that which only could true virtues measure,
Ordain'd by nature to preserve her treasure.

My carriage such, as did content the wise;
My tongue did that sweet decency retain,
As of the younger was not deem'd precise,
Nor of the aged was accounted vain,
So well instructed to observe the mean,
As if in nature there were scarce that good,
Which wanted in the temper of my blood.

In me so did she her perfections vary,
As that the least allow'd not of compare,
And yet so well did teach me them to carry;
Than they could be, as made them seem more rare,
Or in my portion would have none to share;
Or in her grace would none should be but I,
Which she had made the minion of the sky.

Whence Fame began my beauty first to blaze,
And soon became too lavish in the same:
For she so stuff'd her trumpet with my praise,
That every place was fill'd up with my name,
For which, Report, thou too wert much to blame;
But to thy doom is Beauty subject still,
Which hath been cause of many Ladies ill.

548 *The Legend of MATILDA the Fair.*

This tattling gossip hath a thousand eyes,
Her airy body hath as many wings;
Now about earth, now up to heav'n she flies,
And here and there with every breath she flings,
Hither and thither lies and tales she brings;
Nothing so secret, but to her appeareth,
So doth she credit every thing she heareth.

And Princes ears stand open to Report,
All strive to blaze a Beauty to a King,
Which is the only subject of a Court,
Whither Fame carries, and whence she doth bring,
And which of either she doth loudly ring;
Thither (ah!) me unhappily she brought,
Where I my bane unfortunately caught.

There stood my beauty boldly for the prize,
Where the most clear and perfect judgments be;
And of the same the most judicial eyes
Did give the goal impartially to me:
So did I stand unparallel'd and free;
And, as a comet in the evening-sky,
Strook with amazement every wond'ring eye.

Which soon possest me of Imperial JOHN,
And of my Sov'reign, him my subject made;
By this his freedom was quite overthrown,
Him and his powers this wholly did invade,
From this no reason could the King dissuade;
This taught his eyes their due attendance still,
This held the reins which over-rul'd his will.

When my grave father, great that time in court,
And by his blood thought equal to the best,
Having his ear oft struck with this report,
Which, as ill news, it hardly could digest;
And on my good since all his hopes did rest,
He soon pursu'd it by those secret spies,
Which still in court attend the Prince's eyes.

And

And t
Yet f
And t
What
So we
Ye
To

For as
My yo
So fou
Upon
Which
He
Ere

' Dear
' T' int
' That
' As ev
' Whof
' Of
' Th

' Think
' Whof
' Where
' Doth
' None
' Bein
' And

' Here e
' All tha
' That fl
' Which
' Having
' With
' As r

And to the world although he seem'd to sleep,
Yet fought he then the King's intent to sound,
And to himself as secrets he did keep,
What his foresight had providently found ;
So well this wife Lord could conceal his wound :
Yet wiselier cast how dang'rous it might prove,
To cross the course of this impatient love.

For as he found how violent a flame
My youth had kindled in this lustful King ;
So found he too, if he should stop the same,
Upon us both what mischief it might bring :
Which known to him so dangerous a thing,
He thought to prove how he could me persuade,
Ere for my safety further means he made.

' Dear girl, quoth he, thou seest who doth await
' T' intrap thy beauty, bred to be thy foe,
' That is so fair and delicate a bait,
' As every eye itself would here bestow,
' Whose pow'r the King too sensibly doth know :
' Of his desire that what the end may be,
' Thy youth may fear, my knowledge doth foresee.

' Think how thou liv'st here publicly in court,
' Whose privilege doth every mean protect,
' Where the ensample of the greater sort
' Doth more than opportunity effect,
' None thriving here that stand upon respect ;
' Being a lottery whereat few do win,
' And yet those seldom neither, but by sin.

' Here every day thou hast to tempt thy sight,
' All that thy youth to pleasure may provoke,
' That still at hand, wherein thou tak'st delight,
' Which with thy sex doth strike too great a stroke,
' Having withall imperious power thy cloke,
' With such strong reasons on his part propounded ;
' As may leave Virtue seemingly confounded.

550 *The Legend of MATILDA the Fair.*

' Many the ways that lead thee to thy fall,
 ' But to thy safety few or none to guide thee,
 ' And when thy danger is the great'st of all,
 ' Even then thy succour is the most deny'd thee:
 ' Sundry the means from virtue to divide thee,
 ' Having withall mortality about thee,
 ' Frailty within, temptation near without thee.

' The letcher's tongue is never void of guile,
 ' Nor wants he tears, when he would win his prey;
 ' The subtil'st tempter hath the smoothest stile,
 ' Sirens sing sweetliest when they would betray:
 ' Lust of itself had never any stay,
 ' Nor to contain it, bounds could have devised,
 ' But most when fill'd, is least of all sufficed.

' And to avail his pleasure is there aught,
 ' That such a Prince hath not within his power?
 ' And thus be sure he'll leave no means unsought,
 ' Soft golden drops did pierce the brazen Tow'r,
 ' Watching th'advantage of each fitting hour,
 ' Where every minute serves to do amiss,
 ' Thy baneful poison spiced with thy bliss.

' And when this lustful and unbridled rage,
 ' Which in him now doth violently reign,
 ' Time shall by much satiety assuage,
 ' Then shall thy fault apparent be and plain,
 ' To after-ages ever to remain:
 ' Sin in a chain leads on her sister Shame,
 ' And both in gyves are fetter'd to Defame.

' Kings use their loves as garments they have worn,
 ' Or as the meat whereon they full have fed:
 ' The saint once gone, who doth the shrine adorn?
 ' Or what is nectar, on the ground if shed?
 ' What Prince's wealth redeems thy maiden-head,
 ' Which should be held as precious as thy breath,
 ' Whose dissolution consummates thy death?

' The

' The
 ' Thro
 ' Yet
 ' Whe
 ' But
 ' W
 ' T

When
 He in
 As it e
 His co
 My fat
 So t
 As g

The K
 Yet in
 Finding
 And no
 But gon
 And
 His

For fine
 Nor to
 He with
 And oth
 In spigh
 His o
 And

' Know,
 ' (As he
 ' Where
 ' Only a
 ' And fr
 ' Seal'
 ' To

‘ The stately eagle from his highest stand,
‘ Through the thin air the fearful fowl doth smite,
‘ Yet scorns to touch it lying on the land,
‘ When he hath felt the sweet of his delight,
‘ But leaves the same a prey to every kite.
 ‘ With much we surfeit, plenty makes us poor,
 ‘ The wretched Indian scorns the golden ore.

When every period pointing with a tear,
He in my bosom made so wide a breach,
As it each precept firmly fixed there,
His counsel as continually to preach,
My father so effectually could teach;
 So that his words I ever after found,
 As grav’d on an inviolable ground.

The King, whose love deluded was the while,
Yet in his bosom bare this quenchless fire,
Finding his hopes like flatt’ers to beguile,
And not one jot to further his desire,
But gone thus far, he meant not to retire;
 And thinks, if fitly he could find but place,
 His words had power to purchase him my grace.

For since all former practices did fail,
Nor to his mind aught kindly took effect,
He with himself resolv’d me to assail,
And other means doth utterly neglect:
In spite what fear could any way object,
 His courage doth all hindrances confute,
 And me accosting thus commenc’d his suit.

‘ Know, girl, quoth he, that nature thee ordained,
‘ (As her brav’st piece, when she to light would bring,
‘ Wherein her former workmanship she stained)
‘ Only a gift to gratify a King,
‘ And from all other, as a seld-seen thing,
 ‘ Seal’d thee a charter dated at thy birth,
 ‘ To be the fair’st that e’er was made of earth.’

552 *The Legend of MATILDA the Fair.*

- ‘ Hoard not thy beauty, when thou hast such stores:
- ‘ Wer’t not great pity it should thus lye dead,
- ‘ Which by thy lending might be made much more?
- ‘ (For by the use should every thing be fed)
- ‘ Yea, and to him so hard for thee bestead,
- ‘ Yet no more less’ned than the sun, whose light,
- ‘ Though it light all things, loseth not his light.
- ‘ From those two stars such streams of lightning glide,
- ‘ As through men’s eyes do pierce the flintiest heart,
- ‘ Which thou by closing striv’st in vain to hide,
- ‘ For through their lids their subtle rays do dart,
- ‘ Such power wise nature did to them impart ;
- ‘ Those two bright planets, clearer than the seven,
- ‘ That with their splendor light the world to heaven.
- ‘ Were Art so curious in herself to know
- ‘ Thy rare perfections rightly in their kind,
- ‘ In Beauty thy divinity to show,
- ‘ Oh! it were able to transport the mind,
- ‘ Beyond the bounds by heaven to it assign’d :
- ‘ But oh! in thee their excellence is such,
- ‘ As thought cannot ascend to, once to touch.
- ‘ He is thy King, who is become thy Subject ;
- ‘ Sometime thy Lord, now Servant to thy Love ;
- ‘ Thy angel beauties be his only object,
- ‘ Who for thy sake a thousand deaths dares prove.
- ‘ A Prince’s pray’r should much compassion move :
- ‘ Let wolves and bears be cruel in their kinds,
- ‘ But women meek, and have relenting minds.
- ‘ Vouchsafe to look upon these brimful eyes,
- ‘ With tides of tears continually frequented,
- ‘ Where love without food hunger-starven lies,
- ‘ Which to betray me traiterously consented,
- ‘ And for the fact being lawfully convented,
- ‘ Is in these waters judg’d to have his being,
- ‘ For his presumption thro’ these eyes thee seeing.

‘ Sit

‘ Sit
‘ Ha
‘ A b
‘ An
‘ Rai
‘ E
‘ V

‘ Wh
‘ The
‘ Min
‘ Wif
‘ Lov
‘ W
‘ S

Thus
Which
Of bet
By wh
Hopin
Lea
Wa

Upon
That i
Fear a
Like t
Th’ on
By t
Whi

And in
Knowin
And in
When
And wh
Who
Well

- ‘ Sit thou commanding under mine estate,
- ‘ Having thy temples honour’d with my crown,
- ‘ A beauty destin’d for no meaner fate,
- ‘ And make the proud’st to tremble with a frown,
- ‘ Raise whom thou wilt, cast whom it please thee down:
 - ‘ Be thou alone the rect’refs of this isle,
 - ‘ With all the titles I can thee instile.
- ‘ What if my Queen, repining at our bliss,
- ‘ Thee, as did J^{UNO} J^{OVE}’s dear darling, keep?
- ‘ Mine I’ll preserve, as that great God did his;
- ‘ Wise M^{ERCURY} lull’d A^RG^US’ eyes to sleep:
- ‘ Love ever laughs, when Jealousy doth weep.
 - ‘ When most she stirs, my pow’r shall keep her under,
 - ‘ She may raise storms, but I do rule the thunder.

Thus having made an entrance for his love,
Which he believ’d assuredly in time
Of better news the messenger might prove,
By which he after to his joys might climb,
Hoping a fair full to ensue this prime,
Leaves me, not knowing well which way to turn me,
Warm’d with the fire that unawares might burn me.

Upon my weakness which so strongly wrought,
That in my breast a mutiny arose,
Fear and Desire a doubtful combat fought,
Like two most eager and ambitious foes,
Th’ one fain would win, the other would not lose;
By this oft cleared, and by that accused,
Whilst still I fear’d by both to be abused.

And in my self, my self suspected treason,
Knowing who watch’d to win me for his prey,
And in so fit and dangerous a season,
When youth and beauty bare so great a sway,
And where he battery still to me might lay,
Who girt so strongly every way about,
Well might I fear I could not long hold out.

But

554 *The Legend of MATILDA the Fair.*

But setting all these sundry doubts aside,
From court resolv'd I secretly to go,
And to what place my happy stars should guide,
There I my self determin'd to bestow,
Until time might this passion over-blow ;

Or if at least it wrought not, the extrusion
Might strengthen me yet in my resolution.

When my brave fire, that never me forsook,
But many a sweet sleep for my safety brake,
Much being pleased with the course I took,
As one that truly suffer'd for my sake,
Did his abode at Baynards-castle make,

Whom since I thus had left the court, to leave me
To his protection, gladly did receive me.

Whence all those sorrows seem'd to me exil'd,
Wherein my life I long before did waste,
The present time and happily beguil'd,
To think what peril I had lately past,
There in my freedom fortunately plac'd,

Even as a bird escap'd the fowler's snare,
Which former danger warn'd to beware.

When the proud King, whose purposes were crost,
Which this my flight had happen'd to prevent,
And that those means to which he trusted most,
Were those, which most had hinder'd his intent,
Finding his suit preposterously went,

Another course bethinks himself to run,
Else farther off than when he first begun.

And thenceforth plotteth to disperse the mass,
Which lay so full betwixt him and the light,
That in his suit the only hindrance was,
And (least expected) wrought him most despight,
Finding the cause why matters went not right,

He must forecast my father to remove,
Or he was like to walk without his love.

Thus,

Thus scarcely cur'd of this late sickly qualm,
And that my heart sat happily at ease,
But as a ship, that in a quiet calm
Floats up and down on the unsurging seas,
By some rough gust, which some ill star doth raise,
Is driven back into the troubled main ;
Even so was I, that safely else had lain.

For this great King, whom thus I did reject,
First seeks in court my father to disgrace,
Thereby to give the people to suspect,
To fault in something sitting near his place,
Them by all means it urging to embrace ;
To which, if clearly he could find the way,
He made no doubt but once to have a day.

And for his purpose to promote his hate,
Into the plot he his court-devils drew,
Cunning in all the stratagems of state,
Which he suborn'd my father to pursue ;
By whose devices he soon overthrew
That noble Lord, which succour should have given
To me, that then was from all refuge driven.

And not their clear and far-discerning sight,
Into the quarrel that did throughly look,
Nor our allies, that to their utmost might
'Gainst his proceedings on our part that stuck,
And at our need us never once forsook,
Of the King's malice could th'effect prevent,
But to exile my father must be sent.

Not all his service to his Sovereign done,
In war courageous, and in counsel sound,
Which from King JOHN compassion might have won
To him, who faithful evermore was found :
Ingratitude, how deeply dost thou wound !
Sure, first devised to no other end,
But to grieve those whom nothing could offend.

Forlorn

556 *The Legend of MATILDA the Fair.*

Forlorn and hopeless, left before my foe,
By my ill fortune basely thus betray'd,
Never poor maiden was besieged so,
And all depressed that should lend me aid ;
Such weight the Heaven upon my birth had laid !
But yet herself true Virtue never loseth,
'Gainst her fair course tho' Hell it self opposeth.

Imbark'd for France, his sad dejected eyes
Swol'n up with tears in most abundant store,
His ill luck threat'ned by the louring skies,
Fear him behind, and sorrow him before ;
He under sail, from sight of either shore,
Wasteth withal his sad laments in vain,
To the rude waters only to complain.

When like a deer before the hounds imboist,
When him his strength beginneth to forsake,
Leaves the smooth lawns, to which he trusted most,
And to the covert doth himself betake,
Doubling, and creeps from brake again to brake :
Thus still I shift me from the Prince's face,
Who had me then continually in chace.

The coast thus clear'd, suspicion laid to rest,
And each thing fit to further his intent,
It with much pleasure quieted his breast,
That every thing so prosperously went ;
And if the rest successively consent,
Of former aid I being quite forsaken,
He hopes the fort might in short time be taken.

A Prince's arms are stretch'd from shore to shore ;
Kings sleeping, see with eyes of other men.
Craft finds a key to open any door,
Little it boots my self in walls to pen ;
The lamb was closed in the lion's den,
Whose watchful eyes too easily descry'd me,
And found me soon'st, where sur'st I thought to hide me.

My
O'er
And
That
And
H
T

And
That
For s
When
For t
Hi
Th

And f
And v
Me at
To tal
(The l
Wh
The

Where
Into an
By Ju
At whe
Where
And
Whi

Where
From th
Me my
My you
And by
Print
That

My paths by spies he diligently noted ;
O'er me he held so vigilant a watch,
And on my beauty he so fondly doated,
That at each look he enviously did catch,
And ready still attending at my latch
He had those, that continually did ward,
Treason my handmaid, falshood was my guard.

And since with me it fell so crossly out,
That to my shifts so hardly he me drave,
For some new course I thought to cast about,
Where safer harbour happily to have :
For this was not sufficient me to save,
His power so spacious every way did lie,
That still I stood in his ambitious eye.

And fear, which taught me every mean to prove,
And with my self of many to debate,
Me at the last it pleas'd the pow'rs to move,
To take upon me a religious state,
(The holy cloister none might violate,)
Where after all these storms I did endure,
There I at last might hope to live secure.

Wherefore to DUNMOW I my self convey'd,
Into an abbey, happily begun
By JUGA, of our ancestry, a maid,
At whose sole charge that monast'ry was done,
Wherein she after did become a Nun,
And kept her order strictly with the rest,
Which in that place Virginity profess.

Where I my self did secretly bestow
From the vain world, which I too long had try'd,
Me my affliction taught myself to know,
My youth and beauty gently that did chide ;
And by instruction, as a skilful guide,
Printed withal such coldness in my blood,
That it might so perpetuate my good.

The

558 *The Legend of MATILDA the Fair.*

The King, who hear'd me safely thus to be
Set in my cloister, strongly discontent,
That me from thence he had not power to free,
Which his sad breast seem'd strongly to torment:
But since that I so wilfully was bent,
And he past hope then ever to enjoy me,
Resolv'd by some means lastly to destroy me.

And finding one most fit for such a fact,
To whom he durst his secret thoughts impart,
One, for his King, that any thing would act,
And for the purpose wanted not his art,
That had a strong hand and relentless heart,
On him the King (with me poor maid enrag'd)
Impos'd my death, and him thereto engag'd.

Who making haste the fatal deed to do,
Thither repairs, but not as from the King:
For well he knew what did belong thereto,
Nor therein needed any tutoring;
But as one sent upon some needful thing,
With a smooth count'nance and a settled brow,
Obtain'd to get in where I paid my vow.

Where I alone, and to his tale expos'd,
(As one to him a willing ear that lent)
Himself to me he but too soon disclos'd,
And who it was that thither had him sent,
From point to point relating his intent;
Who, whilst I stood struck dumb with this invasion,
He thus pursues me strongly with persuasion.

'Hear but (saith he) how blindly thou do'st err,
'Fondly to doat upon thine own perfection,
'When as the King thee highly will prefer,
'Nay, and his power attendeth thy protection;
'So indiscreetly sort not thy election,
'To shut that in a melancholy cell,
'Which in a court ordained was to dwell.

'Yet

'Ye
'If
'An
'Fil
'So
'
'S

'W
'Of
'Tw
'Wh
'For
'L
'E

'Wh
'Wh
'Only
'Wh
'And
'T
'A

'A fe
'To v
'And
'Into
'By fo
'W
'Ye

'Perfu
'Whic
'Do no
'Whic
'Who
'For
'Dy

- ' Yet further think, how dang'rous is his offer,
- ' If thy neglect do carelessly abuse it :
- ' Art thou not mad, that thus do'st see a coffer
- ' Fill'd up with gold, and proffer'd, to refuse it ?
- ' So far, that thou want'st reason to excuse it,
- ' Thyself condemning in thine own good hap,
- ' Spilling the treasure cast into thy lap.
- ' Wrong not thy fair youth, nor the world deprive
- ' Of these rare parts which nature hath thee lent,
- ' 'Twere pity thou by niggardise should'st thrive,
- ' Whose wealth by waxing craveth to be spent ;
- ' For which, thou of the wisest shalt be shent,
- ' Like to some rich churl hoarding up his pelf,
- ' Both to wrong others, and to starve himself.
- ' What is this vain and idle Reputation,
- ' Which to the shew you seemingly respect ?
- ' Only the weakness of imagination,
- ' Which, in conclusion, worketh no effect,
- ' And lesser can the worshipers protect ;
- ' That only standeth upon fading breath,
- ' And hath at once the being and the death.
- ' A fear that grew from doating superstition,
- ' To which your weak credulity is prone,
- ' And only since maintained by tradition,
- ' Into our ears impertinently blown,
- ' By folly gathered, as by error sown ;
- ' Which us still threatning, hind'reth our desires,
- ' Yet all it shews us be but painted fires.
- ' Persuade thyself this monast'ry to leave,
- ' Which youth and beauty justly may forsake ;
- ' Do not thy Prince of those high joys bereave,
- ' Which happy him, more happy thee may make,
- ' Who sends me else thy life away to take :
- ' For dead to him if needly thou wilt prove,
- ' Dye to thyself, be bury'd with his love.'

Rage,

560 *The Legend of MATILDA the Fair.*

Rage, which resum'd the likeness of his face,
Whose eye seem'd as the basilisk to kill ;
The horror of the solitary place,
Being so fit wherein to work his will,
And at the instant he my life to spill ;
All seem'd at once my overthrow to further,
By fear dissuaded, menaced by murther.

In this so great and peremptory trial,
With strong temptations sundry ways afflicted,
With many a yielding, many a denial,
Of times acquitted, often-times convicted,
Terror before me lively stood depicted ;
When as it was, that but a little breath
Gave me my life, or sent me to my death.

But soon my soul had gather'd up her pow'rs,
Which in this need might friend-like give her aid,
The resolution of so many hours,
Whereon herself she confidently stay'd
In her distress, whose helps together lay'd,
Making the state which she maintained good,
Expell'd the fear usurping on my blood.

And my lock'd tongue did liberally enlarge,
From those strict limits wherein long confin'd
Care had it kept, my bosom to discharge,
And my lost spirits their wonted strength assign'd,
Into mine eyes which coming as refin'd,
Most bravely there mine honour to maintain,
Checkt his presumption with a coy disdain.

Who finding me inviolably bent,
And for my answer only did abide ;
Having a-poison murd'ring by the scent,
If to the organ of that sense apply'd,
Which for the same, when fittest time he spy'd,
Into my nostrils forcibly did strain,
Which in an instant wrought my deadly bane.

With

With his rude touch my vail disorder'd then,
My face discovering, my delicious cheek
Tincted with crimson, faded soon again,
With such a sweetness as made death seem meek,
And was to him beholding it most like
A little spark extinguish'd to the eye,
That glows again ere suddenly it dye.

And whilst thereat amazed he doth stand,
Wherein he then such excellency saw,
Ruining the spoil done by his fatal hand,
What naught before, him this at last could awe,
From his stern eyes as though it tears would draw,
Which wanting them, wax'd suddenly as dead,
Grieving for me that they had none to shed.

When life grown faint, hies lastly to my heart,
The only fort to which she had to take,
Feeling cold death to seize on every part,
A strong invasion instantly to make :
Yet ere she should me utterly forsake,
To him who sadly stood me to behold,
Thus in mild words my grief I did unfold.

' Is this the gift the King on me bestows,
' Which in this sort he sends thee to present me ?
' I am his friend, what gives he to his foes,
' If this in token of his love be sent me ?
' But 'tis his will, and must not discontent me :
 ' Yet after, sure, a proverb this will prove,
 ' The gift King JOHN bestow'd upon his love.

' When all that race in memory are set,
' And by their statues their achievements done,
' Which won abroad, and which at home did get,
' From son to fire, from fire again to son,
' Grac'd with the spoils that gloriously they won :
 ' Oh ! that of him it only should be said,
 This, was King JOHN, the murth'rer of a maid !

562 *The Legend of MATILDA the Fair.*

‘ Oh ! keep it safely from the mouth of Fame,
 ‘ That none do hear of his unhallowed deed;
 ‘ Be secret to him, and conceal his shame,
 ‘ Lest after-ages hap the same to read,
 ‘ And that the letters shewing it do bleed!
 ‘ Oh ! let the grave mine innocence hold,
 ‘ Before of him this tyranny be told !

Thus having spoke, my sorrows to assuage,
 The heavy burthen of my pensive breast,
 The poison then that in my brain did rage,
 His deadly vigour forcibly exprest,
 Not suff’ring me to stand upon the rest,
 Longer for him it was no time to stay ;
 And death call’d on, to hasten me away.

Thus in my closet being left alone,
 Upon the floor uncomfortably lying,
 The fact committed, and the murth’rer gone,
 Arrived at the utmost point of dying,
 Some of the sisters me by chance espying,
 Call’d all the rest, that in most woful plight
 Came to behold that miserable sight.

Thus like a rose by some unkindly blast,
 ‘Mongst many buds that round about it grow,
 The with’ring leaves improsp’rously doth cast,
 Whilst all the rest their sovereign beauties show :
 Amidst this goodly sister-hood even so,
 Nipt with cold death untimely did I fade,
 Whilst they about me piteous wailing made.

And my sad soul upon her sudden flight,
 So soon forsaken of each several sense,
 With all the horror death could her affright,
 Strongly disturbed at her parting hence,
 All comfort fled her ; for her last defence,
 Doth to her spotless innocence betake her,
 Which left her not, when all the rest forsake her.

To

To the
 And as
 As ye
 Forgo
 A very
 Ever
 Virt

My spi
 Glad to
 My del
 And at
 Such w
 Me
 Dun

And sca
 But ev
 For tat
 My res
 Ruing
 And
 That

His los
 It was
 Grief ha
 No mor
 Scarce
 Enou
 And

Let it
 And be
 If to
 It’s all
 For tha
 Enou
 With

To shew our pleasures are but children's toys,
And as meer shadows, or like bubbles pass,
As years increase, so waning are our joys,
Forgotten as our favours in a glass,
A very tale of that which never was :
Even so, death us and our delights can sever,
Virtue alone abandoneth us never.

My spirit thus from imprisonment enlarg'd,
Glad to have got out of her earthly room,
My debt to nature faithfully discharg'd,
And at the hour appointed on my tomb :
Such was the Heaven's inevitable doom,
Me Baynard's-Castle to the world did bring,
Dunmow again my place of burying.

And scarcely was my breathless body cold,
But ev'ry-where my tragedy was spread,
For tatling FAME in ev'ry place had told
My resolution, being lately dead,
Ruing my blood so prodigally shed ;
And to my father flies with this mischance,
That time remaining in the court of France.

His loss too great to be bewail'd with tears,
It was not words that could express his woe,
Grief had herself so settled in his ears,
No more might enter, nothing out might go ;
Scarce since man was, was man perplexed so :
Enough of sorrow is already shown,
And telling his, were to renew mine own.

Let it suffice me, that I here relate,
And bear myself the burthen of my ill,
If to the life I have express'd my fate,
It's all I ask, and I obtain my will.
For that true sorrow needs not others skill;
Enough's that present bitterness we taste,
Without remembring of that which is past.

564 *The Legend of MATILDA the Fair.*

Some say, the King repentant for this deed,
When his remorse to think thereof him drave,
Poorly disguised in a Pilgrim's weed,
Offered his tears on my untimely grave,
For which, no doubt, but Heaven his sin forgave ;
And my blood calling for revenge appeas'd,
He from the sin, I from my labours eas'd.

Thus told my story, I my love devise
To you, dear madam, fitt'ft with you to rest,
Which all my virtues daily exercise,
That be imprinted in your patient breast,
By whom alone I rightliest am exprest;
For whom my praise, it grieves-me, is too scant,
Whose happy name an epithet shall want.

Then, most sweet Lady, for a maiden's sake,
To shed one tear if gently you but deign,
For all my wrongs it full amends shall make,
And be my pass to the Elyzian plain.
In your chaste eyes such pow'r there doth remain,
As can th' afflicted prosp'rously deliver ;
Happy be they, who look upon them ever.



THE

PI.
FRO
Sh
Oh! her
A while
Let m
Some

Goddeff
Let thy
Be thou
With fun
Pityin
That f

Thou m
That bale
With thy
Let me t
Ne'er
Than i



T H E
L E G E N D
O F
PIERCE GAVESTON.

FROM gloomy shadows of eternal night,
 Shut up in darkness endlessly to dwell,
 Oh! here behold me miserable wight,
 A while releas'd, my tragedy to tell;
 Let me have leave my sorrows to impart,
 Somewhat to ease my sad afflicted heart.

Goddeſs of arms and arts, PALLAS divine,
 Let thy bright fauchion lend me cypreſs boughs,
 Be thou aſſiſting to this Poet of mine,
 With funeral wreaths ingarlanding his brows;
 Pitying my woes, when none would hear me weep,
 That for my ſorrows lays his own to ſleep.

Thou mournfull'ſt maiden of the ſacred nine,
 That baleful ſounds immoveably do'ſt breath,
 With thy ſwol'n viſage and thy blubber'd eie,
 Let me to thee my ſad complaints bequeath:
 Ne'er to thy ſelf canſt thou win greater glory,
 Than in exactly ſetting forth my ſtory.

Tell how the Fates my giddy course did guide,
 Th' inconstant turns of ev'ry changing hour,
 By many a low ebb, many a lusty tide,
 Many a smooth calm, many a fowling show'r,
 The height whereto I lastly did ascend,
 Bend my beginning to my fatal end.

When our first EDWARD sate on England's throne,
 LONGSHANKS, who long victoriously did reign,
 First of that name, and second yet to none,
 In what to Knighthood ever did pertain ;
 My life began, a life so full of blifs,
 Then in his days, those happy days of his.

Virtue did then men's hearts so much inflame,
 That no promotion could be got with gold :
 For in his days he that desired Fame,
 Bought it of him that it full dearly sold ;
 Hateful Excess did not so much devour,
 Law had less force, and Honesty more pow'r.

And since swift Time so violently preys
 Upon those ages that even holiest be ;
 Let me remember those so happy days,
 In these sad hours which my vex'd eyes do see,
 With greater grief to make me to deplore
 These, when I think of those that were of yore.

Then Muse, lo, I obsequiously appeal
 To thee (my life since I intend to show)
 That thou of me wilt faithfully reveal
 Even what the most inquisitive would know,
 Whilst here my soul imbodied did abide
 In this vain world, which pamper'd me with pride.

By

By birth a Gascoigne, of a fair descent,
And of our house, the heir my father born,
In all his wars that with King EDWARD went,
To him his liegeman, and a soldier sworn,
And in our country left his whole estate,
To follow him, who seem'd to govern Fate.

Whose trust that great King highly did employ,
And near his person had him for the same,
Who with myself, then but a little boy,
Into the court of famous England came,
Whereas the King, for service by him done,
Made me a page to the brave Prince his son.

All men in shape I did so far excell,
(The parts in me such harmony did bear)
As in my model Nature seem'd to tell,
That her perfection she had placed here,
As from each age reserving the rar'st feature,
To make me up her excellentest creature.

My looks so powerful, adamant to love,
And had such virtue to attract the sight,
That they could fix it, or could make it move,
As though it follow'd some celestial light ;
That where my thoughts intended to surprize,
I at my pleasure conquer'd with mine eyes.

As if some great APELLES in his art
Would that the world his master-piece should know,
Imagination doing then her part ;
When he had done the utmost he could do,
For that rare picture to fit out a mind,
This one was I, the wonder of my kind.

This dainty bait I laid for EDWARD's love,
Which soon upon him got so sure a tie,
As no misfortune e'er could it remove,
When she the utmost of her force did try ;
Nor death itself had after power to sunder ;
O feld-seen friendship, in the world a wonder !

Love, on this earth the only mean thou art,
Whereby we hold intelligence with heav'n,
And it is thou that only do'st impart
The good that to mortality is given.
O sacred bond, by time that art not broken !
O thing divine, by angels to be spoken !

Thus with young EDWARD bath'd in worldly bliss,
Whilst tutors care his wand'ring years did guide,
I liv'd, enjoying whatsoe'er was his,
Who ne'er my pleasure any thing deny'd :
Whose watchful eye so duely me attended,
As on my safety if his life depended.

But whether it my rare perfections were,
That won my youth such favour in his eye,
Or it pleas'd heav'n (to shew it held me dear)
'To show'r on me this blessing from the sky,
I know not ; but it rightly could direct.
That could produce so pow'rful an effect.

O thou dread book, where our fates are enroll'd,
Who hath so clear eyes as to look into thee ?
What is that man, by whom thou art controll'd,
Or hath the key of reason to undo thee ?
When none but heaven thy dark decrees can know,
Whose depth we sound not which dwell here below.

The soul her liking eas'ly can espy
(By sympathy, to her by Heav'n assign'd)
Through her clear windows, the well-seeing eye,
Which doth convey the image to the mind
Without advisement, and can apprehend
That, whose true cause man's knowledge doth transcend.

This EDWARD in the April of his age,
Whilst yet the crown sat on his father's head,
Like sportful JOVE with his rapt Phrygian page,
Me with ambrosial delicacies fed :
He might command, who was the Sov'reign's son,
But my direction only must be done.

My will a law authentically past ;
My Yea by him was never cross'd with No ;
In his affection chain'd to me so fast,
That as my shadow still he seem'd to go ;
To me this Prince so pliant was in all,
Still as an ECHO answ'ring to my call.

My smiles, his life ; so joy'd he in my sight,
That his delight was led by my desire,
From my clear eyes so borrowing all his light,
As pale-fac'd CYNTHIA from her brother's fire.
He made my cheek the pillow for his head,
My brow his book, my bosom was his bed.

Like fair IDALIA, bent to amorous sport
With young ADONIS in the pleasant shade,
Expressing their affections in that sort,
As though her utmost passion should persuade
The one of us the other still to move
To all the tender dalliances of love.

570 *The Legend of* PIERCE GAVESTON.

The table thus of our delight was lay'd,
 Serv'd with what dainties pleasure could devise,
 And many a SIREN sweetly to us play'd,
 But youth had not us therewith to suffice :
 For we on that insatiately did feed,
 Which our confusion afterwards did breed.

For still I spurr'd up his untam'd desire,
 Then sitting in the chariot of the sun ;
 My blandishments were fuel to that fire
 Wherein he fry'd : I for his flight begun
 To wax his wings, and taught him art to fly,
 Who on his back might bear me through the sky.

Whilst the vain world so cunningly could win
 Us, her false flatteries who too long did trust,
 Till having lost the clue which led us in,
 We wander'd in the labyrinth of lust.
 For 'when the soul is nuzled once in vice,
 The sweet of sin makes Hell a Paradise.

Who to the full thy vileness, WORLD, e'er told ?
 What is in thee, that's not extremely ill ?
 A loathsom shop, where poison's only sold,
 Whose very entrance instantly doth kill ;
 Nothing in thee but villany doth dwell,
 And all thy ways lead headlong into Hell.

The King, whose trust I lewdly had betray'd,
 His son, like PHAETON, vent'ring on the skies,
 Perceiv'd his course was per'lous to be stay'd,
 For he was grave, and wonderfully wise,
 And if with skill he curb'd not his desire,
 EDWARD might eas'ly set his throne on fire.

This

This was a cor'sive to old EDWARD's days,
And without ceasing fed upon his bones,
That in the day bereav'd him of his ease,
Breaking his night's sleep with continual moans ;
This more depress'd & sadder weigh'd him down,
Than the care else belonging to his crown.

And though he had judicially descry'd
The cause from whence this malady first grew,
It was no cure, unless he could provide
Means to prevent the danger to ensue ;
Wherefore he for his purpose made them way,
Against my courses that had aught to say.

When those in court my opposites that were,
This fair advantage and could finely take,
And for my fall what did to them appear
So fitly for their purposes to make,
Thereon their forces instantly to ground,
Me to the world perpetually to wound.

What thing so false, but taken was for truth,
So that on me a scandal it might bring,
By such as stuck not to accuse my youth,
To sin in the unnaturallest thing,
And all forepassed outrages awake,
Me to mankind contemptible to make ?

Wherefore the Prince more straitly was bestow'd,
In foreign realms and I adjudg'd to roam,
And sharply censur'd to be held abroad,
Who had betray'd my hopeful trust at home ;
Adjudg'd to die, were I by any found,
After my set day, on the English ground.

That

That, as affounded with a mighty blow,
 I stood awhile insensible of pain,
 Till somewhat waken'd by my colder woe,
 I felt the wound by which my joys were slain,
 By which I fainted hourly more and more,
 Nor could I think what cure could me restore.

But as a turtle for her loved make,
 Whose youth her dear virginity enjoy'd,
 Sits shrowded in some solitary brake,
 With melancholy pensiveness annoy'd :
 Thus without comfort sat I all alone,
 From the sweet presence of Prince EDWARD gone.

My beauty, that disdain'd the Summer's sight,
 Now foully beaten with bleak Winter's storms ;
 My limbs were put to travel day and night,
 So often hugg'd in princely EDWARD's arms ;
 Those eyes oft viewing pleasure in her pride,
 Saw fearful objects on their either side.

Whilst in these tempests I was strangely tost,
 My self confining in my native France,
 By many a sad calamity still crost,
 Inseparables to my fore mischance ;
 Others, that stem'd the current of the time,
 Whence I had fall'n, strove suddenly to climb.

Like the chamæleon, whilst Time turns the hue,
 And with false PROTEUS puts on sundry shapes,
 This change scarce gone, a second doth ensue,
 One fill'd, another for promotion gapes :
 Thus do they swarm like flies about the brim,
 Some drown'd, and some do with much danger swim.

And

And some, on whom the sun shone wond'rous fair,
Yet of the season little seem'd to vaunt,
For there were clouds hung in the troubled air,
Threat'ning that they of their desires might want;
Which made them flag, prepared else to fly,
Whilst with their falls they fading honour buy.

When posting Time, that never turns again,
Whose winged feet fly swiftly with the sun,
By the fleet hours attending on his train,
His revolution fatally begun,
And in his course brought suddenly about
That, which before the wiser sort did doubt.

For whilst King EDWARD wholly doth attend
A happy voyage to the Holy Land,
For which the laity mighty sums did lend,
Even whilst this business hotly was in hand,
See but to me what fortune there can fall,
This conqueror's death hath quickly alter'd all!

Should I presume his praises to report,
Thinking thereby to grace his so great name,
My mean endeavours would fall far too short,
And I too much should but impair his fame;
I'll leave that to some sacred muse to tell,
Upon whose life a Poet's pen might dwell.

Scarce was his body lap'd up in the lead,
Before his doleful obsequies were done,
When England's crown was set on EDWARD's head,
With whom too soon my joyful days begun,
As the black night at the approaching day,
My former sorrows vanished away.

EDWARD -

574 *The Legend of PIERCE GAVESTON.*

EDWARD CARNARVON calls me from exile,
Whom EDWARD LONGSHANKS banish'd to his death;
I, whom the father held most base and vile,
Was to the son as precious as his breath:
What th' old King writ, the young King forth did blot,
Th' alive's remembred, dead men's words forgot.

The fair wind wafts me to that wish'd-for place,
And sets me safely on that blessed shore,
From whence I seem'd but banish'd for a space,
That my return might honour'd be the more,
There to my lov'd Lord happily to leave me,
Whose arms were cast wide open to receive me.

Who would have seen that noble Roman dame,
O'ercome with joy, give up her vital breath,
Her son returning founded in by FAME,
When thankful Rome had mourned for his death,
Might here behold her personated right,
At my approach to my dear EDWARD's sight.

My JOVE, now Lord of the ascendant is,
In an aspect to promise happy speed,
And such on me that influence of his,
As prais'd the course wherein we did proceed;
Yet most prodigious it to some appears,
Telling the troubles of ensuing years.

When, like to MIDAS, all I touch'd was gold,
Upon me showr'd, as into DANAE's lap,
For I obtained any thing I would,
So well had Fortune lotted out my hap:
For Princes treasures like to oceans are,
To whom all rivers naturally repair.

The
He c
And
I nex
Fa
TH

Thofe
By im
Other
At on
Wh
Per

He gav
Thereb
Me in
And E
Besid
Of E

And to
(Which
In bands
A Lady
Which
To th

O blessed
The only
That lenc
A grace t
By He
Pity it

The Isle of Man the first to me he gave,
He could not stay, until I would demand;
And to be sure to give ere I could crave,
I next received from his bounteous hand
Fair Wallingford, which many years had been
The wealthy dow'r of ELENOR the Queen.

Those sums his father had been levying long
By impositions for the war abroad,
Other his Princely benefits among,
At once on me he liberally bestow'd,
When some that saw how much on me he cast,
Perceiv'd his wealth could not maintain his waste.

He gave me then his secretary's place,
Thereby to train me in affairs of state;
Me in those rooms, that I was in, to grace,
And Earl of Cornwal frankly did create;
Besides, in Court more freely to partake me,
Of England he High Chamberlain did make me.

And to the Royal blood me to ally,
(Which did but back my humour of ambition)
In bands of wedlock did to me affy
A Lady of an excellent condition,
Which JOAN of Arches his dear sister bare
To th' Earl of Glo'ster, that right noble CLARE.

O blessed bounty, giving all content!
The only fautrefs of all noble arts,
That lend'st success to every good intent,
A grace that rests in the most godlike hearts,
By Heaven to none but happy souls infused,
Pity it is that e'er thou wast abused.

When those here first that my exile procur'd,
 Which in my heart still hated did abide,
 As they before by no means me endur'd,
 So were they now impatient of my pride :
 For emulation ever did attend
 Upon the Great, and shall so to the end.

To cross whom, into favour I wrought those,
 That from mean places lifted up by me,
 Being factious spirits, were fittest to oppose
 Them, that perhaps too pow'ful else might be,
 That against envy raised by my hand,
 Must uphold me, to make themselves to stand.

Having my frame so cunningly contriv'd,
 To bolster me in my ambitious ways,
 I shew'd the King my hate to be deriv'd
 From those high honours that he on me lays,
 Drawing him on (my courses to partake)
 Still to maintain what he himself did make.

Thus did my youth but exercise extremes,
 My heed was rashness to fore-run my fall,
 My wit but folly, and my hopes but dreams,
 My counsel serv'd my self but to inthrall,
 Abusing me but with a vain illusion,
 And all together hastning my confusion.

When as King EDWARD hast'neth his repair,
 T' espouse the Princess ISABEL of France,
 Daughter to PHILIP that was call'd the Fair,
 By which he thought his strength much to advance ;
 And here at home to perfect my command,
 He left me the protection of the land.

Giving me power so absolute withall,
That I drank pleasure in a plenteous cup,
When there was none me to account to call,
All to my hands so freely render'd up,
That Heav'n on me no greater bliss could bring,
Except to make me greater than my King.

Thus being got as high as I could climb,
With this abundance beyond measure blest,
I thought t' imbrace the benefit of time,
Fully to take what freely I possess;
Holding for truth, that he is worse than mad,
Fondly to spare, a Prince's wealth that had.

Their counsel then continually I crost,
As scorning their authority and blood,
And those things that concern'd their honours most,
In those against them evermore I stood,
And things for publick, privately did spend
To feed my riot, that could find no end.

Until false FORTUNE, like a treacherous foe,
Which had so long attended on my fall,
In the plain path wherein I was to go,
Lay'd many a bait to train me on withal,
Till by her skill she cunningly had brought me
Into the trap where she at pleasure caught me.

For when the Barons hotly went in hand,
With tilts and tourneys for the King's return,
To shew the French the glory of the land,
The fixed day I labour'd to adjourn,
Till all their charge was lastly overthrown,
Who could abide no glory but mine own.

Thus fought my Fate me forward still to set,
 As though some engine seiz'd me with a slight :—
 One mischief soon a second doth beget,
 The second brings a third but on too right,
 And every one itself employeth wholly
 In their just course to prosecute my folly.

For when the Barons found me to retain
 Th' ambitious course wherein I first began,
 And deeply felt, that under my disdain,
 Into contempt continually they ran,
 They took up arms to remedy their wrong,
 Which their cold spirits had suffer'd but too long.

Me boldly charging to abuse the King,
 A wasteful spender of his wealth and treasure,
 A secret thief of many a sacred thing,
 And that I led him to unlawful pleasure ;
 Who never did in any thing delight,
 But what might please my bestial appetite.

That like a sickness on the land was sent,
 Whose hateful courses the chief cause had been
 'The commonwealth thus totter'd was and rent,
 And worse and worse yet every day foreseen.
 Thus was I scandal'd publickly of many,
 Who pitied none, nor pity'd was of any.

And since I thus was match'd by men of might,
 The King, my danger that discreetly weigh'd,
 Seeing them to pursue me with such spight,
 Me into Ireland secretly convey'd,
 Till with my Peers my peace he might procure,
 Or might my safety otherwise assure.

Like

Like one, whose house remedilessly burning,
Seeing his goods long heap'd together lost,
The mischief no whit lessen'd by his mourning,
Taketli some one thing that he loveth most,
And to some sure place doth with that retire,
Leaving the rest to th' mercy of the fire.

And he that nought too dear for me did deem,
So it might serve to cover my disgrace,
To make my absence otherwise to seem,
And to the world to bear a fairer face,
Lest my exile, suggested by their hate,
In England here perhaps might wound my state:

By their wise counsel that were him about,
Of Ireland he me Deputy doth make,
And caus'd it each-where to be given out,
My journey therefore thither I did take,
To stop their mouths, that gladly would imbrace
The least thing that might sound to my disgrace.

Whereas he set me in that Princely fort,
As in my place might purchase me renown,
With no less bounty to maintain a court,
Than hourly crav'd th' revenues of a crown,
Thither his bounty so much did me bring,
That though he reign'd, yet there was I a King.

There were few weeks, but some the Channel crost
With sundry presents of a wond'rous price,
Some jewel that him infinitely cost,
Or some rich robe of excellent device,
That they which saw what he upon me threw,
Well might discern some change must needs ensue.

And since the flow me follow'd in this wise,
 The fulness I as amply entertain,
 It had been folly to have seem'd precise,
 To take that which fell on me like the rain,
 Such as before no age had ever seen,
 And since he was, I think, hath seldom been.

So that, when the bold Barony had found
 The cunning us'd in covering of my flight,
 That shifted me but to a surer ground,
 On which they vainly had bestow'd their might,
 Perceiv'd far off that greater peril rose,
 Than they could find how fitly to dispose.

Like those that strive to stop some swelling source,
 (Whose plenty none can comprehend in bounds)
 Which climbs above th' opposers of his course,
 And that which should incircle it furrounds,
 That so innated in it self is blest,
 That 'tis the more, the more it is deprest.

For fearing much the force I had abroad,
 Who knew the way the Irish hearts to win,
 They thought me better here to be bestow'd,
 And for the state more safely far therein,
 Where tho' my spoil they hop'd not to prevent,
 Yet could they see the giddy course I went.

Of which they scarcely had conceiv'd the thought,
 And did thereto but seemingly descend,
 But that the King immediately it caught,
 Nor car'd he by it what they did intend,
 Plot what they could, so he thereby might gain me,
 Once in his Court again to entertain me.

Wh
 Yea
 Wh
 In it
 H
 It

This
 That
 Did v
 And
 Th
 WI

When
 Me ou
 Allow
 Althou
 Yet
 But

My pro
 The bo
 And m
 All low
 Noth
 FORT

What tin
 Into Nor
 Which w
 Who at
 And t
 To do

What is so hard, but Majesty commands,
Yea, and severely humbleth with the eye,
Whose very nod acts with a thousand hands,
In it such virtue secretly doth lye,
Having t' uphold it the high power of Fate,
It is imperious both o'er Love and Hate.

This King, who no occasion could neglect,
That aught me to my happiness might win,
Did with such care my bus'nesses effect,
And ever was so fortunate therein,
That he to pass in little time did bring,
What most men thought to be a doubtful thing.

When posts away with their full packets went,
Me out of Ireland instantly to call,
Allow'd of by the general consent,
Although not lik'd of inwardly of all;
Yet 'twas sufficient that it freedom gave me,
But to be here where he desir'd to have me.

My proud sails swelling with a prosp'rous wind,
The boist'rous seas did homage to mine eyes,
And much above their usual course were kind,
All lowring clouds abandoning the skies,
Nothing discern'd in any star to fear me,
FORTUNE herself sat at the helm to steer me.

What time the King a progress needs would make
Into North-Wales, his native place to see,
Which was indeed but only for my sake,
Who at West-Chester knew to meet with me,
And there, with all the state he could devise,
To do me honour in the people's eyes.

Where for my landing long he did provide,
 That nought might want to nourish my delight,
 And at each lodging as along we ride,
 He entertain'd me with some pleasing fight;
 And that the realm our friendship might report,
 We enter'd London in this royal fort.

Which prov'd sharp spurs to my untam'd desire,
 Lending the reins to my lascivious will,
 And put me forth upon my full career,
 On places slippery, and my manage ill;
 Small my foresight, and over-much my haste,
 Which me (alas!) unfortunately cast.

King EDWARD's ear when having at command,
 Who aught would have, he must me entertain;
 And yet before it past my gripple hand,
 I share the great'st part to my private gain;
 Nor car'd I what from any I could wring,
 So I might coin into my coffers bring.

Then daily begg'd I great monopolies,
 Taking the lands belonging to the crown,
 Transporting all the best commodities
 Useful to England, needed of her own,
 And basely sold all offices, till then
 The due reward of well-deserving men.

And being inconsiderately proud,
 Held all things vile that suted not my vein;
 Nothing might pass, but that which I allow'd,
 A great opinion to my wit to gain,
 Giving vile terms and nick-names of disgrace,
 To men of great birth, and of greater place.

Where-

Whereby brake out that execrable rage,
Which long before had boiled in their blood,
Themselves by oath against me they engage,
Who thus had all authority withstood,
And in the quarrel up their arms do take,
Or to mar all, or better it to make.

They durst affirm my mother was a witch,
And in the fire condemned burnt to be,
And I her son, so rightly of her pitch,
She had bequeath'd her sorceries to me;
Urging it on, for a most certain thing,
That I by magic wrought upon the King.

And into France they charg'd me to convey
A goodly table of pure massy gold,
A relique kept in Windsor many a day,
Which to King ARTHUR did belong of old,
Upon whose margent, as they did surmise,
There were engraven MERLIN's prophecies.

And by appealing to the see of Rome,
They soon procur'd a legate to the land,
With malediction by the church's doom,
Upon that man, which on my part should stand;
The King suspending, should he not consent,
To ratify the Barony's intent.

Which they to purpose prosp'rously effect,
Then at full strength, to counterpoise his force;
Having withal the Clergy to direct
Them the best way in their resistless course,
Till at the last King EDWARD they procure,
By solemn oath me ever to abjure.

Th' uncertain issue of each earthly thing,
 Set out most lively in my star-cross'd state,
 That doth remain in Fortune's managing,
 Appearing in my variable fate:
 On me that frown'd and flatter'd me so oft,
 Casting me down, then setting me aloft.

To Flanders then my present course I cast,
 Which as the fair'st, so fittest for my ease:
 That way is far'st that soonest can be past,
 All not my friends that were abroad at seas;
 Such friends in France they daily did procure,
 That there myself I doubted to secure.

Where, though I chang'd my habit and my name,
 Hoping thereby to live unknown to any;
 Yet swift Report had so divulg'd my shame,
 My hateful life was publish'd to too many,
 That as I pass'd through every street along,
 I was the tale of every common tongue.

From whence I found a secret means, to have
 Intelligence with my kind Lord the King,
 Who fail'd no month, but he me notice gave
 What the proud Barons had in managing;
 And labour'd then, as he had done before,
 Me into England safely to restore.

For which relying on my Sovereign's love,
 To whom as life I had been ever dear,
 Which ne'er than now I had more need to prove,
 Who strove t' obtain, if any mean there were,
 A dispensation for his former oath,
 In their despite that thereto seem'd most loth.

Which

Which long debating, we resolv'd at length,
Since I by marriage strongly was ally'd,
I at this pinch should stand upon my strength,
And should for England, hap what could betide,
And in a ship that for my passage lay,
Thither myself to secretly convey.

Where safely landed on the wished shore,
With speed to court I closely me betook,
Yet gave the King intelligence before,
About what time he there for me should look,
Who was devising, when I should arrive,
The surest way my safety to contrive.

Which the Lords finding, whilst their blood was hot,
That to themselves then only were to trust ;
For what before was done, avail'd them not,
And for my sake they found the King unjust,
Bringing thereby, whilst trifling they do stand,
Spoil on themselves, and peril on the land.

Who was so dull, that did not then distaste,
That thus the King his Nobles should neglect ?
And these in Court we for our purpose plac'd,
Gave us just cause their dealings to suspect,
And they that view'd us with the pleas'd'st eye,
Yet at our actions often look'd awry.

Which made King EDWARD presently provide
A chosen convoy of his chiefest friends,
To guard me safe to York, to be supply'd
With foreign succours, and to Scotland sends
To warlike BALIOL, and to Wales, from whence
He hop'd for power to frustrate their pretence.

But they his agents quickly intercept,
 Not then to seek in so well known a thing,
 And both the Marches they so strictly kept,
 That none could enter to assist the King,
 Only to chastise my abhorred sin,
 Who had the cause of all these troubles been.

Thus like a ship, despoiled of her sails,
 Shov'd by the wind against the streamful tide,
 This way the one, that way the other hales,
 Now tow'rs this shore, & now tow'rs that doth ride,
 As that poor vessel's, such my brittle stay,
 The nearer land, the nearer cast away.

Thou Kingdom's corsive, home-begotten hate,
 In any limits never that wast bounded,
 When didst thou yet seize upon any state,
 By thee that was not utterly confounded?
 How many Empires be there that do rue thee?
 Happy the world was till too well it knew thee.

Thus of all succour utterly bereft,
 Only some small force that we had at sea,
 For us to trust to, Fortune had us left,
 On which our hopes upon this up-cast lay,
 Which we to hasten speedily do make,
 Our former courses forced to forsake.

Our present peril hap'ning to be so,
 That did for aid importunately call,
 Wherefore in York, as safest from the foe,
 He left me to the keeping of the wall,
 Till his return me further aid might give,
 Whom more and more he studied to relieve.

The

The Barons then from Bedford setting on,
Th' appointed rendy where they gath' red head,
When they had notice that the King was gone,
Tow' rds Yorkshire with celerity them sped,
To feize my person purposed that were,
Whose prefence else might make them to forbear.

When leaving York, to Scarborough I post,
With that small force the City had to lend me,
The strongest fort that stood upon the coast,
And of all other likest to defend me,
Which at the worst, from whence in their despight,
The hills at hand might privilege my flight.

But they which kept the country round about,
Upon each passage set so watchful spies,
Of well-wall'd York that I was scarcely out,
But on their light-horse after me they rise,
And suddenly they in upon me came,
Ere I had time to get into the same.

Thence with intent tow' rds Oxford to convey me,
When by the way, as birds do at the owl,
Some wonder'd at me, some again did bay me,
As hungry wolves at passengers do howl:
Each one rejoycing that I thus was caught,
Who on the land these miseries had brought.

Conducted thus to Dedington at last,
Where th' Earl of PEMBROKE will'd me to be stay'd,
To understand before they further past,
What by the King could on my side be said
About this business, and tow' rds EDWARD went,
T' acquaint him with the general intent.

But

588 *The Legend of* PIERCE GAVESTON.

But th' Earl of WARWICK (lying but too near)
The Dog of Arden that I us'd to call,
Who mortal hatred did me ever bear,
He whom I most suspected of them all,
Thither repairing with his powerful band,
Seiz'd upon me with a violent hand.

To Warwick castle carrying me along,
(Where he had long desired me to get)
With friends and tenants absolutely strong,
Whom all the puissant Barony abet,
Which since occasion offer'd them such hold,
Hasten my death by all the means they could.

North from the town, a mile or very near,
A little hill in public view doth lye,
That's called Blacklow of the dwellers there,
Near to the ancient Hermitage of Guy,
To which the Lords me as a traitor led,
And on a scaffold took away my head.

My life and fortunes lively thus exprest,
In the sad tenor of my tragick tale,
Let me return to the fair fields of rest,
Thither transported with a prosp'rous gale,
And leave the world my destiny to view,
Bidding it thus eternally adieu.



THE

You,
Your
And f
Upon
Would
Might
He
Hea



THE LEGEND

OF

Thomas Cromwell Earl of Essex.

A Wak'd, and trembling betwixt rage and dread
 With the loud slander (by the impious time)
 That of my actions every where is spread,
 Through which to honour falsely I should climb:
 From the sad dwelling of th' untimely dead,
 To quit me of that execrable crime,

CROMWELL appears, his wretched plight to shew,
 Much that can tell, as one that much did know.

Roughly not made up in the common mould,
 That with the vulgar vilely I should die,
 What thing so strange of CROMWELL is not told?
 What man more prais'd? who more condemn'd than
 That with the world when I am waxed old, [I?
 Most 'twere unfit that Fame of me should lie,
 With fables vain my history to fill,
 Forcing my good, excusing of my ill.

You, that but hearing of my hated name,
 Your ancient malice instantly bewray,
 And for my sake your ill-deserved blame
 Upon my legend publicly shall lay,
 Would you forbear to blast me with defame,
 Might I so mean a privilege but pray,
 He that three ages had endur'd your wrong,
 Hear him a little, who hath heard you long.

Since

Since Rome's sad ruin here by me began,
 Who her religion pluckt up by the root,
 Of the false world such hate for which I wan,
 Which still at me her poisoned'st darts doth shoot ;
 That to excuse it, do the best I can,
 Little, I fear, my labour me will boot :
 Yet will I speak, my troubled heart to ease,
 Much to the mind herself it is to please.

O powerful number, from whose stricter law
 Heart-moving music did receive the ground,
 Which man to fair civility did draw,
 With the brute beast when lawless he was found :
 O, if according to the wiser saw,
 There be a high divinity in sound,
 Be now abundant, prosp'rously to aid
 The pen prepar'd my doubtful case to plead.

Putney the place made blessed by my birth,
 Whose meanest cottage simply me did shrowd,
 To me as dearest of the English earth ;
 So of my bringing that poor village proud,
 Though in a time when never less the dearth
 Of happy wits, yet mine so well allow'd,
 That with the best she boldly durst prefer
 Me, that my breath acknowledged from her.

Twice flow'd proud Thames, as at my coming woo'd,
 Striking the wond'ring borderers with fear,
 And the pale Genius of that aged flood,
 To my sick mother labouring did appear,
 And with a countenance much distracted stood,
 Threatning the fruit her pained womb should bear:
 My speedy birth being added thereunto,
 Seem'd to fore-tell that much I came to do.

Who

Wh
 As
 Wh
 This
 And
 Only
 D
 W

Vainl
 Often
 As pl
 Rising
 But fo
 Yet fo
 Unt
 To

Whilft
 Whose
 Whom
 In know
 But dea
 Ere he
 Leav
 How

Hopeless
 Whose n
 Yet did
 Which t
 Which st
 The vulg
 Which
 In their

Who was reserved for those worser days,
As the great ebb unto so long a flow,
When what those ages formerly did raise,
This, when I liv'd, did lastly overthrow,
And that great'st labour of the world did seize,
Only for which immedicable blow,
Due to that time, me dooming Heaven ordain'd,
Wherein confusion absolutely reign'd.

Vainly yet noted this prodigious sign,
Often predictions of most fearful things,
As plagues, or war, or great men to decline,
Rising of Commons, or the death of Kings;
But some strange news though ever it divine,
Yet forth them not immediately it brings,
Until th' effects men afterward did learn,
To know that me it chiefly did concern.

Whilst yet my father by his painful trade,
Whose labour'd anvil only was his fee,
Whom my great tow'rdness strongly did perswade,
In knowledge to have educated me;
But death did him unluckily invade,
Ere he the fruits of his desire could see,
Leaving me young, then little that did know,
How me the Heavens had purpos'd to bestow.

Hopeless as helpless most might me suppose,
Whose meanness seem'd their abject breath to draw:
Yet did my breast that glorious fire inclose,
Which their dull purblind ignorance not saw,
Which still is settled upon outward shows,
The vulgar's judgment ever is so raw,
Which the unworthiest fottishly do love,
In their own region properly that move.

Yet

Yet me my fortune so could not disguise,
 But through this cloud were some that did me know,
 Which than the rest more happy, or more wise,
 Me did relieve, when I was driven low,
 Which, as the stairs by which I first did rise,
 When to my height I afterward did grow,
 Them to requite, my bounties were so high,
 As made my fame through every ear to flie.

That height and god-like purity of mind,
 Resteth not still, where titles most adorn
 With any, nor peculiarly confin'd
 To names, and to be limited doth scorn:
 Man doth the most degenerate from kind,
 Richest and poorest both alike are born;
 And to be always pertinently good,
 Follows not still the greatness of our blood.

Pity it is, that to one virtuous man
 That mark him lent, to gentry to advance,
 Which first by noble industry he wan,
 His baser issue after should inhance,
 And the rude slave not any good that can,
 Such should thrust down by what is his by chance:
 As had not he been first that him did raise,
 Ne'er had his great heir wrought his grandfire's praise.

How weak art thou, that makest it thy end
 To heap such worldly dignities on thee,
 When upon Fortune only they depend,
 And by her changes governed must be?
 Besides the dangers still that such attend,
 Liveliest of all men pourtray'd out in thee,
 When that, for which I hated was of all,
 Soon't from me fled, scarce tarrying for my fall.

You
 And
 When
 Nor g
 That
 Doub
 Giv
 Bal

Virtue
 'Gainst
 To ful
 Nor c
 Yet w
 And se
 Out
 Lea

That is
 For he
 For wh
 Looker
 What's
 Daring
 Mor
 Below

Injuriou
 O! hov
 Ever to
 'Gainst
 To thy
 Triump
 Allow
 That

You that but boast your ancestors proud stile,
And the large stem whence your vain greatness grew,
When you your selves are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious thing dare actually pursue,
That all good spirits would utterly exile,
Doubting their worth should else discover you,
Giving your selves unto ignoble things,
Base I proclaim you, though deriv'd from Kings.

Virtue, but poor, God in this earth doth place,
'Gainst the rude world to stand up in his right,
To suffer sad affliction and disgrace,
Nor ceasing to pursue her with despight:
Yet when of all she is accounted base,
And seeming in most miserable plight,
Out of her power new life to her doth take,
Least then dismay'd, when all do her forsake.

That is the man of an undaunted spirit,
For her dear sake that offereth him to die,
For whom, when him the world doth dis-inherit,
Looketh upon it with a pleased eye,
What's done for Virtue thinking it doth merit,
Daring the proudest menaces defy,
More worth than life, howe'er the base world rate him,
Belov'd of heaven, although the earth doth hate him.

Injurious Time, unto the good unjust,
O! how may weak posterity suppose
Ever to have their merit from the dust,
'Gainst them thy partiality that knows?
To thy report, O who shall ever trust,
Triumphant arches building unto those,
Allow'd the longest memory to have,
That were the most unworthy of a grave?

But my clear metal had that powerful heat,
 As it not turn'd with all that Fortune could :
 Nor when the world me terriblest did threat,
 Could win that place, which my high thoughts did hold,
 That waxed still more prosperously great,
 The more the world me strove to have controll'd,
 On mine own columns constantly to stand,
 Without the false help of another's hand.

My youthful course thus wisely did I steer,
 T' avoid those rocks my wrack that else did threat;
 Yet some fair hopes from far did still appear,
 If that too much my wants did me not let:
 Wherefore my self above my self to bear,
 Still as I grew, I knowledge strove to get,
 To perfect that which in the embryo was,
 Whose birth, I found, time well might bring to pass.

But when my means to fail me I did find,
 My self to travel presently I took :
 For 'twas distasteful to my noble mind,
 That the vile world into my wants should look,
 Being besides industriously inclin'd,
 To measure others actions with my book,
 My judgment more to rectify thereby,
 In matters that were difficult and high.

When lo it hapt, that Fortune, as my guide,
 Of me did with such providence dispose,
 That th' English merchants then, who did reside
 At Antwerp, me their secretary chose,
 (As though in me to manifest her pride)
 Whence to those Principalities I rose,
 To pluck me down, whom afterward she fear'd,
 Beyond her power that almost she had rear'd.

When

When first the wealthy Netherlands me train'd,
In wise commerce most proper to that place,
And from my country carefully me wain'd,
As with the world it meant to win me grace,
Where great experience happily I gain'd;
Yet here I seem'd but tutor'd for a space,
For high employment otherwise ordain'd,
Till which the time I idly entertain'd.

For Boston bus'ness hotly then in hand,
The charge thereof on CHAMBERS being lay'd,
Coming to Flanders, hapt to understand
Of me, whom he requested him to aid;
Of which, when I the benefit had scan'd,
Weighing what time at Antwerp I had stay'd,
Soon it me won fair Italy to try,
Under a chearful and more lucky sky.

For what the meanest clearly makes to shine,
Youth, wit, and courage, all in me concur:
In every project, that so powerful trine,
By whose kind working bravely I did stir,
Which to each high and glorious design
(The time could offer) freely did me spur,
As forcing fate some new thing to prepare,
(Shewing success) t' attempt that could me dare.

Where now my spirit got roomth it self to show,
To the fair'st pitch to make a gallant flight,
From things that too much earthly were and low,
Strongly attracted by a genuine light,
Where higher still it every day did grow;
And being in so excellent a plight,
Crav'd but occasion happily to prove,
How much it sat each vulgar spirit above.

The good success th' affairs of England found,
 Much prais'd the choice of me that had been made:
 For where most men the depth durst hardly sound,
 I held it nothing boldy through to wade,
 My self and through the straitest ways I wound.
 So could I act, so well I could perswade,
 As meerly jovial in my self was I,
 Compos'd of freedom and alacrity.

Not long it was ere Rome of me did ring,
 (Hardly shall Rome so full days see again)
 Of freemens catches to the Pope I sing,
 Which wan much licence to my countrymen,
 Thither the which I was the first did bring,
 That were unknown to Italy till then:
 Light humours them when judgment doth direct,
 Even of the wise win plausible respect.

And those, from home that pensions were allow'd,
 And there did for intelligence remain,
 Under my power themselves were glad to shrowd,
 RUSSELL and PACE yea oftentimes were fain,
 When as their names they durst not have avow'd,
 Me into their society t' retain,
 Rising before me, mighty as they were,
 Great though at home, yet did they need me there.

In foreign parts near friends I yet forsake,
 That had before been deeply bound to me,
 And would again I use of them should make,
 But still my stars command I should be free,
 And all those offers lightly from me shake,
 Which to requite, I fetter'd else might be;
 And though that oft great perils me oppugn,
 And means were weak, my mind was ever strong.

Yet those great wants fate to my youth did tie,
 Me from the pomp of those rich countries drive,
 Thereby inforc'd with painful industry,
 Against affliction manfully to strive,
 Under her burthen faintly not to lie :
 But since my good I hardly must derive,
 Into the same I thought to make my way,
 Through all the pow'r against me she could lay.

As a Comedian and my life I led,
 For so a while my need did me constrain,
 With other my poor countrymen (that play'd)
 Thither that came in hope of better gain :
 Whereas when Fortune seem'd me low to tread
 Under her feet, she set me up again,
 Until her use bade me her not to fear,
 Her good and ill that patiently could bear.

Till CHARLES the Fifth th' Imperial pow'r did bend
 'Gainst Rome, which BOURBON skilfully did guide,
 Which fast-declining Italy did rend ;
 For th' right that him her Holiness deny'd,
 Wholly herself inforced to defend
 'Gainst him that justly punished her pride,
 To which my self I lastly did partake,
 To see thereof what Fortune meant to make.

And at the siege with that great Gen'ral serv'd,
 When he first girt her stubborn waist with steel,
 Within her walls who well-near being starv'd,
 And that with faintness she began to reel,
 Shewing herself a little as she swerv'd :
 First her then noting I began to feel,
 She, whose great pow'r so far abroad did roam,
 What in her self she truly was at home.

That the great school of the false world was then,
 Where her's their subtle practices did vie,
 Amongst that mighty confluence of men,
 French plots propt up by English policy,
 The German powers false shuffling, and again
 All countermin'd by skilful Italy ;

Each one in possibility to win,
 Great rests were up, and mighty hands were in.

Here first to work my busy brain was set,
 (My inclination finding it to please,
 This stirring world which strongly still did whet)
 To temper in so dangerous assays,
 Which did strange forms of policies beget ;
 Besides in times so turbulent as these,

Whereto my studies wholly I did bend
 To that, which then the wisest made their end.

And my experience happily me taught
 Into the secrets of those times to see,
 From whence to England afterward I brought
 Those slights of state deliver'd there to me,
 Int' which there then were very few that fought,
 Nor did with th' humour of that age agree,
 Which after did most fearful things effect,
 Whose secret working few did then suspect.

When though 'twere long, it happen'd yet at last
 Some hopes me homeward secretly allur'd,
 When many perils strangely I had past,
 As many sad calamities endur'd :
 Beyond the moon when I began to cast,
 By my rare parts what place might be procur'd,
 If they at home were to the mighty known,
 How they would seem compared with their own.

Or if that there the Great should me neglect,
As I the worst that vainly did not fear,
To my experience how to gain respect,
In other countries that do hold it dear,
I no occasion vainly did reject,
Whil'st still before me other rising were,
And some themselves had mounted to the sky,
Little before unlike to thrive as I.

When now in England bigamy with blood,
Lately begot by luxury and pride,
In their great'st fulness peremptory flood;
Some that those courses diligently ey'd,
Slily were fishing in that troubled flood,
For future changes wisely to provide,
Finding the world so rankly then to swell,
That till it brake, it never could be well.

But floating long upon my first arrive,
Whil'st many doubts me seemed to appall,
Like to a bark that with the tide doth drive,
Having nought left to fasten it withall,
Thus with the time by suff'ring I do strive,
Into what harbour doubtful yet to fall;
Until inforc'd to put it to the chance,
Casting the fair'st, my fortune to advance.

Making my self to mighty WOOLSEY known,
That ATLAS, which the government up-stay'd,
Who from mean place in little time was grown
Up to him, which that weight upon him lay'd;
And being got the nearest to his throne,
He the more eas'ly this great Kingdom sway'd,
Leaning thereon his wearied self to breath,
Whil'st even the greatest sat him far beneath.

Where learned MORE and GARDINER I met,
Men in those times immatchable for wit,
Able that were the dullest spirit to whet,
And did my humour excellently fit,
Into their rank and worthily did get,
There as their proud competitor to fit,

One excellence to many is the mother,
Wits do, as creatures, one beget another.

This founder of the palaces of Kings,
Whose veins with more than usual spirit were fill'd,
A man ordained to the mightiest things,
In Oxford then determining to build
To Christ a college, and together brings
All that thereof the great foundation wills,

There me employs, whose industry he found
Worthy to work upon the noblest ground.

Yet in the entrance wisely did he fear
Coin might fall short; yet with this work on fire,
Wherefore such houses as religious were,
Whose being no necessity require,
But that the greater very well might bear,
From Rome the Card'nal cunningly did hire,
Winning withal his Sovereign to consent,
It colouring with so holy an intent.

This like a symptom to a long disease,
Was the fore-runner to this mighty fall,
And but too unadvisedly did seize
Upon the part that ruinated all,
Which, had the work been of so many days,
And more again recover hardly shall:

But lo, it sunk, which time did long up-hold,
Where now it lies even levell'd with the mold.

Thus thou, great Rome, here first wast overthrown,
Thy future harms that blindly couldst not see,
And in this work they only were thine own,
Whose knowledge lent that deadly wound to thee,
Which to the world before had they not shown,
Ne'er had those secrets been descry'd by me,
Nor by thy wealth so many from the plow,
Worn those high types wherein they flourish now.

For which my master WOOLSEY might and main,
Into such favour with the King me brought,
Tow'rds whom my self so well I did demean,
As that I seem'd to exercise his thought,
And his great liking strongly did retain,
With what before that Card'nal had me taught,
From whose example, by those cells but small,
Sprang the subversion lastly of them all.

Yet many a let was cast into the way,
Wherein I ran so steadily and right,
And many a snare my adversaries lay, (slight,
Much wrought they with their power, much with their
Wisely perceiving that my smallest stay
Fully requir'd the utmost of their might,
To my ascendant hasting then to climb,
There as the first predomining the time.

Knowing what wealth me earnestly did woo,
Which I through WOOLSEY hapen'd had to find,
And could the path most perfectly unto,
The King thereafter earnestly inclin'd,
Seeing besides what after I might do,
If so great power me fully were assign'd,
By all their means against me strongly wrought,
Lab'ring as fast to bring their Church to nought.

Whil'st

Whil'st to the King continually I sue,
 And in this bus'ness faithfully did stir,
 Strongly to prove my judgment to be true,
 'Gainst those who most supposed me to err;
 Nor the least means, which any way I knew
 Might grace me, or my purposes perfer,
 Did I omit, till I had won his ear
 Most that me mark'd, when least he seem'd to hear.

This wound to them thus violently given,
 Envy at me her sharpest darts did rove,
 Affecting the Supremacy of Heaven,
 As the first Giants warring against Jove,
 Heap'd hills on hills, the Gods till they had driven,
 The meanest shapes of earthly things to prove:
 So must I shift from them that 'gainst me rose,
 Mortal their hate, as mighty were my foes.

But their great force against me wholly bent,
 Prevail'd upon my purposes so far,
 That I my ruin scarcely could prevent,
 So momentary worldly favours are,
 That till the utmost of their spight was spent,
 Had not my spirit maintain'd a manly war,
 Risen they had, when I had lain full low,
 Upon whose ruin after I did grow.

When the great King, their strange reports that took,
 Who as pernicious as they potent were,
 And at the fair growth of my fortune strook,
 Whose deadly malice blame me not to fear,
 Me at the first so violently shook,
 That they this frame were likely down to bear,
 If Resolution with a settled brow
 Had not upheld my peremptory vow.

Yet

Yet these encounters thrust me not awry,
Nor could my courtes force me to-forake,
After this shipwrack I again must try,
Some happier voyage hopeful still to make:
The plots that barren long we see do lie,
Some fitting season plentifully take:

One fruitful harvest frankly doth restore

What many winters hinder'd have before.

That to account I strictly call my wit,
How it this while had managed my state,
My soul in counsel summoning to fit,
If possible to turn the course of Fate;
For ways there be the greatest things to hit,
If men could find the peremptory gate:

And since I once was got so near the brink,

More than before 'twould grieve me now to sink.

RUSSEL, whose life (some said) that I had sav'd
In Italy, one that me favour'd most,
And reverend HAILES, who but occasion crav'd
To shew his love, no less that I had cost,
Who to the King perceiving me disgrac'd,
Whose favour I unluckily had lost,

Both with him great, a foot set in withall,

If not to stay, to qualify my fall.

High their regard, yet higher was their hap,
Well-near quite sunk, recover me that could,
And once more get me into Fortune's lap,
Which well my self might teach me there to hold,
Escap'd out of so dangerous a trap,
Whose praise by me to ages shall be told,

As the two props by which I only rose,

When most supprest, most trod on by my foes.

This

This me to urge the premunire won,
 Ordain'd in matters dangerous and high,
 In t' which the heedless Prelacy were run,
 That back unto the Papacy did flie,
 Sworn to that See, and what before was done,
 Due to the King, dispensed were thereby,
 In t' which first entring offer'd me the mean,
 That to throw down, already that did lean.

This was to me that over-flowing source,
 From whence his bounties plentifully spring,
 Whose speedy current with unusual force
 Bare me into the bosom of the King,
 By putting him into that ready course,
 Which soon to pass his purposes might bring,
 Where those which late imperiously controll'd me,
 Struck pale with fear, stood trembling to behold me.

When State to me those ceremonies show'd,
 That to so great a favourite were due,
 And Fortune still with honours did me load,
 As though no mean she in my rising knew,
 Or Heaven to me more than to man had ow'd,
 (What to the world unheard of was and new)
 And was to other sparing of her store,
 Till she could give, or I could ask no more.

Those high preferments he upon me lay'd,
 To make the world me publickly to know,
 Were such, in judgment rightly being weigh'd,
 Seemed too great for me to undergo ;
 Nor could his hand from pouring on be stay'd,
 Until I so abundantly did flow,
 That looking down whence lately I was clomb,
 Danger bad fear, if further I should roam.

For first from Knighthood rising in degree,
The office of the Jewel-house my lot,
After, the Rolls he frankly gave to me,
From whence a Privy Counsellor I got,
Then of the Garter; and then Earl to be
Of Essex: yet sufficient these were not,
But to the great Vicegerency I grew,
Being a title as supreme as new.

So well did me these Dignities besit,
And Honour so me every way became,
As more than man I had been made for it,
Or as from me it had deriv'd the name:
Where was he found whose love I not requit,
Beyond his own imaginary aim,
Which had me succour'd, nearly being driven,
As things to me that idly were not given?

What tongue so slow, the tale shall not report
Of hospitable FRISCOBALD and me,
And shew in how reciprocal a sort
My thanks did with his courtesy agree,
When as my means in Italy were short,
That me reliev'd? I, less that would not be,
When I of England was vicegerent made,
His former bounties lib'rally repay'd.

The manner briefly, gentler Muse, relate,
Since oft before it wisely hath been told,
The sudden change of unavowed fate,
That famous Merchant, reverend FRISCOBALD,
Grew poor, and the small remnant of his state,
Was certain goods to England he had sold,
Which in the hands of creditors but bad,
Small hope to get, yet lesser means he had.

Hither

Hither his wants him forcibly constrain'd,
 Though with long travel both by land and seas,
 Led by this hope, that only now remain'd,
 Whereon his fortune finally he lays;
 And if he found that friendship here were feign'd,
 Yet at the worst, it better should him please,
 Far out of sight to perish here unknown,
 Than unreliev'd be pitied of his own.

It chanc'd as I tow'rd Westminster did ride,
 'Mongst the great concourse passing to and fro,
 An aged man I happily espy'd,
 Whose outward looks much inward grief did show;
 Which made me note him, and the more I ey'd
 Him, methought more precisely I should know:
 Revolving long, it came into my mind,
 This was the man to me had been so kind.

Was therewithal so joyed with his sight,
 (With the dear sight of his so reverend face)
 That I could scarcely keep me from t' alight,
 And in mine arms him kindly to embrace:
 Weighing yet (well) what some imagine might,
 He being a stranger, and the publick place,
 Checkt my affection, till some fitter hour
 On him my love effectually might shew'r.

'Never, quoth I, was Fortune so unjust,
 'As to do wrong to thy most noble heart:
 'What man so wicked could betray the trust
 'Of one so upright, of so good desert?
 'And tho' obey necessity thou must,
 'As when th' wast great'st, the same to me thou art;
 'Let me alone the last be left of all;
 'That from the rest declin'd not with thy fall."

And

And calling to a Gentleman of mine,
 Wife and discreet that well I knew to be,
 Shew'd him that stranger, whose dejected eyne,
 Fixt on the earth, ne'er once lookt up at me :
 ' Bid yonder man come home to me and dine,
 ' (Quoth I) bespeak him reverently you see ;
 ' Scorn not his habit ; little canst thou tell,
 ' How rich a mind in those mean rags doth dwell.

He with my name that kindly did him greet,
 Slowly cast up his deadly-moving eye,
 That long time had been fixed on his feet,
 To look no higher than his misery,
 Thinking him more calamity did greet,
 Or that I had supposed him some spy ;
 With a deep sigh that from his heart he drew,
 Quoth he, " His will accomplisht be by you."

My man departed, and the message done,
 He whose sad heart a strange impression struck,
 To think upon this accident begun,
 And on himself suspiciously to look ;
 Into all doubts he fearfully doth run,
 Oft himself chearing, oft himself forfok :
 Strangely perplext, he to my house doth come,
 Not knowing why judg'd, nor dreading yet his doom.

My servants set his coming to attend,
 That were therein not common for their skill,
 Whose usage yet the former did amend :
 He hop'd not good, nor guilty was of ill ;
 But as a man, whose thoughts were at an end,
 " Fortune, quoth he, then work on me thy will :
 " Wiser than man I think he were that knew
 " Whence this may come, or what will it ensue.

His

His honour'd presence so did me inflame,
 That being then in presence of my Peers,
 I 'sdained not to meet him as he came,
 (That very hardly could contain my tears)
 Kindly salute him, call him by his name,
 And oft together ask him how he chears :
 Which still along maintaining the extream,
 The man thought sure he had been in a dream.

At length to wake him gently, I began
 With this demand, If once he did not know
 One THOMAS CROMWELL, a poor Englishman,
 By him reliev'd, when he was driven low ?
 When I perceiv'd he my remembrance wan,
 Yet with his tears it silently did show,
 I wept for woe, to see mine host distrest ;
 But he for joy, to see his happy guest.

Him to the Lords I publisht by my praise,
 And at my table carefully him set,
 Recounting them the many sundry ways
 I was to this good Gentleman in debt ;
 How great he was in Florence in those days,
 With all that grace or reverence him might get :
 Which all the while yet silently he hears,
 Moisting among his viands with his tears.

And to lend fulness lastly to his fate,
 Great sums I gave him, and what was his due,
 Made known, my self became his advocate,
 And at my charge his creditors I sue,
 Recovering him unto his former state :
 Thus he the world began by me anew,
 That shall to all posterity express
 His honour'd bounty, and my thankfulness.

But,

But, Muse, recount before thou farther pass,
How this great change so quickly came about,
And what the cause of this sad downfall was,
In every part the spacious realm throughout,
Being effected in so little space ;
Leave not thereof posterity to doubt,
That the world obscured else may be,
If in this place revealed not by thee.

If the whole land did on the Church rely,
Having full pow'r Kings to account to call,
That to the world read only policy,
Besides Heaven's keys to stop or let in all,
Let me but know from her supremacy
How she should come so suddenly to fall :
'Twas more than chance sure put a hand thereto,
That had the power so great a thing to do.

Or aught there were had biding under sun,
Who would have thought those edifices great,
Which first Religion holily begun,
The Church approv'd, and Wisdom richly seat,
Devotion nourish'd, Faith allowance won,
With what might make them any way compleat,
Should in their ruins lastly bury'd lie,
But that begun and ended from the sky ?

And the King, late obedient to her laws,
Against the Clerk of Germany had writ,
As he the first that stir'd in the Church's cause,
Against him greatli'st that oppugned it ;
And wan from her so grateful an applause,
Then in her favour chiefly that did fit,
That as the prop whereon she only stay'd th,
Him she instil'd DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

But not their power, whose wisdoms them did place
 In the first rank, the oracles of state,
 Who that opinion strongly did embrace,
 Which through the land received was of late,
 Then aught at all prevailed in this case.
 O powerful doom of unavoided fate,
 Whose depth not weak mortality can know!
 Who can uphold what Heaven will overthrow?

When time now universally did show
 The power to it peculiarly annex'd,
 With most abundance then when she did flow,
 Yet every hour still prosp'rously she wex'd,
 But the world poor did by loose riots grow,
 Which served as an excellent pretext,
 And colour gave to pluck her from her pride,
 Whose only greatness suffer'd none beside.

Likewise to that, Posterity did doubt
 Those at the first not rightly to adore,
 Their fathers that, too credulous devout,
 Had to the Church contributed their store,
 And to recover only went about
 What their great zeal had lavished before,
 On her a strong hand violently lay'd,
 Preying on that they gave for to be pray'd.

Besides, the King set in a course so right,
 Which I for him laboriously had tract,
 (Who, till I learn'd him, had not known his might)
 I still to prompt his power with me to act,
 Into those secrets got so deep a sight,
 That nothing lastly to his furtherance lackt,
 And by example it to him was shown,
 How Rome might here be eas'ly overthrown.

In taking down yet of this goodly frame,
He suddenly not brake off every band,
But took the power first from the Papal name,
After, a while let the religion stand,
When limb by limb he daily did it lame;
First, took a leg, and after took a hand,
Till the poor semblance of a body left,
But all should stay it utterly bereft.

For if some Abbey happen'd void to fail,
By death of him that the superior was,
Gain, that did first Church-liberty enthrall,
Only Supreme promoted to the place,
'Mongst many bad, the worst most times of all,
Under the colour of some other's grace,
That by the slander which from him should spring,
Into contempt it more and more might bring.

This time from heaven when by a secret course
Diffension universally began,
(Prevailing as a planetary source)
I' th' Church believing, as Mahumetan,
When LUTHER first did these opinions nurse,
Much from great Rome in little space that wan,
It to this change so aptly did dispose,
From whose sad ruin ours so great arose.

When here that fabrick utterly did fail,
Which powerful Fate had limited to Time,
By whose strong law it naturally must quail,
From that proud height to which it long did climb,
Letting 'gainst it the contrary prevail,
Therein to punish some notorious crime,
For which at length just-dooming heaven decreed,
That on her buildings ruin here should feed.

Th' authority upon her she did take,
 And use thereof in every little thing,
 Finding herself how oft she did forsake,
 In her own bounds herself not limiting,
 That awful fear and due obedience brake,
 Which her reputed Holiness did bring,
 From slight regard and brought her into hate,
 With those that much dislik'd of her estate.

Seeing those parts she cunningly had play'd,
 Belief to her great miracles to win,
 To the wise world were every day bewray'd,
 From which the doubt did of her pow'r begin,
 Damnation yet to question what she said,
 Made most suspect the faith they had been in,
 When their salvation eas'ly might be bought,
 Found not this yet the way that they had sought.

Whence those ill humours ripen'd to a head,
 Bred by the rankness of the plenteous land,
 And they not only strangely from her fled,
 Bound for her ancient liberty to stand,
 But what their fathers gave her being dead,
 The sons rap'd from her with a violent hand,
 And those her buildings most of all abus'd,
 That with the weight their fathers coffins bruis'd.

The wisest and most provident but build
 For time again but only to destroy,
 The costly piles and monuments we gild,
 Succeeding time shall reckon but a toy ;
 Vicissitude impartially will'd,
 The goodliest things be subject to annoy,
 And what one age did studiously maintain,
 The next again accounteth vile and vain.

Yet
 That
 Whe
 Other
 Their
 On fu
 W
 An

And t
 The w
 They
 Not al
 Myster
 Therec
 For
 War

But neg
 Unbridl
 That on
 As it in
 The Ch
 That sh
 Herse
 Whic

PIERCE
 Conscienc
 The sever
 And to w
 Fal'n ere
 On unclea
 Willing
 Whom

Yet time doth tell, in some things they did err,
That put their help her bravery to deface,
When as the wealth that taken was from her,
Others soon raised, that did them displace,
Their titles and their offices confer
On such before as were obscure and base,
Who would with her, they likewise down should go,
And o'erthrew them that her did overthrow.

And th' Romish rites, that with a clearer sight
The wisest thought they justly did reject,
They after saw, that the received light
Not altogether free was from defect,
Mysterious things being not conceived right,
Thereof bred in the ignorant neglect :
For in opinion something short doth fall,
Wants there have been, and shall be still in all.

But negligent Security and Ease,
Unbridled Sensuality begat,
That only fought his appetite to please,
As it in midst of much abundance sat :
The Church not willing others should her praise,
That she was lean, when as her lands were fat,
Herself to too much liberty did give,
Which some perceiv'd that in those times did live.

PIERCE the wise plowman, in his vision saw
Conscience sore hurt, yet forer was affraid
The seven great sins to Hell him like to draw,
And to wise Clergy mainly cry'd for aid ;
Fal'n ere he wist (whom peril much did awe)
On unclean Priests whil'st faintly he him staid,
Willing good Clergy t' ease his wretched case,
Whom these strong giants hotly had in chase.

Clergy call'd Friers, which near at hand did dwell,
 And them requests to take in hand the cure,
 But for their leechcraft that they could 'not well,
 He list'd not their dressing to endure,
 When in his ear Need softly did him tell
 (And of his knowledge more did him assure)
 They came for gain, their end which they did make,
 For which on them the charge of souls they take.

And voluntary poverty profess,
 By food of Angels seeming as to live;
 But yet with them th' accounted were the best,
 That most to their fraternity did give,
 And beyond number that they were increast.
 ' If so (quoth Conscience) thee may I believe,
 ' Then 'tis in vain more on them to bestow,
 ' If beyond number like they be to grow.'

The Frier soon feeling Conscience had him found,
 And hearing how Hypocrisy did thrive,
 That many teachers every where did wound,
 For which Contrition miserably did grieve:
 Now in deceit to shew himself profound,
 His former hopes yet lastly to revive,
 Gets the Pope's letters, whereof he doth shape
 Him a disguise from Conscience to escape.

And so tow' rds goodly Unity he goes,
 A strong-built castle standing very high,
 Where Conscience liv'd, to keep him from his foes,
 Whom, lest some watchful sentinel should spy,
 And him should to the garrison disclose,
 His cowl about him carefully doth tie,
 Creeps to the gate, and closely thereat beat,
 As one that entrance gladly would entreat.

Peace

Peace,
 It doth
 And af
 What v
 The Fr
 ' T' sp
 " Fa
 " Fo

' God f
 ' To fo
 ' For in
 ' Doub
 " Are y
 ' Yea (
 " Co
 " Ne

And for
 And his
 Who en
 ' O fir,
 ' To len
 ' Contri
 ' Tha
 ' Nov

" Sir, (C
 " Whic
 " Will
 And to
 And by
 But first
 Whic
 " Sou

Peace, the good porter, ready still at hand,
It doth unpin, and prays him God to save,
And after salving, kindly doth demand
What was his will, or who he there would have?
The Frier low lowting, crossing with his hand,
'T' speak with Contrition (quoth he) I would crave.
"Father (quoth Peace) your coming is in vain,
"For him of late Hypocrisy hath slain."

'God shield! (quoth he, and turning up his eyes,)
'To former health I hope him to restore,
'For in my skill his sound recovery lies;
'Doubt not thereof, if setting God before.'
"Are you a Surgeon?" (Peace again replies.)
'Yea (quoth the Frier,) and sent to heal his fore.'
"Come near (quoth Peace) and God your coming
"Never of help Contrition had more need. [speed.]"

And for more haste he haleth in the Frier,
And his lord Conscience quickly of him told,
Who entertain'd him with right friendly cheer:
'O sir, (quoth he) intreat you that I could
'To lend your hand to my dear cousin here,
'Contrition, whom a sore disease doth hold,
'That wounded by Hypocrisy of late,
'Now lieth in most desperate estate.'

"Sir, (quoth the Frier) I hope him soon to cure,
"Which to your comfort quickly you shall see,
"Will he a while my dressing but endure."
And to Contrition therewith cometh he,
And by fair speech himself of him assure,
But first of all going thorough for his fee:
Which done, quoth he, "If outwardly you show
"Sound, 't not avails if inwardly or no."

But secretly affoiling of his sin,
 No other med'cine will he to him lay,
 Saying, that Heaven his silver him should win ;
 And to give Friars, was better than to pray ;
 So he were shriv'd, what need he care a pin ?
 Thus with his patient he so long did play,
 Until Contrition had forgot to weep.
 This the wise plowman shew'd me from his sleep,

He saw their faults that loosely lived then,
 Others again our weakneses shall see :
 For this is sure, he bideth not with men,
 That shall know all to be what they should be :
 Yet let the faithful and industrious pen
 Have the due merit ; but return to me,
 Whose fall this while blind Fortune did devise,
 To be as strange as strangely I did rise.

Those secret foes yet subt'ly to deceive,
 That me maligning, lifted at my state,
 The King to marry forward still I heave,
 (His former wife being repudiate)
 With ANN the sister of the Duke of CLEVE,
 The German Princes to confederate,
 To back me still 'gainst those that against me lay,
 Which as their own retain'd me here in pay.

Which my destruction principally wrought,
 When afterward, abandoning her bed,
 Which to his will to pass could not be brought,
 So long as yet I bare about my head,
 The only man her safety that had sought,
 Of her again and only favoured,
 Which was the cause he hasted to my end,
 Upon whose fall hers likewise did depend.

For

For in his high distemp'rature of blood,
Who was so great whose life he did regard?
Or what was it that his desires withstood,
He not invested, were it ne'er so hard?
Nor held he me so absolutely good,
That though I cross'd him, I could not be spar'd :
But with those things I lastly was to go,
Which he to ground did violently throw.

When WINCHESTER, with all those enemies
Whom my much power from audience had debarr'd,
The longer time their mischiefs to devise,
Feeling with me how lastly now it far'd,
When I had done the King what did suffice,
Lastly, thrust in against me to be heard,
When what was ill, contrarily turn'd good,
Making amain to th' shedding of my blood.

And that the King his action doth deny,
And on my guilt doth altogether lay,
Having his riot satisfy'd thereby,
Seems not to know how I therein did sway,
What late was Truth, now turn'd to Heresy :
When he by me had purchased his prey,
Himself to clear, and satisfy the sin,
Leaves me but late his instrument therein,

Those laws I made myself alone to please,
To give me power more freely to my will,
Even to my equals hurtful sundry ways,
(Forced to things that most do say were ill)
Upon me now as violently seize,
By which I lastly perisht by my skill,
On mine own neck returning (as my due)
That heavy yoke wherein by me they drew.

My

My greatness threaten'd by ill-boding eyes,
 My actions strangely censured of all,
 Yet in my way, my giddiness not sees
 The pit wherein I likely was to fall,
 O, were the sweets of man's felicities
 Often amongst not temper'd with some gall,
 He would forget by his o'erweening skill,
 Just heaven above doth censure good and ill!

Things over-rank do never kindly bear,
 As in the corn, the fluxure when we see
 Fills but the straw, when it should fill the ear,
 Rotting that time in ripening it should be,
 And being once down, itself can never rear:
 With us well doth this simile agree,
 (By the wise man) due to the Great in all,
 By their own weight being broken in their fall.

Self-loving man what sooner doth abuse,
 And more than his prosperity doth wound?
 Into the deep but fall how can he chuse,
 That over-strides whereon his foot to ground?
 Who sparingly prosperity doth use,
 And to himself doth after-ill propound,
 Unto his height who happily doth climb,
 Sits above Fortune, and controlleth Time.

Not choosing what us most delight doth bring,
 And most that by the general breath is freed,
 Wooing that suffrage but the virtuous thing,
 Which in itself is excellent indeed,
 Of which the depth and perfect managing
 Amongst the most but few there be that heed,
 Affecting that agreeing with their blood,
 Seldom enduring, and as seldom good.

But whilst we strive too suddenly to rise,
By flatt'ring Princes with a servile tongue,
And being soothers to their tyrannies,
Work our much woes by what doth many wrong,
And unto others tending injuries,
Unto our selves it hap'ning oft among,
In our own shares unluckily are caught,
Whilst our attempts fall instantly to naught.

The council-chamber place of my arrest,
Where chief I was, when greatest was the store,
And had my speeches noted of the best,
That did them as high oracles adore :
A Parliament was lastly my inquest,
That was my self a Parliament before,
The Tower-hill scaffold last I did ascend :
Thus the great'st man of England made his end.





T H E
QUEST of *CYNTHIA*.

WHAT time the groves were clad in green,
The fields drest all in flowers,
And that the sleek-hair'd Nymphs were seen
To seek them Summer bowers :

Forth rov'd I by the sliding rills,
To find where *CYNTHIA* sat,
Whose name so often from the hills
The Echoes wonder'd at.

When me upon my quest to bring,
That pleasure might excell,
The birds strove which should sweetliest sing,
The flow'rs which should sweetest smell.

Long wand'ring in the wood, said I,
' O whither's *CYNTHIA* gone ?'
When soon the Echo doth reply
To my last word,-----" go on."

At length upon a lofty fir
It was my chance to find,
Where that dear name most due to her,
Was carv'd upon the rind.

Which whilst with wonder I beheld,
The bees their honey brought,
And up the carved letters fill'd,
As they with gold were wrought,

And near that tree's more spacious root,
Then looking on the ground,
The shape of her most dainty foot
Imprinted there I found.

Which stuck there like a curious seal,
As though it should forbid
Us, wretched mortals, to reveal
What under it was hid.

Besides, the flowers which it had press'd,
Appeared to my view
More fresh and lovely than the rest,
That in the meadows grew.

The clear drops, in the steps that stood
Of that delicious girl,
The Nymphs, amongst their dainty food,
Drunk for dissolved pearl.

The yielding sand, where she had trod,
Untoucht yet with the wind,
By the fair posture plainly show'd,
Where I might CYNTHIA find.

When on upon my wayless walk
As my desires me draw,
I like a madman fell to talk
With every thing I saw :

I ask'd some Lillies, ' Why so white
' They from their fellows were ?'
Who answer'd me, " That CYNTHIA's sight
" Had made them look so clear."

I ask'd a nodding Violet ' Why
' It sadly hung the head ?'
It told me, " CYNTHIA late past by,
" Too soon from it that fled."

A bed of Roses saw I there,
 Bewitching with their grace;
 Besides so wond'rous sweet they were,
 That they perfum'd the place:

I of a Shrub of those enquir'd,
 From others of that kind,
 Who with such virtue them inspir'd?
 It answer'd (to my mind:)

' As the base Hemlock were we such,
 ' The poysoned't weed that grows,
 ' Till CYNTHIA, by her god-like touch,
 ' Transform'd us to the Rose:

' Since when those frosts that winter brings
 ' Which candy every green,
 ' Renew us like the teeming Springs,
 ' And we thus fresh are seen.'

At length I on a Fountain light,
 Whose brim with pinks was platted;
 The bank with daffadillies dight,
 With grafs like sleave was matted:

When I demanded of that Well,
 What pow'r frequented there;
 Desiring, it would please to tell
 What name it us'd to bear:

It told me ' it was CYNTHIA's own,
 ' Within whose cheerful brims,
 ' That curious nymph had oft been known
 ' To bathe her snowy limbs;

' Since when that water had the pow'r
 ' Lost maidenhoods to restore,
 ' And make one Twenty in an hour,
 ' Of Æson's age before.

And told me ' That the bottom clear,
' Now lay'd with many a fett
' Of seed-pearl, ere she bath'd her there,
' Was known as black as jet:

' As when she from the water came,
' Where first she touch'd the mold,
' In balls the people made the fame,
' For pomander and fold.'

When chance me to an arbour led,
Whereas I might behold;
Two blest Elysiums in one sted,
The less the great infold;

The place which she had chosen out,
Herself in to repose:
Had they come down, the Gods no doubt
The very fame had chose.

The wealthy Spring yet never bore
That sweet, nor dainty flower,
That damask'd not the chequer'd floor
Of CYNTHIA's Summer bower.

The Birch, the Myrtle, and the Bay,
Like friends did all embrace;
And their large branches did display,
To canopy the place.

Where she like VENUS doth appear
Upon a rosy bed;
As lillies the soft pillows were,
Whereon she lay'd her head.

Heav'n on her shape such cost bestow'd,
And with such bounties blest,
No limb of her's but might have made
A Goddess at the least.

The flies by chance mesht in her hair,
 By the bright radiance thrown
 From her clear eyes, rich jewels were,
 They so like diamonds shone.

The meanest Weed the soil there bare,
 Her breath did so refine,
 That it with Woodbine durst compare,
 And beard the Eglantine.

The Dew which on the tender grass
 The evening had distill'd,
 To pure Rose-water turned was,
 The shades with sweets that fill'd.

The winds were hush'd, no leaf so small
 At all was seen to stir:
 Whilst tuning to the waters fall,
 The small birds sang to her.

Where she too quickly me espies,
 When I too plainly see
 A thousand CUPIDS from her eyes
 Shoot all at once at me.

"Into these secret shades (quoth she)
 "How dar'st thou be so bold
 "To enter, consecrate to me,
 "Or touch this hallowed mold?"

"Those words (quoth she) I can pronounce,
 "Which to that shape can bring
 "Thee, which the Hunter had, who once
 "Saw DIAN in the Spring."

"Bright Nymph, again I thus reply,
 "This cannot me affright:
 "I had rather in thy presence die,
 "Than live out of thy sight,

‘ I first upon the mountains high
‘ Built altars to thy name,
‘ And grav’d it on the rocks thereby,
‘ To propagate thy fame.

‘ I taught the shepherds on the downs
‘ Of thee to form their lays :
‘ ’Twas I that fill’d the neighbouring towns
‘ With ditties of thy praise.

‘ Thy colours I devis’d with care,
‘ Which were unknown before :
‘ Which since that, in their braided hair
‘ The Nymphs and Sylvans wore.

‘ Transform me to what shape you can,
‘ I pass not what it be :
‘ Yea, what most hateful is to man,
‘ So I may follow thee.”

Which when she heard, full pearly floods
I in her eyes might view.
(Quoth she) “ Most welcome to these woods,
“ Too mean for one so true.

“ Here from the hateful world we’ll live,
“ A den of mere despight :
“ To idiots only that doth give,
“ Which be her sole delight.

“ To people the infernal pit,
“ That more and more doth strive ;
“ Where only villany is wit,
“ And devils only thrive.

“ Whose vileness us shall never awe :
“ But here our sports shall be,
“ Such as the golden world first saw,
“ Most innocent and free.

- " Of simples in these groves that grow,
 " We'll learn the perfect skill ;
 " The nature of each herb to know,
 " Which cures, and which can kill.

 " The waxen palace of the bee,
 " We seeking will surprise,
 " The curious workmanship to see—
 " Of her full-laden thighs.

 " We'll suck the sweets out of the comb,
 " And make the Gods repine,
 " As they do feast in Jove's great room,
 " To see with what we dine.

 " Yet when there haps a honey fall,
 " We'll lick the syrapt leaves ;
 " And tell the bees, that their's is gall
 " To this upon the greaves.

 " The nimble Squirrel noting here,
 " Her mossy dray that makes ;
 " And laugh to see the dusty Deer
 " Come bounding o'er the brakes.

 " The Spider's web to watch we'll stand,
 " And when it takes the bee,
 " We'll help out of the tyrant's hand
 " The innocent to free.

 " Sometime we'll angle at the brook,
 " The freckled Trout to take,
 " With filken worms and bait the hook,
 " Which him our prey shall make.

 " Of meddling with such subtle tools,
 " Such dangers that enclose,
 " The moral is, that painted fools
 " Are caught with filken shows.

“ And when the Moon doth once appear,
“ We’ll trace the lower grounds,
“ When Fairies in their ringlets there
“ Do dance their nightly rounds.

“ And have a flock of Turtle-doves,
“ A guard on us to keep,
“ As witness of our honest loves
“ To watch us till we sleep.”

Which spoke, I felt such holy fires
To overspread my breast,
As lent life to my chaste desires,
And gave me endless rest.

By CYNTHIA thus do I subsist,
On earth Heaven’s only pride ;
Let her be mine, and let who list
Take all the world beside.



THE LIFE OF CYNTHIA.

And when the vision took once more
Well then the lover's prayer
When I think of their high estate
The bliss of their nightly rounds.

And have a look at Cynthia's
A guard on to keep
As much as I can
To win the all of life.

Which spoke; I saw that day
To overtake the day
To let life to the world
and gave me all the rest.

Cynthia was so young
On earth I think only
I am content and let me
I take all the world with me.





THE
SHEPHERD'S SIRENA.

DORILUS, in sorrows deep,
Autumn waxing old and chill,
As he sate his flocks to keep,
Underneath an easy hill,
Chanc'd to cast his eye aside
On those fields, where he had seen
Bright SIRENA, Nature's pride,
Sporting on the pleasant green :
To whose walks the Shepherds oft
Came, her God-like foot to find ;
And in places that were soft,
Kist the print there left behind :
Where the path which she had trode,
Hath thereby more glory gain'd,
Than in heav'n that milky road,
Which with Nectar HEBE stain'd :
But bleak Winter's boist'rous blasts
Now their fading pleasures chide,
And so fill'd them with his wastes,
That from sight her steps were hid,
Silly shepherd, sad the while
For his sweet SIRENA gone,
All his pleasures in exile,
Laid on the cold earth alone :
Whilst his gamesome cut-tail'd cur
With his mirthless master plays,
Striving him with sport to stir,
As in his more youthful days.

DORILUS his dog doth chide,
 Lays his well-run'd bagpipe by,
 And his sheep-hook casts aside,
 There (quoth he) together lie.
 When a letter forth he took,
 Which to him SIRENA writ,
 With a deadly down-cast look,
 And thus fell to reading it.

' DORILUS, my dear (quoth she)
 ' Kind companion of my woe;
 ' Though we thus divided be,
 ' Death cannot divorce us so :
 ' Thou whose bosom hath been still
 ' Th' only closet of my care,
 ' And in all my good and ill
 ' Ever had thy equal share :
 ' Might I win thee from thy fold,
 ' Thou should'st come to visit me;
 ' But the winter is so cold,
 ' That I fear to hazard thee.
 ' The wild waters are wax'd high,
 ' So they are both deaf and dumb ;
 ' Lov'd they thee so well as I,
 ' They would ebb when thou should'st come :
 ' Then my cott with light should shine
 ' Purer than the Vestal fire ;
 ' Nothing here but should be thine,
 ' That thy heart can well desire :
 ' Where at large we will relate
 ' From what cause our friendship grew,
 ' And in that the varying fate,
 ' Since we first each other knew :
 ' Of my heavy pass'd plight,
 ' As of many a future fear,
 ' Which, except the silent night,
 ' None but only thou shalt hear.

My

‘ My sad heart it shall relieve,
‘ When my thoughts I shall disclose,
‘ For thou canst not chuse but grieve,
‘ When I shall recount my woes.
‘ There is nothing to that friend,
‘ To whose close uncranied breast
‘ We our secret thoughts may fend,
‘ And there safely let ’em rest :
‘ And thy faithful counsel may
‘ My distressed case assist ;
‘ Sad affliction else may sway
‘ Me, a woman, as it list.
‘ Hither I would have thee haste,
‘ Yet would gladly have thee stay,
‘ When those dangers I forecast,
‘ That may meet thee by the way.
‘ Do as thou shalt think it best,
‘ Let thy knowledge be thy guide ;
‘ Live thou in my constant breast,
‘ Whatsoever shall betide.

He her letter having read,
Puts it in his scrip again,
Looking like a man half dead,
By her kindness strangely slain :
And as one who inly knew
Her distressed present state,
And to her had still been true,
Thus doth with himself dilate.

‘ I will not thy face admire,
‘ Admirable though it be,
‘ Nor thine eyes, whose subtle fire
‘ So much wonder win in me :
‘ But my marvel shall be now,
‘ (And of long it hath been so)
‘ Of all woman-kind that thou
‘ Wert ordain’d to taste of woe.

' To a beauty so divine,
 ' (Paradise in little done)
 ' O that Fortune should assign
 ' Aught but what thou well might'st shun !
 ' But my counsels such must be,
 ' (Though as yet I them conceal)
 ' By their deadly wound in me,
 ' They thy hurt must only heal.
 ' Could I give what thou dost crave,
 ' To that pass thy state is grown,
 ' I thereby thy life may save,
 ' But am sure to lose mine own.
 ' To that joy thou do'st conceive,
 ' Through my heart the way doth lie,
 ' Which in two for thee must cleave,
 ' Lest that thou should'st go awry.
 ' Thus my death must be a toy,
 ' Which my pensive breast must cover ;
 ' Thy beloved to enjoy,
 ' Must be taught thee by thy lover.
 ' Hard the choice I have to chuse ;
 ' To my self if friend I be,
 ' I must my SIRENA lose ;
 ' If not so, she loseth me.

Thus whilst he doth cast about
 What therein were best to do,
 Nor could yet resolve the doubt,
 Whether he should stay or go :
 In those fields not far away
 There was many a frolick swain,
 In fresh ruffs day by day,
 That kept revels on the plain.
 Nimble TOM, surnam'd the TUP,
 For his pipe without a peer,
 And could tickle *Trenchmore* up,
 As 'twould joy your heart to hear :

RALPH,

RALPH, as much renown'd for skill,
That the taber touch'd so well :
For his gittern little GILL,
That all other did excell :
Rock and ROLLO every way,
Who still led the rustick ging,
And could troul a roundelay,
That would make the fields to ring :
COLLIN on his shalm so clear,
Many a high-pitch'd note that had,
And could make the Echoes near
Shout as they were waxen mad :
Many a lusty swain beside,
That for nought but pleasure car'd,
Having DORILUS espy'd,
And with him knew how it far'd,
Thought from him they would remove
This strong melancholy fit ;
Or so, should it not behove,
Quite to put him out of's wit :
Having learnt a song which he
Sometime to SIRENA sent,
Full of jollity and glee,
When the nymph liv'd near to Trent ;
They behind him softly got,
Lying on the earth along,
And when he suspected not,
Thus the jovial Shepherds song.

NEAR to the silver Trent
SIRENA dwelleth,
She to whom nature lent
All that excelleth ;
By which the Muses late,
And the neat Graces,
Have for their greater state
Taken their places :

Twisting

The Shepherd's SIRENA

Twisting an Anadem, down as
 Wherewith to crown her,
 As it belong'd to them
 Most to renown her.

*Cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

TAGUS and PACTOLUS
 Are to thee debtor,
 Nor for their gold to us
 Are they the better:
 Henceforth of all the rest,
 Be thou the River,
 Which as the daintiest,
 Puts them down ever.

For as my precious one
 O'er thee doth travel,
 She to Pearl paragon
 Turneth thy gravel.

*Cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

Our mournful PHILOMEL,
 That rarest tuner,
 Henceforth in April
 Shall wake the sooner,
 And to her shall complain
 From the thick cover,
 Redoubling every strain
 Over and over:

For

For when my love too long
Her chamber keepeth ;
As though it suffered wrong,
The Morning weepeth.

*Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

Oft have I seen the Sun,
To do her honour,
Fix himself at his noon
To look upon her,
And hath gilt every grove,
Every hill near her,
With his flames from above,
Striving to cheer her:
And when she from his sight
Hath herself turned,
He, as it had been night,
In clouds hath mourned.

*Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

The verdant meads are seen,
When she doth view them,
In fresh and gallant green
Strait to renew them ;
And every little grafs
Broad itself spreadeth,
Proud that this bonny lass
Upon it treadeth :

Nor

The Shepherd's SIRENA.

Nor flower is so sweet
 In this large cincture,
 But it upon her feet
 Leaveth some tincture.

*Cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

The fishes in the flood,
 When she doth angle,
 For the hook strive agood
 Them to intangle;
 And leaping on the land
 From the clear water,
 Their scales upon the sand
 Lavishly scatter;
 Therewith to pave the mold
 Whereon she passes,
 So herself to behold
 As in her glasses.

*Cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

When she looks out by night,
 The stars stand gazing,
 Like comets to our sight
 Fearfully blazing;
 As wond'ring at her eyes,
 With their much brightness,
 Which so amaze the skies,
 Dimming their lightness.

The

The raging tempests are calm
When she speaketh,
Such most delightful balm
From her lips breaketh.

*Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

In all our Brittany
There's not a fairer,
Nor can you fit any,
Should you compare her.
Angels her eye-lids keep,
All hearts surprizing;
Which look whilst she doth sleep
Like the sun's rising:
She alone of her kind
Knoweth true measure,
And her unmatched mind
Is heaven's treasure.

*Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

Fair Dove and Darwent clear,
Roast ye your beauties,
To Trent your mistress here
Yet pay your duties.
My love was higher born
Tow'rds the full fountains,
Yet she doth Moorland scorn,
And the Peak mountains;

Nor

The Shepherd's SIRENA.

Nor would she none should dream
 Where she abideth,
 Humble as is the stream,
 Which by her slideth.

*Cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

Yet my poor rustic Muse,
 Nothing can move her,
 Nor the means I can use,
 Though her true lover:
 Many a long winter's night
 Have I wak'd for her,
 Yet this my piteous plight
 Nothing can stir her.
 All thy sands, silver Trent,
 Down to the Humber,
 The sighs that I have spent
 Never can number.

*Cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

Taken with this suddain song,
 Least for mirth when he doth look;
 His sad heart more deeply stung
 Than the former care he took.
 At their laughter and amaz'd,
 For a while he sat aghast;
 But a little having gaz'd,
 Thus he them bespake at last.

‘ Is this time for mirth (quoth he)
‘ To a man with grief oppress’d ?
‘ Sinful wretches as you be,
‘ May the sorrows in my breast
‘ Light upon you one by one;
‘ And as now you mock my woe,
‘ When your mirth is turn’d to moan,
‘ May your like then serve you so.”

When one swain among the rest
Thus him merrily bespake:

‘ Get thee up, thou arrant beast,
‘ Fits this season love to make?
‘ Take thy sheep-hook in thy hand,
‘ Clap thy Cur and set him on;
‘ For our fields ’tis time to stand,
‘ Or they quickly will be gone.
‘ Roguish Swineherds, that repine
‘ At our flocks, like beastly clowns,
‘ Swear that they will bring their swine,
‘ And will root up all our downs:
‘ They their holly whips have brac’d,
‘ And tough hazel goads have got;
‘ Soundly they your fides will baste,
‘ If their courage fail them not.
‘ Of their purpose if they speed,
‘ It is neither Droan nor Reed,
‘ Shepherds, that will serve your turn.
‘ Angry OLCON sets them on,
‘ And against us part doth take,
‘ Ever since he was out-gone,
‘ Off’ring rhymes with us to make.
‘ Yet if so our sheep-hooks hold,
‘ Dearly shall our downs be bought;
‘ For it never shall be told,
‘ We our sheep-walks sold for naught.

‘ And

The Shepherd's SIRENA.

' And we here have got us dogs,
 ' Best of all the Western breed,
 ' Which though whelps shall lug their hogs,
 ' Till they make their ears to bleed:
 ' Therefore, shepherd, come away.'
 When as DORILUS arose,
 Whistles Cut-tail from his play,
 And along with them he goes.



THE



THE
POLY-OLBION
OF
MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq;





H

To

[When]

I N p
tag
Ver
esteemed
and mu
the idle
favours
than du
these, I
Poem,
that hav
perhaps
fear, to
being no
had rath
see the
by a tru
sels'd wi
wilt tak
chooset
as near
forth in
through

P R E F A C E.

To the General READER,

[When Mr. DRAYTON published Eighteen Songs only of this Poem.]

IN publishing this my Poem, there is this great disadvantage against me, that it cometh out at this time, when Verses are wholly deduced to chambers, and nothing esteemed in this lunatic age, but what is kept in cabinets, and must only pass by transcription. In such a season, when the idle humorous world must hear of nothing that either favours of antiquity, or may awake it to seek after more than dull and slothful ignorance may easily reach unto: these, I say, make much against me; and especially in a Poem, from any example, either of ancient, or modern, that have proved in this kind: whose unusual tract may perhaps seem difficult to the female sex; yea, and I fear, to some that think themselves not meanly learned, being not rightly inspired by the Muses: such I mean, as had rather read the fantasies of foreign inventions, than to see the rarities and history of their own country delivered by a true native Muse. Then, whosoever thou be, possess'd with such stupidity and dulness, that, rather than thou wilt take pains to search into ancient and noble things, choosest to remain in the thick fogs and mists of ignorance, as near the common lay-stall of a city; refusing to walk forth into the Tempe and fields of the Muses; where, through most delightful groves, the angelic harmony of

birds shall steal thee to the top of an easy hill, where in artificial caves, cut out of the most natural rock, thou shalt see the ancient people of this isle delivered thee in their lively images; from whose height thou may'st behold both the old and later times, as in thy prospect, lying far under thee; then conveying thee down by a soul-pleasing descent through delicate embroidered meadows, often veined with gentle-gliding brooks; in which thou may'st fully view the dainty nymphs in their simple naked beauties, bathing them in crystalline streams; which shall lead thee to most pleasant downs, where harmless shepherds are, some exercising their pipes, some singing roundelays to their gazing flocks. If, as I say, thou hadst rather (because it asks thy labour) remain where thou wert, than strain thy self to walk forth with the Muses, the fault proceeds from thy idleness, not from any want in my industry. And to any that shall demand wherefore, having promised this Poem of the general island so many years, I now publish only this part of it; I plainly answer, that many times I had determined with myself to have left it off, and have neglected my papers sometimes two years together, finding the times since his Majesty's happy coming in, to fall so heavily upon my distressed fortunes, after my zealous soul had laboured so long in that, which, with the general happiness of the kingdom, seemed not then impossible somewhat also to have advanced me. But I instantly saw all my long-nourish'd hopes even buried alive before my face: so uncertain in this world be the ends of our clearest endeavours! And whatever is herein that tastes of a free spirit, I thankfully confess to proceed from the continual bounty of my truly noble friend Sir WALTER ASTON; which hath given me the best of those hours, whose leisure hath effected this which I now publish. Sundry other Songs I have also, though yet not so perfect that I dare commit them to public censure; and the rest I determine to go forward with, God enabling me, may I find means to assist my endeavour. Now, Reader, for the farther

ther
help
art,
and
Nex
my
lying
quest
hear
censu

T
of Gr
my)
first
and J
three
Corn
then
of her
broad
Severn
of mil
Poem

An
Thy
Speak
tinue

ther understanding of my Poem, thou hast two especial helps: First the Argument, to direct thee still where thou art, and through what shires the Muse makes her journey, and what she chiefly handles in the song thereto belonging. Next hast thou the Illustration of this learned Gentleman, my friend, to explain every hard matter of history, that, lying far from the way of common reading, may (without question) seem difficult unto thee. Thus wishing thee thy heart's desire, and committing my Poem to thy charitable censure, I take my leave.

Thine, as thou art mine,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

To my Friends the CAMBRO-BRITONS.

TO have you without difficulty understand, how in this my intended progress through these united kingdoms of Great Britain, I have placed your (and, I must confess, my) loved Wales, you shall perceive, that after the three first songs beginning with our French islands, Guernsey and Jersey, with the rest; and perfecting in those first three the survey of these six our most Western counties, Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Hants, Wilts, and Somerset; I then make over Severn into Wales, not far from the midst of her broad-side that lieth against England. I term it her broad-side, because it lieth from Shrewsbury still along with Severn, till she lastly turn sea. And to explain two lines of mine (which you shall find in the fourth song of my Poem, but it is the first of Wales) which are these:

*And ere seven books have end, I'll strike so high a string,
Thy Bards shall stand amaz'd with wonder whilst I sing.*

Speaking of seven books, you shall understand that I continue Wales thro' so many; beginning in the fourth song

(where the nymphs of England and Wales contend for the
isle of Lundy) and ending in the tenth; striving, as my
much-loved the learned HUMPHRY FLOYD, in his descrip-
tion of Cambria to ABRAHAM ORTELIUS, to uphold her
ancient bounds, Severn and Dee, and therefore have in-
cluded the parts of those three English shires of Gloucester,
Worcester and Salop, that lie on the West of Severn, with-
in their ancient mother Wales: in which if I have not done
her right, the want is in my ability, not in my love. And
beside my natural inclination to love antiquity (which Wales
may highly boast of) I confess, the free and gentle com-
pany of that true lover of his country (as of all ancient and
noble things) Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS, his Majesty's gold-
smith, my dear and worthy friend, hath made me the
more seek into the antiquities of your country. Thus wish-
ing your favourable construction of these my faithful endea-
vours, I bid you farewell.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.



From the Author of the ILLUSTRATIONS.

PErmit me thus much of these Notes to my friend.
What the Verse oft, with allusion, as supposing a
full-knowing reader, lets slip; or in winding steps
of personating fictions (as sometimes) so infolds, that sudden
concept cannot abstract a form of the cloathed truth, I
have, as I might, illustrated. Brevity and Plainness (as
the one endur'd the other) I have joined; purposely avoid-
ing frequent commixture of different language; and when-
soever it happens, either the page or margin (specially for
Gentlewomen's sake) summarily interprets it, except where
interpretation aids not. Being not very prodigal of my
Historical faith, after explanation, I oft adventure on exa-
mination

mination and censure. The Author, in passages of first inhabitants, name, state, and monarchique succession in this isle, follows GEFREY AP ARTHUR, POLYCHRONICON; MATTHEW OF WESTMINSTER, and such more. Of their traditions, for that one so much controverted, and by Cambro-Britons still maintained, touching the Trojan BRUTE, I have (but as an advocate for the Muse) argued; disclaiming it, if alledg'd for my own opinion. In most of the rest, upon weighing the reporters credit, comparison with more perswading authority, and synchronism (the best touch-stone in this kind of trial) I leave note of suspicion, or add conjectural amendment: as for particular examples, among other, in BRENNUS mistook by all writers of later time, following JUSTIN's epitome of TROGUS ill conceiv'd; in ROBERT OF SWAPHAM's story of King WULPHER's murdering his children, in ROLLO first Duke of Normandy his time; none of them yet rectified (although the first hath been adventured on) by any that I have seen; and such more. And indeed my jealousy hath oft vext me with particular inquisition of whatsoever occurs, bearing not a mark of most apparent truth, ever since I found so intolerable antichronisms, incredible reports, and Bardish impostures, as well from ignorance as assum'd liberty of invention in some of our ancients; and read also such palpable falsities of our nation, thrust into the world by later time. As (to give a taste) that of RANDALL HIGDEN; affirming the beginning of wards in 6. HENRY III. POLYDORE's assertion (upon mistaking of the statute of 1. HENRY VII.) that it was death by the English laws for any man to wear a vizard; with many like errors in his history, of our trials by Twelve, Sheriffs, Coat of the kingdom, Parliaments, and other like; BARTOL's delivering the custom in this isle to be, "*quod primogenitus succedit in omnibus bonis*. The Greek CHALCONDYLAS his slanderous description of our usual form of kind entertainment, to begin with the wives courteous admission to

T t 4

that

that most affected pleasure of lascivious fancy (he was deceiv'd by misunderstanding the reports of our kissing^b salutations, given and accepted amongst us with more freedom than in any part of the Southern world, erroneously thinking, perhaps, that every kiss must be thought seconded with that addition to the seven promis'd by MERCURY in name of VENUS to him that should find PSYCHE; or as wanton as ARISTOPHANES his *Μανδαλωτόν* :) and many untruths of like nature in others. Concerning the Arcadian deduction of our British monarchy; within that time, from BRUTE, suppos'd about 2850 of the world (SAMUEL then judge of ISRAEL) unto some fifty-four before CHRIST, (about when JULIUS CÆSAR visited the island) no relation was extant, which is now left to our use. How then are they, which pretend chronologies of that age without any fragment of authors before GILDAS, TALIESSIN, and NENNIVS (the eldest of which was since 500 of CHRIST) to be credited? For my part, I believe as much in them as I do the finding of HIERO's ship-mast in our^c mountains, which is collected upon a corrupted place in ATHENÆUS, cited out of MOSCHION; or that PTOLEMY PHILADELPH sent to REUTHA King of Scots some 1900 years since, for discovery of this country, which CLAUDE PTOLEMY afterward put in his geography: or that JULIUS CÆSAR built Arthurs-hoffen in Stirling sheriffdom; or that BRITONS were at the rape of HESIONE with HERCULES, as our excellent wit, JOSEPH of EXCESTER (published falsely under name of CORNELIUS NEPOS) singeth: which are even equally warrantable, as ARIOSTO's narrations of persons and places in his ROWLAND'S SPENSER's elfin story, or RABLAIS's strange discoveries. Yet the capricious faction will (I know) never quit their belief of wrong; although some

ELIAS,

^b *Unum blandientis, ad pulsus lingue longè mellitum.* Apuleius *de Aur. Afri.* 6. And you may remember (as like enough he did) that in *Plautus Curcul.* *Qui vult cubare pangit saltem suavius*; and such more in other wanton Poets, with the opinion of Baldus, that a kiss in those

Southern nations, is sufficient consent to imperfect espousals, nothing of that kind, but copulation, with us and our neighbouring Dutch being so.

^c *Ἐν τοῖς ὄρεσι τῆς Βρετανίας, ἀντὶ τοῦ Βρετανίως, quæ nempe verior videtur lectio.*

ELIAS
quired
1800
terfeited
CRETI
prest a
piece o
posterit
trust no
cient m
VOPIS
have,
GILDAS
the last
(near of
BURY,
lished u
of mos
Englis
swer Bu
ATHEL
when h
the con
epitome
Bishop
rest of
all, I be
hate (c
with m
that, to
an histor
oft, out
credit.
sometim
you to
wrestling
from my

ELIAS or Delian diver should make open what is so inquired after. Briefly, until POLYBIUS, who wrote near 1800 since (for ARISTOTLE *περὶ Κόσμου* is clearly counterfeited in title) no Greek mentions the isle; until LUCRETIUS (some hundred years later) no Roman hath expressed a thought of us; until CÆSAR's commentaries, no piece of its description was known, that is now left to posterity. For time therefore preceding CÆSAR, I dare trust none; but with others adhere to conjecture. In ancient matter since, I rely on TACITUS and DIO especially, VOPISCUS, CAPITOLIN, SPARTIAN (for so much as they have, and the rest of the Augustan story) afterward GILDAS, NENNIUS, (but little is left of them, and that of the last very imperfect) BEDE, ASSERIO, ETHELWERD (near of blood to King ALFRED) WILLIAM of MALMSBURY, MARIAN, FLORENCE of WORCESTER (that published under name of FLORENCE hath the very syllables of most part of MARIAN the Scot's story, fraught with English antiquities; which will shew you how easily to answer BUCHANAN's objection against our historians about ATHELSTAN's being King of all Albion, being deceived when he imagined that there was no other of MARIAN but the common printed chronicle, which is indeed but an epitome or defloration made by ROBERT of LORRAINE, Bishop of Hereford under HENRY I.) and the numerous rest of our Monkish and succeeding chronographers. In all, I believe him most, which, freest from affection and hate (causes of corruption) might best know, and hath with most likely assertion delivered his report. Yet so, that, to explain the author, carrying himself in this part an historical, as in the other a chorographical Poet, I insert oft, out of the British story, what I importune you not to credit. Of that kind are those prophecies out of MERLIN sometime interwoven: I discharge my self; nor impute you to me any serious respect of them. Inviting, not wresting in occasion, I add sometime what is different from my task, but such as I guess would any where please

an

an understanding reader. To aid you in course of times, I have in fit place drawn chronologies upon credit of the ancients; and, for matter of that kind, have admonished (to the fourth Canto) what as yet I never saw by any observ'd, for wary consideration of the Dionysian cycle, and misinterpreted root of his Dominical year. Those old Rhymes, which (some number) you often meet with, are offer'd the willinger, both for variety of your mother-tongue, as also because the author of them (ROBERT of GLOCESTER) never yet appeared in common light. He was, in time, an age before; but, in learning and wit, as most others, much behind our worthy CHAUCER: whose name by the way occurring, and my work here being but to add plain song after Muses discanting, I cannot but digress to admonition of abuse, which this learned allusion in his *TROILUS*, by ignorance hath endured:

I am till God me better mind send,
At^a Dulcarnon, right at my wits end.

It is not NECHAM, or any else, that can make me entertain the least thought of the signification of *Dulcarnon* to be PYTHAGORAS's sacrifice after his geometrical theorem in finding the squares of an orthogonal triangle's sides, or that it is a word of Latin deduction; but indeed by easier pronunciation it was made of ^{في القرنين} i. e. *two-horned*: which the Mahometan Arabians use for a *root* in calculation, meaning ALEXANDER, as that great dictator of knowledge JOSEPH SCALIGER (with some ancients) wills, but by warranted opinion of my learned friend Mr. LYDYAT in his *Emendatio temporum*, it began in SELEUCUS NICANOR, twelve years after ALEXANDER's death. The name was applied, either because after time that ALEXANDER had perswaded himself to be JUPITER HAMMON's son, whose statue was with rams-horns, both his own and his successors coins were stamp'd with horned images: or else

^a Chaucer explained.

^e Epocha Seleucidarum.

in respo
ultra o
power t
horns.
he had
not kno
PRODIO
Logician
his conc
in his nex
readers m
ledge, t
tife of t
learned c
quainted
had it.
margin v
torians, I
But wher
matter of
shall exan
most of w
to that m

T

my instruct
and GIRA
and then
me, when

f Christman.
t. 11. Lyfsmach
dign. Antiq. let
interpretatio.
Of whom e
ger makes honor
verò illum Pal
thochium (Cujus
quod Beryt
hucio pieraq;

in respect of his two pillars erected in the East, as a *nihil ultra* of his conquest; and some say, because he had in power the Eastern and Western world, signified in the two horns. But howsoever, it well fits the passage, either as if he had personated CRESEIDE at the entrance of two ways, not knowing which to take; in like sense as that of PRODICUS his HERCULES, or PYTHAGORAS his Y, or the Logicians Dilemma express; or else, which is the truth of his conceit, that she was at a nonplus, as the interpretation in his next staff makes plain. How many of noble CHAUCER's readers never so much as suspect this his short essay of knowledge, transcending the common road? And by his treatise of the Astrolabe (which, I dare swear, was chiefly learned out of MESSAHALAH) it is plain he was much acquainted with the Mathematics, and amongst their authors had it. But I return to my self. From vain loading my margin with books, chapters, folios, or names of our historians, I abstain; course of time as readily directs to them. But where the place might not so easily occur, (chiefly in matter of Philology) there only (for view of them which shall examine me) I have added assisting references. For most of what I use of Chorography, join with me in thanks to that most learned nourice of antiquity,

————— τὸν τις καὶ τηλόθεν ναίων
Τιμᾶ ἀνὴρ Ἀγαθός, —————

my instructing friend Mr. CAMDEN Clarencieux. From him and GIRALD of Cambria also comes most of my British; and then may MERCURY and all the Muses deadly hate me, when, in permitting occasion, I profess not by whom I learn!

f Christman. Commentar. in Alfragan. t. 11. Lyfmacbi Cornuum apud Cael. Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 20. c. 12. hic genuina interpretatio.

g Of whom even every ingenious stranger makes honourable mention. Comitem vero illum Palatinum R. Vitum Basingstochium (Cujus Historiæ magnam partem quæsi Βεργαίζωντος Chorographica substructio pleræq; ad Antiquitatis amussim,

ab Eruditissimo hoc suo populari accepta, ne dicam suppilata, est) adeo inhumanum fuisse miror, ut bene merentem non tam libenter agnoscat, quàm Clariss. Viri syllabis et inventis codicem suum sæpius perquam ingratis suffarcinet. Atque id fere genus Plagiarios, rudes omnino, et Ἀμύους, et vernaculos nimirum Nostrates jam nunc imponere sarcinam video indignanter & ringor.

learn ! let them vent judgment on me which understand ; I justify all, by the self authors cited, crediting no transcribers, but when of necessity I must. My thirst compell'd me always seek the fountains, and by that, if means grant it, judge the rivers nature. Nor can any conversant in letters be ignorant what error is oft-times fallen into, by trusting authorities at second hand, and rash collecting (as it were) from visual beams refracted through another's eye. In performance of this charge (undertaken at request of my kind friend the author) brevity of time (which was but little more than since the Poem first went to the press) and that daily discontinued, both by my other most different studies seriously attended, and interrupting business, as enough can witness, might excuse great faults, especially of omission. But I take not thence advantage to desire more than common courtesy in censure, nor of this, nor of what else I heretofore have published, touching ^a Historical deduction of our ancient laws, wherein I scape not without tax.

*Sunt quibus in verbis videorq; obscurior, hoc est,
Evandri cum matre loqui, Faunisq; Numaq;
Nec secus ac si auctor Saliaris carminis essem.*

I have read in CICERO, AGELLIUS, LUCIAN'S LEXIPHANES, and others, much against that form : but withall, this later age (wherein so industrious search is among admired ruins of old monuments) hath, in our greatest Latin critics HANS DOUZ, P. MERULA, LIPSIUS, and such more, so revived that Saturnian language, that, to students in Philology, it is now grown familiar ; and (as ⁱ he saith) *Verba à vetustate repetita non solum magnos assertatores habent, sed etiam afferunt orationi majestatem aliquam, non sine delectatione.* Yet for antique terms, to the Learned, I will not justify it without exception (disliking not that of PHAVORIN, *Vive moribus præteritis, loquere verbis præ-*
sentibus

^a Janus Anglorum.

ⁱ Quintilian.

*sentibus
stamp,
offend,
deavour
blamele
glish of*

N7

*reprehen
purchase
VICTOR*

Qu

*or which
mon Po
TON, L
gift of u
compiler
fault eve*

Con

*I regard
dow ; I
in the V
tions ; b
sometime
passage, a
Ingenu
to the A
long since*

Aut

*k If thou
meddle no m
stand't not,*

sentibus; and as coin, so words, of a public and known stamp, are to be used) although so much as that way I offend, is warranted by example of such, of whom to endeavour imitation allows me more than the bare title of blameless. The purblind Ignorant I salute with the English of that monitory Epigram,

—————^k Εἰ δέ γε πάντων
Νῆϊς ἐφ' οὖς Μισέων, ῥίπον ἂ μὴ νοέης.

reprehension of them, whose language and best learning is purchased from such volumes as RABLAIS reckons Saint VICTOR's library, or barbarous glosses,

Quàm nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!

or which are furnish'd in our old story, only out of the common POLYCHRONICON, CAXTON, FABIAN, STOW, GRAFTON, LANQUET, COOPER, HOLINGSHED (perhaps with gift of understanding) POLYDORE, and the rest of our later compilers; or, of any adventurous THERSITES daring find fault even with the very Graces, in a strain

Cornua quod vincatque tubas—————

I regard as metamorphosed, LUCIUS's looking out at window; I slight, scorn, and laugh at it. By Sections [§] in the Verses you know what I meddle with in the Illustrations; but so, that with latitude, the direction admonishes sometimes as well for explaining a following or preceding passage, as its own.

Ingenuous Readers, to you I wish your best desires; to the Author I wish, (as an old Cosmographical Poet did long since to himself)

—————^l Ἀλλὰ σοι ὕμνων
Αὐτῶν ἐκ μακάρων ἀντάξι' ἐν ἀμοιβῇ.

To

^k If thou hast no taste in learning,
meddle no more with what thou under-
stand'st not.

^l That the godlike sort of men may
worthily guerdon his labours.

To Gentlemen and their Loves is consecrated all the Wooing Language, Allusions to Love-passions, and sweet Embracements feigned by the Muse 'mongst Hills and Rivers. Whatsoever tastes of Description, Battle, Story, abstruse Antiquity, and (which my particular study caused me sometime remember) Law of the Kingdom, to the more severe Reader. To the one, be contenting enjoyments of their auspicious desires; to the other, happy attendance of their chosen Muses,

From the Inner Temple,

May 9. 1612.



P O L Y

O F A L
The
Where hea
The calms
Nor night d
The summe
What help
Thou Ge
Which lived
Whilst yet th

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

The FIRST SONG.

The ARGUMENT.

*The sprightly Muse her wing displays,
And the French islands first surveys ;
Bears up with Neptune, and in glory
Transcends proud Cornwall's promontory ;
There crowns Mount-Michael, and describes
How all those riverets fall and rise ;
Then takes in Tamer, as she bounds
The Cornish and Devonian grounds.
And whilst the Dev'nshire nymphs relate
Their loves, their fortunes, and estate,
Dert undertaketh to revive
Our Brute, and sings his first arrive :
Then northward to the verge she bends,
And her first song at Ax she ends.*

OF Albion's glorious isle the wonders whilst I write,
The sundry varying soils, the pleasures infinite,
Where heat kills not the cold, nor cold expells the heat,
The calms too mildly small, nor winds too roughly great,
Nor night doth hinder day, nor day the night doth wrong,
The summer not too short, the winter not too long)
What help shall I invoke to aid my muse the while ?
Thou Genius of the place (this most renowned isle)
Which lived'st long before the all-earth-drowning flood,
Whilst yet the world did swarm with her gigantic brood,

Go

Go thou before me still thy circling shores about,
 And in this wand'ring maze help to conduct me out:
 Direct my course so right, as with thy hand to show
 Which way thy forests range, which way thy rivers flow;
 Wise Genius, by thy help that so I may descry
 How thy fair mountains stand, and how thy vallies lie;
 From those clear pearly cliffs which see the morning's pride,
 And check the surly imps of Neptune when they chide,
 Unto the big-swoln waves in the ^a Iberian stream,
 Where Titan still unyokes his fiery-hoofed team,
 And oft his flaming locks in luscious nectar steeps,
 When from Olympus' top he plungeth in the deeps:
 That from ^b th' Armoric sands, on surging Neptune's leas,
 Through the Hibernic gulf (those rough Vergivian seas)
 My verse with wings of skill may fly a lofty gait,
 §. As Amphitrite clips this island fortunate,
 Till through the sleepy main to ^c Thuly I have gone,
 And seen the frozen isles, the cold ^d Deucalidon,
 §. Amongst whose iron rocks grim Saturn yet remains,
 Bound in those gloomy caves with adamantine chains.

Ye sacred ^e bards, that to your harps melodious strings
 Sung th' ancient Heroes deeds (the monuments of Kings)
 And in your dreadful verse engrav'd the prophecies,
 The aged world's descents and genealogies;
 If, as those ^f Druids taught, which kept the British rites,
 And dwelt in darksome groves, there counselling with sprites
 (But their opinions fail'd, by error led awry,
 As since clear truth hath shew'd to their posterity)
 When these our souls by death our bodies do forsake,
 §. They instantly again do other bodies take;
 I could have wisht your spirits redoubled in my breast,
 To give my verse applause to time's eternal rest.

Thu

^a The western or Spanish ocean.^b Bretagne coasts.^c The farthest isle in the British ocean.^d The sea upon the north of Scotland.^e The old British poets.^f Priests of the ancient Britons.

Th
 Upon
 ' O ev
 ' By n
 ' On M
 ' And
 ' Fair
 ' Pecul
 ' Inferi
 ' With
 ' The
 ' Thou
 ' Her p
 ' With
 ' Ye fe
 ' The
 ' From
 ' To U
 ' §. Ga
 ' Ye ha
 ' With
 ' And l
 ' Whilft
 ' Crown
 ' And w
 ' Sing o
 Upon th
 Where
 The sho
 And vie
 Some ri
 Seem in
 Some fit
 As if bo

§ The
^h A sm
 point of C

Thus scarcely said the muse, but hovering while she hung
 Upon the ² Celtic wastes, the sea-nymphs loudly sung:
 'O ever-happy isles, your heads so high that bear,
 'By nature strongly fenc'd, which never need to fear
 'On Neptune's watry realms when Eölus raiseth wars,
 'And every billow bounds, as though to quench the stars:
 'Fair Jersey first of these here scatter'd in the deep,
 'Peculiarly that boasts thy double-horned sheep:
 'Inferior nor to thee, thou Guernsey, bravely crown'd
 'With rough-embattled rocks, whose venom-hating ground
 'The hard'ned emeril hath, which thou abroad dost send:
 'Thou Ligon her belov'd, and Serk, that doth attend
 'Her pleasure every hour; as Jethow, them at need,
 'With pheasants, fallow deer, and conies that dost feed:
 'Ye seven small sister isles, and Sorlings, which to see
 'The half-sunk sea-man joys; or whatsoe'er you be,
 'From fruitful Aurney, near the ancient Celtic shore,
 'To Ushant and the Seams, whereas those nuns of yore
 '§. Gave answers from their caves, & took what shapest they
 'Ye happy islands set within the British seas, [please:
 'With shrill and jocund shouts, th'unmeasur'd deeps awake,
 'And let the Gods of sea their secret bow'rs forsake,
 'Whilst our industrious muse Great Britain forth shall bring,
 'Crown'd with those glorious wreaths that beautify the spring;
 'And whilst green Thetis' nymphs, with many an amorous
 'Sing our invention safe unto her long-wisht bay.' [lay
 Upon the utmost end of Cornwall's furrowing beak,
 Where ^h Bresan from the land the tilting waves doth break;
 The shore let her transcend, the ⁱ promont to descry,
 And view about the point th'unnumbred fowl that fly;
 Some rising like a storm from off the troubled sand,
 Seem in their hov'ring flight to shadow all the land;
 Some sitting on the beach to prune their painted breasts,
 As if both earth and air they only did possess;

U u

Whence

² The French seas.

^h A small island upon the very point of Cornwall.

ⁱ A hill lying out as an elbow of land into the sea.

Whence climbing to the cliffs, herself she firmly sets
 The bourns, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the rivulets,
 Exactly to derive; receiving in her way
 That streightned tongue of land, where at Mount-Michael's
 Rude Neptune cutting in, a cante forth doth take; [bay,
 And on the other side, Hayle's vaster mouth doth make
 A * chersonefe thereof, the corner clipping in;

Where to th' industrious muse the Mount doth thus begin:

' Before thou further pass, and leave this setting shore,
 ' §. Whose towns unto the saints that lived here of yore
 ' (Their fasting, works and pray'rs, remaining to our shames
 ' Were rear'd, and justly call'd by their peculiar names,
 ' The builders honour still; this due and let them have,
 ' As deign to drop a tear upon each holy grave;
 ' Whose charity and zeal, instead of knowledge stood:
 ' For surely in themselves they were right simply good.
 ' If credulous too much, thereby th' offended heaven,
 ' In their devout intents yet be their sins forgiven.'

Then from his rugged top the tears down trickling fell;
 And in his passion stirr'd, again began to tell [to pass:
 Strange things, that in his days time's course had brought
 That forty miles now sea, sometimes firm fore-land was;
 And that a forest then, which now with him is flood,
 §. Whereof he first was call'd the Hoar-rock in the wood;
 Relating then how long this soil had laid forlorn,
 As that her Genius now had almost her forsworn,
 And of their ancient love did utterly repent,
 Sith to destroy herself that fatal tool she lent,
 To which th' insatiate slave her intrails out doth draw,
 That thrusts his gripple hand into her golden maw;
 And for his part doth wish, that it were in his pow'r
 To let the ocean in, her wholly to devour.

Which Hayle doth overhear, & much doth blame his rage,
 And told him (to his teeth) he doated with his age.
 For Hayle (a lusty nymph, bent all to amorous play,
 And having quick recourse into the Severn sea,
 With Neptune's pages oft disporting in the deep;
 One never touch'd with care, but how herself to keep

In excellent estate) doth thus again intreat ;
 ' §. Muse, leave the wayward mount to his distemper'd heat,
 ' Who nothing can produce but what doth taste of spight,
 ' I'll shew thee things of ours most worthy thy delight.
 ' Behold our diamonds here, as in the quarrs they stand,
 ' By nature neatly cut, as by a skilful hand,
 ' Who varieth them in forms, both curiously and oft ;
 ' Which for she (wanting power) produceth them too soft,
 ' That virtue which she could not liberally impart,
 ' She striveth to amend by her own proper art.
 ' Besides the sea-holm here, that spreadeth all our shore,
 ' The sick-consuming man so powerful to restore,
 ' Whose root th' eringo is, the reins that doth inflame
 ' So strongly to perform the Cytheræan game,
 ' That generally approv'd both far and near is sought ;
 ' §. And our Main-Amber here, and Burien trophy, thought
 ' Much wrong'd, nor yet prefer'd for wonders with the rest.'

But the laborious muse, upon her journey prest,
 Thus uttereth to herself ; ' To guide my course aright,
 ' What mound or steddý mere is offered to my sight,
 ' Upon this out-stretcht arm, whilst sailing here at ease,
 ' Betwixt the southern waste, and the Sabrinian seas,
 ' I view those wanton brooks, that waxing still do wane ;
 ' That scarcely can conceive, but brought to bed again ;
 ' Scarce rising from the spring (that is their natural mother)
 ' To grow into a stream, but buried in another.'
 When Chore doth call her on, that wholly doth betake
 Herself unto the Loo ; transform'd into a lake,
 Through that impatient love she had to entertain
 The lustful Neprune oft ; whom when his wracks restrain,
 Impatient of the wrong, impetuously he raves :
 And in his rageful flow, the furious King of waves
 Breaks foaming o'er the beach, whom nothing seems to cool,
 Till he have wrought his will on that capacious pool :
 Where Menedge, by his brooks, a ^{*}cherfonesè is cast,
 Widening the slender shore to ease it in the waste ;

U u 2

A pro-

* A place almost surrounded by the sea.

A promont jutting out into the dropping south,
 That with his threat'ning cliffs in horrid Neptune's mouth,
 Derides him and his pow'r: nor cares how him he greets.
 Next Roseland (as his friend, the mightier Menedge) meets
 Great Neptune when he swells, and rageth at the rocks
 (Set out into those seas) inforcing through his shocks
 Those arms of sea that thrust into the tinny strand,
 By their meandred creeks indenting of that land,
 Whose fame by every tongue is for her minerals hurl'd,
 Near from the mid-day's point, thro' out the western world.
 Here Vale a lively flood, her nobler name that gives
 To ¹ Falmouth; and by whom, it famous ever lives,
 Whose entrance is from sea so intricately wound,
 Her haven angled so about her harb'rous sound,
 That in her quiet bay a hundred ships may ride,
 Yet not the tallest mast be of the tall'st descry'd;
 Her bravery to this nymph when neighbouring rivers told,
 Her mind to them again she briefly doth unfold:

'Let ^m Camel of her course and curious windings boast,
 'In that her greatness reigns sole mistress of that coast
 'Twixt Tamer and that bay, where Hayle pours forth her pride;
 'And let us (nobler nymphs) upon the mid-day side
 'Be frolic with the best. Thou Foy, before us all,
 'By thine own named town made famous in thy fall,
 'As Low amongst us here, a most delicious brook,
 'With all our sister nymphs, that to the noonsted look,
 'Which gliding from the hills upon the tinny ore,
 'Betwixt your high-rear'd banks, resort to this our shore
 'Lov'd streams, let us exult, and think ourselves no less
 'Than those upon their side, the setting that possess.'

Which Camel over-heard: but what doth she respect
 Their taunts, her proper course that loosely doth neglect?
 As frantic, ever since her British Arthur's blood,
 By Mordred's murderous hand was mingled with her flood
 For as that river best might boast that conqueror's breath,
 So sadly she bemoans his too untimely death;

¹ The bravery of Falmouth ha-
 ven.

^m This is also called Alan.

Who af
 Yet bac
 As thou
 Were we
 And care
 This mu
 'Even in
 'And na
 'Time c
 'To shew
 'Or some
 'That th
 'Some li
 'The ric
 'But tim
 'That it
 The N
 Proud T
 As fits fo
 So to inc
 Receives
 First take
 Comes K
 In Tamer
 Then Ly
 Her sover
 To beaut
 This hono
 Those pro
 High Ro
 And is by
 Associate
 Which in
 Of which,
 Then Lid
 Herself an

A wor

Who after twelve proud fields against the Saxon fought,
 Yet back unto her banks by fate was lastly brought :
 As though no other place on Britain's spacious earth
 Were worthy of his end, but where he had his birth :
 And careless ever since how she her course doth steer,
 This mutt'reth to herself, in wand'ring here and there :
 'Even in the aged'st face, where beauty once did dwell,
 'And nature (in the least) but seemed to excell,
 'Time cannot make such waste, but something will appear,
 'To shew some little tract of delicacy there,
 'Or some religious work, in building many a day,
 'That this penurious age hath suffer'd to decay ;
 'Some limb or model dragg'd out of the ruinous mass,
 'The richness will declare in glory whilst it was :
 'But time upon my waste committed hath such theft,
 'That it of Arthur here scarce memory hath left.'

The Nine-ston'd trophy thus whilst she doth entertain,
 Proud Tamer swoops along with such a lusty train,
 As fits so brave a flood, two countries that divides :
 So to increase her strength, she from her equal sides
 Receives their several rills; and of the Cornish kind,
 First taketh Atré in; and her not much behind
 Comes Kensey : after whom, clear Enjan in doth make,
 In Tamer's roomthier banks their rest that scarcely take.
 Then Lyner, tho' the while aloof she seem'd to keep,
 Her sovereign when she sees t' approach the surgesful deep,
 To beautify her fall, her plenteous tribute brings;
 This honours Tamer much, that she whose plenteous springs
 Those proud aspiring hills, Bromwelly and his friend
 High Rowter, from their tops impartially commend,
 And is by ⁿ Carew's muse the river most renown'd,
 Associate should her grace to the Devonian ground,
 Which in those other brooks doth emulation breed.
 Of which, first Car comes crown'd with ozier, segs & reed :
 Then Lid creeps on along, and taking Thrushel, throws
 Herself amongst the rocks; and so incavern'd goes,

U u 3

That

ⁿ A worthy Gentleman, who wrote the description of Cornwall.

That of the blessed light (from other floods) debarr'd,
 To bellow underneath she only can be heard,
 As those that view her tract, seems strangely to affright:
 So Toovy straineth in; and Plym, that claims by right
 The christning of that bay, which bears her nobler name.
 Upon the British coast ° what ship yet ever came,
 That not of Plymouth hears, where those brave navies lie,
 From cannons thund'ring throats that all the world defy?
 Which to invasive spoil, when th' English list to draw,
 Have check'd Iberia's pride, and held her oft in awe:
 Oft furnishing our dames with India's rar'st devices,
 And lent us gold, and pearl, rich silks, & dainty spices.
 But Tamer takes the place, and all attend her here,
 A faithful bound to both; and two that be so near
 For likeness of soil, and quantity they hold,
 Before the Roman came; whose people were of old
 §. Known by one general name, upon this point that dwell,
 All other of this isle in wrestling that excell:
 With collars be they yok'd, to prove the arm at length,
 Like bulls set head to head, with meer deliver strength;
 Or by the girdles graspt, they practise with the hip,
 The ° forward, backward, falx, the mar, the turn, the trip,
 When stript into their shirts, each other they invade
 Within a spacious ring, by the beholders made,
 According to the law. Or when the ball to throw,
 And drive it to the goal, in squadrons forth they go;
 And to avoid the troops their forces that fore-lay,
 Through dikes and rivers make, in this robustious play;
 By which the toils of war most lively are exprest.

But muse, may I demand, Why these of all the rest,
 (As mighty Albion's eld'st) most active are and strong?
 From ° Corin came it first, or from the use so long?
 §. Or that this fore-land lies farth'st out into his sight,
 Which spreads his vigorous flames on every lesser light?
 With th' virtue of his beams, this place that doth inspire,
 Whose pregnant womb prepar'd by his all-pow'ful fire,

Being

° The praise of Plymouth.

p Terms of art in wrestling.

| ° Our first great wrestler, arriv-
 ing here with Brute.

Being p
 Which
 The w
 A huf
 But
 Those
 A neig
 And w
 Is pour
 That w
 Remen
 To int
 Ock co
 'Now
 'The o
 'Upo
 'Will
 'And
 'Ther
 'Turn
 'Whe
 'With
 'Ther
 Wit
 The T
 And e
 Brings
 Which
 She be
 How
 Th
 Distru
 And i
 Of an
 The p
 Which
 No fo
 And i

Being purely hot and moist, projects that fruitful seed,
Which strongly doth beget, and doth as strongly breed:
The well-disposed heaven here proving to the earth
A husband furthering fruit, a midwife helping birth.

But whilst th' industrious muse thus labours to relate
Those rillets that attend proud Tamer and her state,
A neighbourer of this nymph's, as high in fortune's grace,
And whence calm Tamer trips, clear Towridge in that place
Is poured from her spring, and seems at first to flow
That way which Tamer strains; but as she great doth grow,
Rememb'reth to foresee what rivals she should find
To interrupt her course; whose so unsettled mind
Ock coming in perceives, and thus doth her perswade:
'Now Neptune shield, bright nymph, thy beauty should be
'The object of her scorn, which (for thou can'st not be [made
'Upon the southern side so absolute as she)
'Will awe thee in thy course. Wherefore, fair flood, recoil,
'And where thou may'st alone be sov'reign of the soil,
'There exercise thy pow'r, thy braveries and display:
'Turn, Towridge, let us back to the Sabrinian sea,
'Where Thetis' handmaids still, in that recoursesful deep,
'With those rough Gods of sea continual revels keep;
'There may'st thou live admir'd, the mistress of the lake.

Wife Ock she doth obey, returning, and doth take
The Taw; wh^{ch} from her fount forc'd on with amorous gales,
And eas'ly ambling down through the Devonian dales,
Brings with her Moul & Bray, her banks that gently bathe;
Which on her dainty breast, in many a silver swathe,
She bears unto that bay where Barstaple beholds
How her beloved Taw clear Towridge there enfolds.

The confluence of these brooks divulg'd in Dertmoor,
Distrust in her sad breast, that she so largely spread, [bred
And in this spacious shire the near'st the center set
Of any place of note, that these should bravely get
The praise from those that sprung out of her pearly lap:
Which, nourish'd and bred up at her most plenteous pap,
No sooner taught to dade, but from their mother trip,
And in their speedy course strive others to outstrip.

The Yalm, the Awn, the Aum, by spacious Dertmoor fed,
 And in the southern sea b'ing likewise brought to bed ;
 That these were not of power to publish her desert,
 Much griev'd the ancient moor ; which understood by Dert
 (From all the other floods that only takes her name,
 And as her eld'ft, in right the heir of all her fame)
 To shew her nobler spirit it greatly doth behove. [move ;

' Dear mother, from your breast this fear (quoth she) re-
 ' Defy their utmost force ; there's not the proudest flood,
 ' That falls betwixt the Mount & Exmore, shall make good
 ' Her royalty with mine, with me nor can compare :
 ' I challenge any one to answer me that dare ;
 ' That was, before them all, predestinate to meet
 ' My Britain-founding Brute, when with his puissant fleet
 ' At Totness first he touch'd ; which shall renown my stream
 ' (§. Which now the envious world doth slander for a dream :)
 ' Whose fatal flight from Greece, his fortunate arrive
 ' In happy Albion here whilst strongly I revive,
 ' Dear Harburn, at thy hands this credit let me win,
 ' Quoth she, that as thou hast my faithful handmaid been,
 ' So now, my only brook, assist me with thy spring,
 ' Whilst of the godlike Brute the story thus I sing.

' When long-renowned Troy lay spent in hostile fire,
 ' And aged Priam's pomp did with her flames expire,
 ' Æneas (taking thence Ascanius, his young son,
 ' And his most rev'rend fire, the grave Anchises, won
 ' From shoals of slaught'ring Greeks) set out from Simois'
 ' shores,

' And through the Tyrrhene sea, by strength of toiling
 ' oars,

' Raught Italy at last ; where King Latinus lent
 ' Safe harbour for his ships, with wrackful tempests rent :
 ' When in the Latin court, Lavinia young and fair,
 ' Her father's only child, and kingdom's only heir,
 ' Upon the Trojan Lord her liking strongly plac'd,
 ' And languish'd in the fires that her fair breast embrac'd :
 ' But Turnus (at that time) the proud Rutulian King,
 ' A suitor to the maid, Æneas malicing,

' By

' By force of arms attempts his rival to extrude :
 ' But by the Teucrian power courageously subdu'd,
 ' Bright Cytheræa's son the Latin crown obtain'd ;
 ' And dying, in his stead his son Ascanius reign'd.
 ' §. Next Sylvius him succeeds, begetting Brute again :
 ' Who in his mother's womb whilst yet he did remain,
 ' The oracles gave out, that next-born Brute should be
 ' §. His parents only death : which soon they liv'd to see.
 ' For, in his painful birth his mother did depart ;
 ' And ere his fifteenth year, in hunting of a hart,
 ' He with a luckless shaft his hapless father slew :
 ' For which, out of his throne their King the Latines threw.
 ' Who wand'ring in the world, to Greece at last doth get,
 ' Where whilst he liv'd unknown, and oft with want beset,
 ' He of the race of Troy a remnant hapt to find,
 ' There by the Grecians held ; which (having still in mind
 ' Their tedious ten years war, and famous heroes slain)
 ' In slavery with them still those Trojans did detain ;
 ' Which Pyrrhus thither brought, (& did with hate pursue,
 ' To wreak Achilles' death, at Troy whom Paris slew)
 ' There by Pandrasus kept in sad and servile awe : [saw,
 ' Who when they knew young Brute, & that brave shape they
 ' They humbly him desire, that he a mean would be,
 ' From those imperious Greeks his countrymen to free.
 ' He, finding out a rare and sprightly youth, to fit
 ' His humour every way, for courage, power, and wit,
 ' Assaracus, (who though that by his fire he were
 ' A Prince among the Greeks, yet held the Trojans dear ;
 ' Descended of their stock upon the mother's side,
 ' For which he by the Greeks his birth-right was deny'd)
 ' Impatient of his wrongs, with him brave Brute arose,
 ' And of the Trojan youth courageous captains chose,
 ' Rais'd earth-quakes with their drums, the ruffling ensigns
 ' And gath'ring young & old that rightly Trojan were, [rear,
 ' Up to the mountains march, thro' straits & forests strong :
 ' Where taking-in the towns pretended to belong
 ' Unto that Grecian Lord, some forces there they put :
 ' Within whose safer walls their wives and children shut,

: Assaracus.

: Into

' Into the fields they drew, for liberty to stand.

' Which when Pandrasus heard, he sent his strict command

' To levy all the power he presently could make :

' So to their strengths of war the Trojans them betake.

' But whilst the Grecian guides (not knowing how or where

' The Teucrians were intrench'd, or what their forces were)

' In foul disorder'd troops yet straggled, as secure,

' This looseness to their spoil the Trojans did allure,

' Who fiercely them assail'd: where staunchless fury rap'd

' The Grecians in so fast, that scarcely one escap'd ;

' Yea, proud Pandrasus' flight himself could hardly free.

' Who, when he saw his force thus frustrated to be,

' And by his present loss his passed error found,

' As by a later war to cure a former wound,

' Doth reinforce his power, to make a second fight ;

' When they, whose better wits had over-matcht his might,

' Loth what they got to lose, as politicly cast

' His armies to intrap, in getting to them fast

' Antigonus as friend, and Anaclet his peer

' (Surpriz'd in the last fight) by gifts who hired were

' Into the Grecian camp th'insuing night to go,

' And feign they were stol'n forth, to their allies to show

' How they might have the spoil of all the Trojan pride ;

' And gaining them belief, the credulous Grecians guide

' Into th' ambushment near, that secretly was laid :

' So to the Trojans hands the Grecians were betray'd ;

' Pandrasus self surpriz'd ; his crown who to redeem

' (Which scarcely worth their wrong the Trojan race esteem)

' Their slavery long sustain'd did willingly release :

' And (for a lasting league of amity and peace)

' Bright Innogen, his child, for wife to Brutus gave,

' And furnisht them a fleet, with all things they could crave

' To set them out to sea. Who launching, at the last,

' They on Lergesia light, an isle ; and, ere they past,

' Unto a temple built to great Diana there,

' The noble Brutus went ; wife * Trivia to enquire,

' To shew them where the stock of ancient Troy to place

' The Goddess, that both knew and lov'd the Trojan race

' One of the titles of Diana.

' Reveal'd

'Reveal'd to him in dreams, that farthest to the West,
 '§. He should descry the isle of Albion, highly blest;
 'With giants lately stor'd; their numbers now decay'd:
 'By vanquishing the rest, his hopes should there be staid: [rise,
 'Where from the stock of Troy, those puissant Kings should
 'Whose conquests from the West, the world should scant suffice.

'Thus answer'd; great with hope, to sea they put again,
 'And safely under sail, the hours do entertain
 'With sights of sundry shores, which they from far descry:
 'And viewing with delight th'Azarian mountains high,
 'One walking on the deck, unto his friend would say
 '(As I have heard some tell) so goodly Ida lay.

'Thus talking 'mongst themselves, they sun-burnt Afric
 'Upon the leeward still, and (sulking up the deep) [keep
 'For Mauritania make: where putting-in, they find
 'A remnant (yet reserv'd) of th'ancient Dardan kind,
 'By brave Antenor brought from out the Greekish spoils
 '(O long renowned Troy! of thee and of thy toils,
 'What country had not heard?) which to their General then
 'Great Corineus had, the strong'st of mortal men:
 'To whom (with joyful hearts) Diana's will they show.

'Who eas'ly being won along with them to go,
 'They all together put into the watry plain:
 'Oft times with pirates, oft with monsters of the main
 'Distressed in their way; whom hope forbids to fear.
 'Those pillars first they pass which Jove's great son did rear,
 'And cussing those stern waves which like huge mountains roll,
 '(Full joy in every part possessing every soul)
 'In Aquitain at last the Ilion race arrive;
 'Whom strongly to repulse when as those recreants strive,
 'They (anchoring there at first but to refresh their fleet,
 'Yet saw those savage men so rudely them to greet)
 'Unshipt their warlike youth, advancing to the shore.
 'The dwellers, which perceiv'd such danger at the door,
 'Their King Grossefarius get to raise his powerful force:
 'Who must'ring up an host of mingled foot and horse,
 'Upon the Trojans set; when suddenly began
 'A fierce and dangerous fight; where Corineus ran

' With

' With slaughter thro' the thick-set squadrons of the foes,
 ' And with his armed ax laid on such deadly blows,
 ' That heaps of lifeless trunks each passage stopt up quite.
 ' Groffarius having lost the honour of the fight,
 ' Repairs his ruin'd pow'rs ; not so to give them breath :
 ' When they, which must be freed by conquest or by death,
 ' And conquering them before, hop'd now to do no less,
 ' (The like in courage still) stand for the like success.
 ' Then stern and deadly war put on his horrid shape ;
 ' And wounds appear'd so wide, as if the grave did gape
 ' To swallow both at once ; which strove as both shall fall,
 ' When they with slaughter seem'd to be encircled all :
 ' Where Turon (of the rest) Brute's sister's valiant son
 ' (By whose approved deeds that day was chiefly won)
 ' Six hundred slew outright through his peculiar strength :
 ' By multitudes of men yet over-prest at length,
 ' His nobler uncle there, to his immortal name,
 ' §. The city Turon built, and well endow'd the same.
 ' For Albion sailing then, th' arriv'd quickly here,
 ' (O! never in this world men half so joyful were,
 ' With shouts heard up to heaven, when they beheld the
 land)
 ' And in this very place where Totness now doth stand,
 ' First set their Gods of Troy, kissing the blessed shore ;
 ' Then foraging this isle, long promis'd them before,
 ' Amongst the ragged cliffs those monstrous giants sought,
 ' Who (of their dreadful kind) t'appall the Trojans,
 brought
 ' Great Gogmagog, an oak that by the roots could tear :
 ' So mighty were (that time) the men who lived there :
 ' But, for the use of arms he did not understand
 ' (Except some rock or tree, that coming next to hand
 ' He raz'd out of the earth to execute his rage)
 ' He challenge makes for strength, & offereth there his gage.
 ' Which Corin taketh up, to answer by and by,
 ' Upon this son of earth his utmost power to try.
 ' All doubtful to which part the victory would go,
 ' Upon that lofty place at Plimmouth call'd the Hoe,
 ' Those

' Th
 ' W
 ' Bu
 ' An
 ' Th
 ' Th
 ' A t
 ' Th
 ' Wh
 ' An
 ' Th
 ' Lik
 ' The
 ' (Bel
 ' Pite
 ' An
 ' Roo
 ' Stro
 ' That
 ' The
 ' To g
 ' For
 ' This
 ' §. O
 ' Clea
 Inflam
 So hig
 By her
 And fu
 To sin
 When
 Nor co
 Their f
 To feel
 And by
 When
 ' Desc

' Those mighty ' wrestlers met ; with many an ireful look
 ' Who threatned, as the one hold of the other took :
 ' But, grappled, glowing fire shines in their sparkling eyes.
 ' And, whilst at length of arm one from the other lies,
 ' Their lusty sinews swell like cables, as they strive :
 ' Their feet such trampling make, as tho' they forc'd to drive
 ' A thunder out of earth, which stagger'd with the weight :
 ' Thus, either's utmost force urg'd to the greatest height,
 ' Whilst one upon his hip the other seeks to lift,
 ' And th' adverse (by a turn) doth from his cunning shift,
 ' Their short-fetcht troubled breath a hollow noise doth make
 ' Like bellows of a forge. Then Corin up doth take
 ' The giant twixt the grains; and voiding of his hold
 ' (Before his cumbrous feet he well recover could)
 ' Pitcht headlong from the hill ; as when a man doth throw
 ' An axtree, that with slight deliver'd from the toe
 ' Roots up the yielding earth; so that his violent fall
 ' Strook Neptune with such strength, as shoulder'd him withal;
 ' That where the monstrous waves like mountains late did stand,
 ' They leapt out of the place, and left the bared sand
 ' To gaze upon wide heaven : so great a blow it gave.
 ' For which, the conquering Brute on Corineus brave
 ' This horn of land bestow'd, & mark it with his name ;
 ' §. Of Corin, Cornwall call'd, to his immortal fame.

Clear Dert delivering thus the famous Brute's arrive,
 Inflam'd with her report, the straggling rivulets strive
 So highly her to raise, that Ting (whose banks were blest
 By her beloved nymph dear Leman) which address,
 And fully with herself determin'd before
 To sing the Danish spoils committed on her shore,
 When hither from the east they came in mighty swarms,
 Nor could their native earth contain their numerous arms,
 Their surcrease grew so great, as forced them at last
 To seek another soil, as bees do when they cast ;
 And by their impious pride how hard she was bested,
 When all the country swam with blood of Saxons shed :

This

' Description of the wrestling betwixt Corineus and Gogmagog.

This river, as I said, which had determin'd long
 The deluge of the Danes exactly to have song,
 It utterly neglects; and studying how to do
 The Dert those high respects belonging her unto,
 Inviteth goodly Ex, who from her full-fed spring
 Her little Barlee hath, and Dunsbrook her to bring
 From Exmore; when she hath scarcely found her course,
 Than Credde cometh in, and Forto, which inforce
 Her faster to her fall; as Ken her closely clips,
 And on her eastern side sweet Leman gently slips
 Into her widen'd banks, her Sovereign to assist;
 As Columb wins for Ex clear Wever and the Clift,
 Contributing their streams their mistress' fame to raise.
 As all assist the Ex, so Ex consumeth these;
 Like some unthrifty youth, depending on the court,
 To win an idle name, that keeps a needless port;
 And raising his old rent, exacts his farmers store
 The landlord to enrich, the tenants wond'rous poor:
 Who having lent him theirs, he then consumes his own,
 That with most vain expense upon the Prince is thrown:
 So these, the lesser brooks unto the greater pay;
 The greater, they again spend all upon the sea:
 As, Otrey (that her name doth of the otters take,
 Abounding in her banks) and Ax, their utmost make
 To aid stout Dert, that dar'd Brute's story to revive.
 For when the Saxon first the Britons forth did drive,
 Some up into the hills themselves o'er Severn shut:
 Upon this point of land, for refuge, others put,
 To that brave race of Brute still fortunate. For where
 Great Brute firrst disembark'd his wand'ring Tojans, there
 §. His offspring (after long expulst the inner land,
 When they the Saxon power no longer could withstand)
 Found refuge in their flight; where Ax and Otrey first
 Gave these poor souls to drink, oppress'd with grievous thirst.

Here I'll unyoke awhile, and turn my steeds to meat:
 The land grows large and wide; my team begins to sweat.

ILLUS.

I F in p
 to inv
 tians hav
 in join w
 0a; and

When
 Clermont
 purposing
 seriously
 donation.
 fer, Ralph
 with the
 ressed, the
 you have
 read *Fran*
 e and part
 the Pope's
 intolerable
 cause of t
 derive All
 verse allud

Am

Fabulou
 and that al
 prisoned h
 bout the u
 mate of th
 one most t
 lying towa
 iron chains
 of Jupiter's
 Fate. Eve
 for success

a Rabbin.
 vol. 3. c. 9.
 Tb. 2. dist. 1.
 b God afor
 c Rob Ave
 fortunate isles
 d Hypodigm

ILLUSTRATIONS.

IF in prose and religion it were as justifiable, as in poetry and fiction, to invoke a local power (for anciently both Jews, Gentiles, and Christians have supposed to every country a singular ^a Genius) I would therein join with the author. Howsoever, in this and all ^b *ἐν δὲ τοῖς ἀρχαίοις*; and so I begin to you.

As Amphitrite clips this island fortunate.

When Pope Clement VI. granted the fortunate isles to Lewis Earl of Clermont, by that general name (meaning only the seven Canaries, and purposing their Christian conversion) the English ambassadors at Rome seriously doubted, ^c lest their own country had been comprised in the donation. They were Henry of Lancaster Earl of Derby, Hugh Spenser, Ralph L. Stafford, the Bishop of Oxford, and others, agents there with the Pope, that he as a private friend, not as a judge or party interested, should determine of Edward the third's right to France: where you have this ambassage in Walsingham, ^d correct *regnum Angliæ*, and read *Franciæ*. Britain's excellence in earth and air (whence the Macares, ^e and particularly Crete among the Greeks, had their title) together with the Pope's exactions, in taxing, collating, and providing of benefices (an intolerable wrong to lay-men's inheritances and the crown-revenues) gave cause of this jealous conjecture; seconded in the conceit of them which derive Albion from ^f *Ἀλβιόν*; whereto the author in his title and this verse alludes. But of Albion more, presently.

Amongst whose iron rocks grim Saturn yet remains.

Fabulous Jupiter's ill dealing with his father Saturn, is well known; and that after deposing him, and his privities cut off, he perpetually imprisoned him. Homer joins ^g Japet with him, living in eternal night about the utmost ends of the earth: which well fits the more northern climate of these islands. Of them (disperfed in the Deucalidonian sea) in one most temperate, of gentle air, and fragrant with sweetest odours, lying towards the northwest, it is reported, ^h that Saturn lies bound in iron chains, kept by Briareus, attended by spirits, continually dreaming of Jupiter's projects, whereby his ministers prognosticate the secrets of Fate. Every thirty years, divers of the adjacent islanders with solemnity for success of the undertaken voyage, and competent provision, enter the

^a Rabbin. ad 10. Dan. Macrob. Saturnol. 3. c. 9. Symmach. epist. 40. l. 1. D. Tb. 2. dist. 10. art. 3. alii.

^b God afore.

^c Rob Avesburyens. ann. 17 Ed. 3. The fortunate isles.

^d Hypodigmatiæ Neustriæ locus emendatus,

sub an. 1344.

^e Pomp. Mel. l. 2. c. 7.

^f Happy.

^g Iliad. 9. & Hesiod. in Theogon.

^h Plutarch. de facie in orbi Luna, & l. de defect. Orasul.

the vast seas, and at last, in this ¹ Saturnian isle (by this name the sea is called also) enjoy the happy quiet of the place; some in studies of nature, and the mathematics, which continue; others in sensuality, which after thirty years return perhaps to their first home. This fabulous relation might be, and in part is, by chymiques as well interpreted for mysteries of their art, as the common tale of Dædalus' labyrinth, Jason and his Argonautiques, and almost the whole chaos of mythique inventions. But neither geography (for I guess not where or what this isle should be, unless that *des* ^k *Mucæons* which Pantagruel discovered) nor the matter's self permits it less poetical (although a learned Greek father ^l out of some credulous historian seems to remember it) than the Elysian fields, which with this, are always laid by Homer about the ^m *νέεα τέρατα γαίης*; a place whereof too large liberty was given to fain, because of the difficult possibility in finding the truth. Only thus note seriously, that this revolution of thirty years (which with some latitude is Saturn's natural motion) is especially ⁿ noted for the longest period, or age also among our Druids; and that in a particular form, to be accounted yearly from the sixth moon, as their new-years-day; which circuit of time, divers of the ancients reckon for their generations in chronology; as store of ^o authors shew you.

They instantly again do other bodies take.

You cannot be without understanding of this Pythagorean opinion of transanimation (I have like liberty to naturalize that word, as Lipsius had to make it a Roman, by turning ^p *μετεμύχως*) if ever you read any that speaks of Pythagoras (whom, for this particular, Epiphanius reckons among his hereticks) or discourse largely of philosophical doctrine of the soul. But especially, if you affect it tempered with inviting pleasure, take Lucian's cock, and his Negromancy; if in serious discourse, Plato's Phædon, and Phædrus with his followers. Lipsius doubts ^q whether Pythagoras received it from the Druids, or they from him, because in his travels he conversed as well with Gaulish as Indian Philosophers. Out of Cæsar and Lucan inform yourself with full testimony of this their opinion, too ordinary among the heathen and Jews also, which thought our ^r Saviour to be Jeremy or Elias upon this error: irreligious indeed, yet such a one, as so strongly erected moving spirits, that they did never

** reditura parcere vitæ,*

but most willingly devote their whole selves to the public service: and this was in substance the politic envoys wherewith Plato and Cicero concluded

ⁱ *Κρόνιον αἶλας*.

^k *Rablais.*

^l *Clem. Alexandrin. Stromat. 5. Odyss. 8. Iliad. 9.*

^m Utmost ends of the earth. Upon affinity of this with the *Cape de Finisferre*, Goropius thinks the Elysian fields were by that promontory of Spain. Vide *Strab. lib. 7.*

ⁿ *Plin. Hist. natur. 16. c. 44.*

^o *Eustath. ad Iliad. a. Herodot. lib. a. Suid. in γανᾱ. Censorin. de die nat. c. 17.*

^p A passing of souls from one to another.

^q *Physiolog. Stoic. l. 3. dissert. 12.*

^r *Iust. Mart. dialog.*

^s Spare in spending their lives, which they hoped to receive again.

cluded
thor,
time,
(not lig
only co
as espe
mortal
last tw
Christ
Of the

Gave

In th
consecr
memb
that gre
of Basili
religion
ing the
in predi
being in
both sex
superstit
by Strab
Pythago
(under v
ded) call
of these)
nothes:
of Mela
which by
much as

Whe

Not or
quent) bu
of the d
gliff muc
lous Cæsa

^t *Cicer. 2.*
^u *Joan.*
græc editus.
^x *The G.*
or bawds.
^y *Vain.*
^z *Solin. P.*
^a *Αμύτα*

cluded their common-wealths, as Macrobius hath observed. The author, with pity, imputes to them their being led away in blindness of the time, and errors of their fancies; as all other the most divine philosophers (not lightened by the true word) have been, altho' (mere human sufficiencies only considered) some of them were sublimate far above earthly conceit: as especially Hermes, Orpheus, Pythagoras, (first learning the soul's immortality of ^t Pherecydes a Syrian) Seneca, Plato and Plutarch; which last two, in a Greek hymn of an eastern ^u bishop, are commended to Christ for such as came nearest to holiness of any untaught Gentiles. Of the Druids more large in fitter place.

Gave answer from their caves, and took what shapes they please.

In the Seam (an isle by the coast of the French Bretagne) nine virgins consecrate to perpetual chastity, were priests of a famous oracle, remembered by Mela. His printed books have *Gallicenas vocant*; where that great critic Turneb reads ^x *Galli xenas*, or *lenas vocant*. But White of Basingstoke will have it ^y *ccnas*, as interpreting their profession and religion, which was in an arbitrary metamorphosing themselves, charming the winds (as of later time the witches of Lapland and Finland) skill in predictions, more than natural medicine, and such like; their kindness being in all chiefly to ^z sailors. But finding that in the Syllies were also of both sexes such kind of professors, that there were ^a Samnitæ, strangely superstitious in their Bacchanals, in an isle of this coast (as is delivered by Strabo) and that the Gauls, Britons, Indians (twixt both whom and Pythagoras is found no small consent of doctrine) had their philosophers (under which name both priests and prophets of those times were included) called ^b Samanæi, and Semni, and (perhaps by corruption of some of these) Samothei, which, to make it Greek, might be turned into Semnothes: I doubted whether some relic of these words remained in that of Mela, if you read ^c *Cenas* or *Senas*, as contracted from Samanæi; which by deduction from a root of some eastern tongue, might signify as much as what we call astrologers. But of this too much.

Whose towns unto the Saints that lived here of yore.

Not only to their own country Saints (whose names are there very frequent) but also to the Irish; a people anciently (according to the name of the ^d Holy Island given to Ireland) much devoted to, and by the English much respected for their holiness and learning. I omit their fabulous Cæsara, niece to Noah, ^e their Bartholan, their Ruan, who, as they

X x

affirm,

^t Cicer. *Tusculan.* 1.

^u Joan. Eusebians. *jampridem Etonia* *græcè editus.*

^x The Gauls call them Jupiter's priests, or bawds.

^y Vain.

^z Solin. *Polybist.* c. 35.

^a *Amvitas Dionys. Astro in arripuy. mul-*

tis, n. pro arbitrio antiquorum S litera adeſt *vel adeſt.* v. Casaubon, ad a. Strab.

^b Origen. *contra Kelso.* lib. a. Clem. *Alex. Strom.* a. & C. *Diog. Laert.* lib. a.

^c Conjecture upon Mela.

^d *Fest. Avieno insul. sacra diſta Hiberni 1.*

^e *Giraldus Cambrenſ.* *diſt.* 3. c. 2.

affirm, first planted Religion before Christ among them: nor desire I your belief of this Ruan's age, which by their account (supposing him living 300 years after the flood, and christened by saint Patric) exceeded 1700 years, and so was elder than that impostor, ^f whose feigned continuance of life and restless travels, ever since the passion, lately offered to deceive the credulous. Only thus I note out of venerable Bede, that in the Saxon times, it was usual for the English and Gaulish to make Ireland as it were, both their university and monastery, for studies of learning and divine contemplation, as the life of ^g Gildas also, and other frequent testimonies discover.

From which be first was call'd the Hoar-rock in the wood.

That the ocean (as in many other places of other countries) hath eaten up much of what was here once shore, is a common report, approved in the Cornish name of St. Michael's mount; which is ^h **Careg Cowlz** in **Cowlz**, i. e. the Hoar-rock in the wood.

And our Main-amber bere, and Burien trophy—

Main-amber, i. e. Ambrose's stone (not far from Pensans) so great, that many men's united strength cannot remove it, yet with one finger you may wag it. The Burien trophy is 19 stones, circularly disposed, and, in the middle, one much exceeding the rest in greatness: by conjecture of most learned Camden, erected either under the Romans, or else by K. Athelstan in his conquest of these parts.

Were worthy of his end, but where he had his birth.

Near Camel about Camblan, was ⁱ Arthur slain by Mordred, and on the same shore, east from the river's mouth, born in Tintagel castle. Gorlois Prince of Cornwall, at Uther-Pendragon's coronation, solemnized in London, upon divers too kind passages and lascivious regards twixt the King and his wife Igerne, grew very jealous, in a rage left the court, committed his wife's chastity to this castle's safeguard; and to prevent the wasting of his country, which upon this discontent was threatened, betook himself in other forts to martial preparation. Uther (his blood still boiling in lust) upon advice of Ulfyn Rhicaradoch, one of his Knights, by Ambrose Merlin's magic personated like Gorlois, and Ulfyn like one Jordan, servant to Gorlois, made such successful use of their imposture, that (the Prince in the mean time slain) Arthur was the same night begotten, and verified that ^k *Νοθοι τε πολλοι γνησιων αμεινονες*; altho' Merlin

^f Assuerus Cordonnier (dictus in bist. Gallicâ Victoris ante triennium ed. de la paix, &c.) cujus partes olim egisse videntur Josephus Chartophylacius (resistente episcopo Armeniaco apud Matt. Paris in Henr. III.) & Joannes ille (Guidoni Bonato in astrologia sic indigitatus) Butta-deus.

^g In biblioth. Floriacens. edit. per Jeann. Bosco.

^h Carew descrip. Corn. lib. 2.

ⁱ Dictus hinc in Merlini vaticinio, *Aper Cornubia.*

^k Euripid. *Andromach.* Bastards are often times better than legitimates.

Merlin
was co
the dar
ther ta
Here h
Mercu
of Poe

K

The
lemy,
the Liz
Willia
and oth
neint.
countr

C

W

Full
wherev
in Car
mate's
why a
de Buc
Abyssi
and M
we tha
should
Sun, t
ability
German
carriag
qualiti
The c
ously
rations
the Su
gular
human
furnish
learnin
others

l To d
m Ori
n Th

Merlin by the rule of Hermes, or astrological direction, justified, that he was conceived three hours after Gorlois' death; by this shift answering the dangerous imputation of bastardy to the heir of a crown. For Uther taking Igern to wife, left Arthur his successor in the Kingdom. Here have you a Jupiter, an Alcmena, an Amphitryo, a Sofias, and a Mercury; nor wants there scarce any thing, but that truth-passing reports of Poetical bards have made the birth an Hercules.

Known by one general name upon this point that dwell.

The name Dumnonii, Damnonii, or Danmonii, in Solinus and Ptolemy, comprehended the people of Devonshire and Cornwall: whence the Lizard-promontory is called Damnum in ¹ Marcian Heracleotes; and William of Malmesbury, Florence of Worcester, Roger of Hoveden and others, stile Devonshire by name of Domnonia, perhaps all from *Duffneint*. i. e. low valleys, in British; wherein are most habitations of the country, as judicious Camden teaches me.

*Or that this foreland lies furtb'st out into his sight,
Which spreads his vigorous flames——*

Fuller report of the excellence in wrestling and nimbleness of body, wherewith this western people have been and are famous, you may find in Carew's description of his country. But to give reason of the climate's nature for this prerogative in them, I think as difficult as to shew why about the Magellanic streights they are so white, about the Cape de Buon Speranza so black, ^m yet both under the same tropic; why the Abyssins are but tawny moors, when as in the East-indian isles, Zeilan and Malabar, they are very black, both in the same parallel; or why we that live in this Northern latitude, compared with the Southern, should not be like affected from like cause. I refer it no more to the Sun, than the special horsemanship in our Northern men, the nimble ability of the Irish, the fiery motions of the French, Italian jealousy. German liberty, Spanish puffed-up vanity, or those different and perpetual carriages of state-government, Haste and Delay, which as ⁿ inbred qualities, were remarkable in the two most martial people of Greece. The cause of Æthiopian blackness and curled hair was long since judiciously ^o fetcht from the disposition of soil, air, water, and singular operations of the heavens: with confutation of those which attribute it to the Sun's distance. And I am resolved that every land hath its so singular self-nature, and individual habitude with celestial influence, that human knowledge, consisting most of all in universality, is not yet furnish'd with what is requisite to so particular discovery. But for the learning of this point in a special treatise Hippocrates, Ptolemy, Bodin, others have copious disputes.

X x 2

Which

¹ Τὸ δὲ μέγιστον ἀνέχον.

^m Ortelius theatro.

ⁿ Thucyd. 2. & passim de Athen. &

Lacedæm. & de Thæbis & Chalcide. v.

Columell. 1. de re rustic. cap. 4.

^o Onasioris, apud Strabon. lib. 10.

Which now the envious world doth slander for a dream.

I should the sooner have been of the author's opinion (in more than poetical form, standing for Brute) if in any Greek or Latin story authentic, speaking of Æneas and his planting in Latium, were mention made of any such like thing. To reckon the learned men which deny him, or at least permit him not in conjecture, were too long a catalogue: and indeed, this critique age scarce any longer endures any nation their first supposed author's name; not Italus to the Italians, not Hispalus to the Spaniard, Bato to the Hollander, Brabo to the Brabantine, Francio to the French, Celtes to the Celt, Galathes to the Gaul, Scot to the Scot; no, nor scarce Romulus to his Rome, because of their unlikely and fictitious mixtures: especially this of Brute, supposed long before the beginning of the Olympiads (whence all time backward is justly called by P Varro, unknown or fabulous) some two thousand seven hundred and more years since, about Samuel's time, is most of all doubted. But (reserving my censure) I thus maintain the author: although nor Greek nor Latin, nor our country stories of Bede and Malmesbury especially, nor that fragment yet remaining of Gildas, speak of him; and that his name were not publish'd until Geffrey of Monmouth's edition of the British story, which grew and continues much suspected, in much rejected; yet observe that Taliesin a great bard, more than a thousand years since affirms it, Nennius (in some copies he is under name of Gildas) above eight hundred years past, and the gloss of Samuel Beaulan, or some other, crept into his text, mention both the common report and descent from Æneas; and withal (which I take to be Nennius his own) make him son to one Isicio or Hefichio (perhaps meaning Aschenaz, of whom more in the fourth song) continuing a pedigree to Adam, joyning these words: "This genealogy I found by tradition of the ancients, which were first inhabitants of Britain." In a manuscript epistle of Henry of Huntingdon to one Warin, I read the Latin of this English; "You ask me, Sir, why omitting the succeeding reigns from Brute to Julius Cæsar, I begin my story at Cæsar? I answer you, That neither by word nor writing could I find any certainty of those times; altho' with diligent search I oft inquired it: yet this year in my journey towards Rome, in the abbey of Beccensam, even with amazement, I found the story of Brute:" and in his own printed book he affirms, that what Bede had in this part omitted, was supplied to him by other authors; of which Girald seems to have had use. The British story of Monmouth was a translation (but with much liberty, and no exact faithfulness) of a Welsh book, delivered to Geffrey by one Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, and

p Apud Censorin, de die natal. cap. 21. Christophor. Helvici chronologiam sequimur, nec, ut accuratius temporum subauctioni hoc loco incumbamus, res postulat; verum & ille satis accurate, qui Somnethis præfaturam Ann. 3850. hæc iniquo computo posuit.

q Jo. Prif. defens. hist. Brit.

r Ex vetust. & per-pulse MS. Nennio

sub titulo Gildæ.

s Lib. de summatibus rerum qui 10. est bisseriarum in MS. Huntingdon began his history at Cæsar, but upon better inquiry added Brute. Librum illum, in quem ait se incidisse, Nennium fuisse obfignatis ferme fabulis sum potis adferere.

and hat
Bishop
Italian
speaking
combata
gules;
way, a
rials up
affinity
with th
Britons,
their bl
tion of
nies, w
not. Y
of the
many B
customs
tinct na
Greece.
safeguar
the Tro
ing resp
them b
Thucyde
the late
employ
tion; a
ally the
from an
tions cu
please S
the auth
the nan
like, w
might l
in Step
And ho
(especial
delivere
trary (b
with his
and exp
yet no v

t Har
2. u
C. t
x Gira
y Cam
z Age

and hath been followed (the translator being a man of some credit, and Bishop of Saint Asaph's under King Stephen) by Ponticus Virunnius an Italian; most of our country historians of middle times, and this age, speaking so certainly of him, that they blazon his coat ^t to you, *two lions combatant, and crowned Or, in a field gules*; others, *Or, a lion passant gules*; and lastly, by Doctor White of Basingstoke, lately living at Down, a Count Palatine; according to the title bestowed by the ^u Imperials upon their professors. Arguments are there also drawn from some affinity of the Greek ^x tongue, and much of Trojan and Greek names, with the British. These things are the more enforced by the Cambro-Britons, through that universal desire, bewitching our Europe, to derive their blood from Trojans, which for them might as well be ^y by supposition of their ancestors marriages with the hither deduced Roman colonies, who by original were certainly Trojan, if their antiquities deceive not. You may add this weak conjecture; that in those large excursions of the Gauls, Cimmerians, and Celts (among them I doubt not but were many Britons, having with them community of nation, manners, climate, customs; and Brennus himself is affirmed a Briton) which under indistinct names when this western world was undiscovered, over-ran Italy, Greece, and part of Asia, it is ^z reported that they came to Troy for safeguard; presuming perhaps upon like kindness, as we read of twixt the Trojans and Romans, in their wars with ^a Antiochus (which was loving respect through contingency of blood) upon like cause remembered to them by tradition. Briefly, seeing no national story, except such as Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, Caesar, Tacitus, Procopius, Cantacuzen, the late Guicciardin, Commynes, Macchiavel, and their like, which were employed in the state of their times, can justify themselves but by tradition; and that many of the fathers and ecclesiastical ^b historians, especially the Jewish Rabbins (taking their highest learning of Cabala, but from antique and successive report) have inserted upon tradition many relations current enough, where holy writ crosses them not: you shall enough please Saturn and Mercury, presidents of antiquity and learning, if with the author you foster this belief. Where are the authorities (at least of the names) of Jannes and Jambres, ^c the writings of Enoch, and other such like, which we know by divine tradition were? The same question might be of that infinite loss of authors, whose names are so frequent in Stephen, Athenæus, Plutarch, Clemens, Polybius, Livy, others. And how dangerous it were to examine antiquities by a foreign writer (especially in those times) you may see by the stories of the Hebrews, delivered in Justin, Strabo, Tacitus, and such other discording and contrary (beside their infinite omissions) to Moses' infallible context. Nay he with his successor Joshua is copious in the Israelites entering, conquering, and expelling the Gergesites, ^d Jebusites, and the rest out of the holy land; yet no witness have they of their transmigration, and peopling of Afric,

X x 3

which

^t Harding. Nich. Upton. de re militar.

2.

^u C. tit. de professorib. l. unica.

^x Girald. descript. c. 15.

^y Camden.

^z Agesianax apud Strab. lib. 17.

^a Trog. Pomp. lib. 31.

^b Melchior Canus libr. 11. de aut. bibum. de his plurima.

^c Origen. ad 35. Matth.

^d See the sixth song.

which by testimony of two pillars * erected and engraven at Tingis, hath been affirmed. But you blame me thus expatiating. Let me add for the author, that our most judicious antiquary of the last age, John † Leland, with reason and authority hath also for Brute argued strongly.

Next Sylvius him succeeds—————

† So goes the ordinary descent; but some make Sylvius son to Æneas, to whom the prophesy was given:

—————^z *Serum Lavinia conjunx,*
Educat sylvis regem regumque parentem;
as you have it in Virgil.

His parents only death—————

From these unfortunate accidents ^h one will have his name Brotus, as from the Greek βροτός, *i. e.* mortal; but rather (if it had pleased him) from βροτός, *i. e.* bloody.

He should descry the isle of Albion, highly blest.

His request to Diana in an hexastich, and her answer in an ogdoastich, hexameters and pentameters, discovered to him in a dream, with his sacrifice and ritual ceremonies, are in the British story: the verses are pure Latin, which clearly (as is written of † Apollo) was not in those times spoken by Diana, nor understood by Brute: therefore in charity believe it a translation; by Gildas a British poet, as Virunnius tells you. The author takes a justifiable liberty, making her call it Albion, which was the old name of this isle, and remember'd in Pliny, Marcian, the book *πελ νόσμος*, falsely attributed to Aristotle, Stephen, Apuleius, others. And our monk of ^k Bury calls Henry the fifth,

—————*Protector of Brute's Albion,*

often using that name for the island. From Albina, daughter to Dioclesian † King of Syria, some fetch the name; others from a Lady of that name, one of the Danaids; affirming their ^m arrival here, copulation with spirits, and bringing forth giants, and all this above 200 years before Brute. But neither was there any such King in Syria, nor had Danaus (that can be found) any such daughter, nor travelled they for adventures, but by their father were newly ⁿ married, after slaughter of their husbands: briefly, nothing can be written more impudently fabulous. Others from King Albion, Neptune's son; from the Greek ^o ἄλκι others, or from (I know not what) Olibius, a Celtish King,

remem-

^e Procopius de bell. Vandilic. lib. 3.
^f Ad Cygn. Cant.
^g Æneid. 6. & ibid. Serv. Honoratus.
After thy death Lavinia brings a King born
in the woods, father of Kings.
^h Basingstocb. lib. 1.
ⁱ Cicero de divinac. l. 2.

^k J. Lidgat. lib. de bello Trojan. 5. &
alibi sæpius.
^l Chronicon. S. Albani.
^m Hugo de Genes. apud Harding. c. 3.
ⁿ Pausanias in Laconic.
^o Happy.

remem
ab a
in the
suppos
heroes,
biona;
like ca
the Gr
becau
ancient
against
strange
of Hie
monish
in Italy
comme
surety
a writer
time S
(to wh
much
upon t
guin:
usual i
signific
are app
med fr
sand, a
shamef
ly writ
brew)
i. e. bl
Scalige
by e
Greeks
proper
naanite
Oenotr

p Fro
q Nap
in And
+2 w
qued can
r Str
Alpum.
s H. l
t Mj
u In
x Tbr
y Brit
z Po

remember'd by the false Manethon. Follow them rather which will it
 * *ab albis rupibus*, whereby it is specially conspicuous. So was an isle
 in the Indian sea called Leuca, *i. e.* white; and ² another in Pontus,
 supposed also fortunate, and a receptacle of the souls of those great
 heroes, Peleus and Achilles. Thus was a place by Tyber call'd ³ Al-
 biona; and the very name of Albion was upon the Alps, which from
 like cause had their denomination; *Alpum* in the Sabin tongue (from
 the Greek *ἄλφον*) signifying *white*. Some much dislike this derivation,
 * because it comes from a tongue (suppose it either Greek or Latin) not
 anciently communicated to this isle. For my part, I think (clearly
 against the common opinion) that the name of Britain was known to
 strangers before Albion. I could vouch the ⁴ finding of one of the *masts*
 of Hiero's ship, ⁵ ἐν ταῖς ὄρεσι τῆς Βρετανίας, if judicious correction ad-
 monished me not rather to read *Βρεττανίης*, *i. e.* the now lower Calabria
 in Italy, a place above all other, I remember, for store of ship-timber;
 commended * by Alcibiades to the Lacedemonians. But with better
 surety can I produce the express name of ⁶ *Βρετανικῶν νήσων*, out of
 a writer that ⁷ lived and travelled in warfare with Scipio; before whose
 time Scylax (making a catalogue of twenty other isles) and Herodotus
 (to whom these western parts were by his confession unknown) never so
 much as speak of us by any name. Afterward was Albion imposed
 upon the cause before touch'd, expressing the old British name ⁸ *Insu-*
guin: which argument moves me before all other, for that I see it
 usual in antiquity to have names among strangers, in their tongue just
 significant with the same in the language of the country to which they
 are applyed; as the red sea is (in Strabo, Curtius, Stephen, others) na-
 med from a King of that coast called Erythræus (for to speak of red
 sand, as some, or red hills, as an old ⁹ writer, were but refuges of
 shameful ignorance) which was surely the same with Esau, called in ho-
 ly writ *Ædom*; ¹⁰ both signifying (the one in Greek, the other in He-
 brew) red. So the river Nile, ¹¹ in Hebrew and Ægyptian called *יונה*
i. e. black, is observed by that mighty Prince of learning's state, Joseph
 Scaliger, to signify the same colour in the word *Αἰγύπτιος*, used for it
 by ¹² Homer; which is inforc'd also by the black ¹³ statues among the
 Greeks, erected in honour of Nile, named also expressly ¹⁴ *Melas*: so in
 proper names of men; Simon ¹⁵ *Zelotes* in Luke, is but Simon the Ca-
 naanite, and ¹⁶ *Ἰδομενεὺς* in Orpheus the same with Moses, Janus with
 Oenotrus: and in our times those authors, Melanchthon, Magirus,

X x 4

Theo-

p From white cliffs.

q Παρὰ τὴν λευκὴν ἀκτὴν, uti Euripides
 in *Andromach.* magis vellem, quàm εἶνα ἵε
 τὴν παρὰ τὴν λευκὴν ἀκτὴν, uti
 quod canit Dionysius Afer.

r Strab. lib. 8. & Sixtus Pompeius in
Alpum.

s H. Lbuid. in *Breviar.*t Mæschion apud Athen. *dipnosoph.* 1.

u In the hills of Britany.

x Thucyd. lib. 6.

y British isles.

z Polyb. lib. 7. qui Jul. Cæsarem du-

centos ferme annos antevenerit.

a The white isle.

b Uranus in Arabic. apud Steph. *αἰνὰ*
ωολ. in *Ερυθραία.*

c Gen. 36. Num. 20.

d Isai. 23. Jerem. 2.

e Ody. 8. ---- Αἰγύπτιος δῆμιτο
αἰγυπτιοῖς. Forè tamen fluvius Ægypti, ut
 Heb. *ינה* Gen. 15. *com. na. 17.*

f Pausan. *Arcadic.* 4.g Festus in *Atcedo.*h Nebrissens. in *quinquag. cap.* 49.

Theocrenus, Pelargus, in their own language, but Swertearth, Cooke, Fountain de Dieu, Storke. Divers such other plain examples might illustrate the conceit; but these sufficient. Take largest etymological liberty, and you may have it from ¹ Ellan-ban, i. e. the white isle, in Scottish, as they call their Albania; and to fit all together, the name of Britain from *Brithynis*, i. e. the coloured isle in Welsh; 'twixt which and the Greek ^k *Βρύτων* or *Βρύτιον* (used for a kind of drink nearly like our beer) I would with the French Forcatulus think affinity (as Italy was called Oenotria, from the name of wine) were it not for that *Βρύτων* may be had from an ordinary primitive, or else from *Βρίθυ*, i. e. sweet (as Solinus teaches, making Britomart signify as much as sweet virgin) in the Cretic tongue. But this is to play with syllables, and abuse precious time.

The city Turon built—————

Understand Tours upon Loire in France, whose name and foundation the inhabitants ¹ refer to Turnus (of the same time with Æneas, but whether the same which Virgil speaks of, they know not) his funeral monuments they yet shew, boast of, and from him idly derive the word Torneaments. The British story says Brute built it (so also Nennius) and from one Turon, Brute's nephew there buried, gives it the name. Homer is cited for testimony: in his works extant 'tis not found. But because he had divers others (which wrongful time hath slicht from us) as appears in Herodotus & Suidas; you may in favour think it to be in some of those lost; yet I cannot in conscience offer to persuade you that he ever knew the continent of Gaul (now, in part, France) although a learned ^m German endeavours by force of wit and etymology, to carry Ulysses (which he makes of Elizza in Genesis) into Spain, and others before ⁿ him (but falsely) into the northern parts of Scotland. But for Homer's knowledge, see the last note to the sixth song.

So mighty were that time the men that lived there.

If you trust our stories, you must believe the land then peopled with giants, of vast bodily composition. I have read of the Nephilim, the Rephaim, Anakim, Og, Goliath, and other in holy writ: of Mars, Tityus, Antæus, Turnus, and the Titans in Homer, Virgil, Ovid; and of Adam's stature (according to Jewish ^o fiction) equalling at first the world's diameter; yet seeing that nature (now as fertile as of old) hath in her effects determinate limits of quantity, that in Aristotle's ^p time (near two thousand years since) their beds were but six foot ordinarily (nor is the difference, 'twixt ours and Greek dimension, much) and that near the

same

ⁱ Camden.

^k *Vocabulo Βρύτων usi sunt Æschylus, Scythocles, Hellanicus, Archilocus, Hecataeus apud Athenæum. dipnosoph. 10. α τὶ τῆ ἀπὸ τοῦ διῶ, ejusdem ferè naturæ cum Scytho & Curmithe apud Dioscoridem lib. 8. cap. 557. & 558. fortè ἀπὸ τοῦ βρύων.*

^l André du Cboisne en les recherches des villes 1. cap. 221.

^m Goropius in Hispanie. 4. v. Strab.

ⁿ *geograph. 7. & alius de Olyssippone.*

^o Solini polybist. cap. 35.

^p Rabbi Eleazar apud Ricium in epit. Talmud. cæterum in hac re alloriam v. apud D. Cyprian. serm. de montibus Sina & Sion.

^q Πρωβλημ. μυχ. xi.

same len
Alfrid; I
the most
than vulg
ject the fi
exceed ou
ther than
of ancien
subject to
Claudiu
some, (fo
of one at
place to c

So, if
imagine t
extending
near. T
now Cand
titled ^z Ke
or ^a Brenti
of horns.
" because
" against
you shoul
called We
opinion w

The betw
Brutons

Such was t
years since

T
In the
land, and
Danish pira

^q Bed. bish
^r Εμυζέ
Baruch. cap. 7
circitation.
Civ. Dei 15.
Laſant. &c.
^s Sueton. i
^t Dio Cass.
^u Polyæn.
^x Cornuall

same length was our Saviour's sepulchre, as Adamnan informed ^a King Alfrid; I could think that there now are some as great statues, as for the most part have been, and that giants were but of a somewhat more than vulgar ^r excellence in body, and martial performance. If you object the finding of great bones, which, measured by proportion, largely exceed our times; I first answer, that in some singulars, as monsters rather than natural, such proof hath been; but withall, that both now and of ancient ^s time, the eye's judgment in such like hath been, and is, subject to much imposture; mistaking bones of huge beasts for human. ^t Claudius brought over his elephants hither, and perhaps Julius Cæsar some, (for I have read ^u that he terribly affrighted the Britons with sight of one at Cowaystake) and so may you be deceived. But this is no place to examine it.

Of Corin Cornwall call'd, to his immortal fame.

So, if you believe the tale of Corin and Gogmagog: but rather imagine the name of Cornwal from this promontory of the land's end, extending itself like a ^x horn, which in most tongues is *Corn*, or very near. Thus was a ^y promontory in Cyprus called Ceraestes, and in the now Candy or Crete, and Gazaria (the old Taurica Cherfonefus) another titled ^z *Κεῖς ῥίττωρον*: and Brundisium in Italy had name from Brendon or ^a Brention, i. e. *a* *Hari's-head*, in the Messapian tongue, for similitude of horns. But ^b Malmesbury thus: "They are called Cornwallshmen, "because being seated in the western part of Britain, they lie over- "against a horn (a promontory) of Gaul." The whole name is as if you should say Corn-wales; for hither in the Saxon conquest the British called Welsh (signifying the people rather than strangers, as the vulgar opinion wills) made transmigration: whereof an old ^c rhimer:

*The betwe that wer of hom bilebed, as in Cornwaile and Wallis,
Brutons net namore pteuped, ac Waleys gwis.*

Such was the language of your fathers between three and four hundred years since: and of it more hereafter.

The deluge of the Dane exactly to have song.

In the fourth year of ^d Brithric, King of the West-Saxons, at Portland, and at this place (which makes the fiction proper) three ships of Danish pirates enter'd: the King's Lieutenant offering inquisition of their name,

^a Bed. hist. Ecclesiast. 5. c. 17.

^r Εμπροσθεν: ἢ ἐνπρὸς μὲν τοῦ ἀδελφοῦ.
Baruch. cap. 7. Consule, si placet, Scaliger.
exercitation. Becan. becceselan. 2. August.
Civ. Dei 15. c. 23. Clem. Rom. recognit. 1.
Lactant. &c.

^s Sueton. in Othav. c. 72.

^t Dio Cass. lib. 8.

^u Polyæn. stratagemat. 11. in Cæsare.

^x Cornuwallia dicta est H. Huntingdonio,

alii.

^y Strabo lib. 2. & 1. Stephan. Melan.

Plin. geogr. p. 351.

^z Ram's-head.

^a Seleucus apud Stephan. Byzant. &
Suidas in Byzant.

^b De gest. reg. 2. c. 6.

^c Robertus Glocestrensis.

^d Anno 787.

name, state, and cause of arrival, was the first Englishman, in this first Danish invasion, slain by their hand. Miserable losses and continual had the English, by their frequent irruptions, from this time till the Norman conquest; twixt which intercedes two hundred seventy-nine years: and that less account of ^e two hundred and thirty, during which space this land endured their bloody slaughters, according to some men's calculation, begins at King Ethelwulph; to whose time Henry of Huntingdon and Roger of Hoveden, refer the beginning of the Danish mischiefs, continuing so intolerable, that under King Ethelred was there begun a tribute insupportable (yearly afterward exacted from the subjects) to give their King Swain, and so prevent their insatiate rapine. It was between thirty and forty thousand ^f pounds (for I find no certainty of it, so variable are the reports) not instituted for pay of garrisons employed in service against them (as upon the misunderstanding of the Confessor's laws some ill affirm) but to satisfy the wasting enemy; but so that it ceased not, although their spoils ceased, but was collected to the use of the crown, until King Stephen promised to remit it. For indeed St. Edward, upon imagination of seeing a devil dancing about the whole sum of it lying in his treasury, moved in conscience, caused it to be repayed, and released the duty, as Ingulph abbot of Crowland tells you: yet observe him, and read Florence of Worcester, Marian the Scot, Henry of Huntingdon, and Roger Hoveden, and you will confess that what I report thus from them is truth, and different much from what vulgarly is received. Of the Danish race were afterward three Kings, Cnut, Hardcnut, and Harold the first.

His offspring after long expulst the inner land.

After some one thousand five hundred years from the ^g supposed arrival of the Trojans, their posterity were by encroachment of Saxons, Jutes, Angles, Danes (for among the Saxons that noble ^h Douz wills that surely Danes were) Frisians ⁱ and Franks driven into those western parts of the now Wales and Cornwales. Our stories have this at large, and the Saxon heptarchy; which at last by public edict of King Ecbert was called Engle-land. But John, Bishop of ^k Chartres saith it had that name from the first coming of the Angles; others from the name of Hengist ^l, (a matter probable enough) whose name, wars, policies, and government, being first invested by Vortigern in Kent, are above all the other Germans most notable in the British stories: and Harding

He called it Engestes land,
Which afterward was shorted, and called England.

Hereto

^e *Audaſter lege ducentos vice nō trecentos in ſol. 237. Hoveden, cui prologum libro quinto H. Huntingd. n. committas licet. Dane-*
gelt ſhewed againſt a common error both in remiſſion & inſtitution.

^f *Mariano Scoto 3600 libræ, & Floren-*
tio Wigorn.

^g *Cbronologiam hūc ſpectantem conſulas in*

illuſtrat. ad 4. Cant.

^h *Jan. Doum. annal. Holland. 1. & 6.*

ⁱ *Procopius in fragm. 3. lib. Geſtic. op. Camden. Name of England.*

^k *Policratic. lib. 6. c. 17.*

^l *Cbronicon S. Albani. Heſtor. Boët. Sa-*
torum hiſt. 7.

SONG THE FIRST.

683

Hereto accords that of one of our ^m country old Poets :

—————ⁿ *Engisti linguâ canit insula Bruti.*

If I should add the idle conceits of Godfrey of Viterbo, drawing the name from I know not what Angri, the insertion of / for r by Pope Gregory, or the conjectures of unlimitable phantasia, I should unwil-
lingly, yet with them impudently, err.

^m *J. Gower epigram. in confess. amantis.*

ⁿ Britain sings in Heng'it's tongue.



P O L R.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

The SECOND SONG.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Muse from Marshwood way commands
 Along the shore through Chesil's sands ;
 Where, over-toil'd, her heat to cool,
 She bathes her in the pleasant Pool :
 Thence, over land again doth scow'r,
 To fetch in Froom and bring down Stour ;
 Falls with New-Forest, as she sings
 The wanton wood-nymphs revellings.
 Whilst Itchin in her lofty lays
 Chaunts Bevis of Southampton's praise,
 She Southward with her active flight
 Is wasted to the isle of Wight,
 To see the rout the Sea-gods keep,
 There swaggering in the Solent deep.
 Thence Hampshire-ward her way she bends ;
 And visiting her forest friends,
 Near Sals'bury her rest doth take :
 Which she her second pause doth make.*

MArch strongly forth, my Muse, whilst yet the temp'rate
 Invites us eas'y on to hasten our repair. [air
 Thou pow'rful God of flames (in verse divinely great)
 Touch my invention so with thy true genuine heat,
 That high and noble things I slightly may not tell,
 Nor light and idle toys my lines may vainly swell ;
 But as my subject serves, so high or low to strain,
 And to the varying earth so sute my varying vein,

That,

That, Nature, in my work thou may'st thy pow'r avow:
 That as thou first found'st Art, and didst her rules allow;
 So I, to thine own self that gladly near would be,
 May herein do the best, in imitating thee:

As thou hast here a hill, a vale there, there a flood,
 A mead here, there a heath, and now and then a wood,
 These things so in my song I naturally may show;
 Now, as the mountain high; then, as the valley low;
 Here, fruitful as the mead; there, as the heath be bare;
 Then, as the gloomy wood, I may be rough, tho' rare.

Through the Dorsetian fields, that lie in open view,
 My progress I again must seriously pursue,
 From Marshwood's fruitful vale my journey on to make
 As Phoebus getting up out of the eastern lake,
 Refresh'd with ease and sleep, is to his labour prest;
 Even so the labouring Muse, here baited with this rest.)
 Whereas the little Lim along doth eas'ly creep,
 And Car, that coming down unto the troubled deep,
 Brings on the neighb'ring Bert, whose bat'ning mellow'd bank,
 From all the British soils, for hemp most hugely rank
 Doth bear away the best; to Bert-port, which hath gain'd
 That praise from every place, and worthily obtain'd
 Our cordage from her store^a, and cables should be made,
 Of any in that kind most fit for marine trade.
 Not sever'd from the shore, aloft where Chesil lifts
 Her ridged snake-like sands, in wrecks & smould'ring drifts,
 Which by the south-wind rais'd, are heav'd on little hills:
 Whose vallies with his flows when foaming Neptune fills,
 Upon a thousand^b swans the naked sea-nymphs ride
 Within the ouzy pools, replenish'd every tide:
 Which running on, the isle of Portland pointeth out;
 Upon whose moisted skirt, with sea-weed fring'd about,
 The bastard coral breeds, that, drawn out of the brack,
 A brittle stalk becomes, from greenish turn'd to black:
 Which th' ancients for the love that they to Isis bare
 Their Goddess most ador'd) have sacred for her hair.

Of

^a By Act of Parliament in the 1st of Hen. VIII. upon the Chesils, noted in this poetical delicacy.
^b The beauty of the many swans

Of which the Naiads and the blue * Nereids make
 Them † taudries for their necks : when sporting in the lake,
 They to their secret bow'rs the sea-gods entertain.
 Where Portland from her top doth over-peer the main ;
 Her rugged front empal'd (on every part) with rocks,
 Tho' indigent of wood, yet fraught with woolly flocks ;
 Most famous for her folk excelling with the sling,
 Of any other here this land inhabiting ;
 That therewith they in war offensively might wound,
 If yet the use of shot invention had not found.
 Where from the neighb'ring hills her passage Wey doth path,
 Whose haven, not our least that watch the mid-day, hath
 The glories that belong unto a complete port ;
 Though Wey the least of all the Naiads that resort
 To the Dorsetian sands from off the higher shore.

Then From (a nobler flood) the Muses doth implore
 Her mother Blackmoor's state they sadly would bewail,
 Whose big and lordly oaks once bore as brave a fail,
 As they themselves that thought the largest shades to spread :
 But man's devouring hand, with all the earth not fed,
 Hath hew'd her timber down : which wounded, when it fell,
 By the great noise it made, the workmen seem'd to tell
 The loss that to the land would shortly come thereby,
 Where no man ever plants to our posterity :
 That when sharp Winter shoots her fleet & harden'd hail,
 Or sudden gusts from sea the harmless deer assail,
 The shrubs are not of pow'r to shield them from the wind.

* Dear mother, quoth the From, too late (alas!) we find
 * The softness of thy sword, continued through thy soil,
 * To be the only cause of unrecover'd spoil ;
 * When scarce the British ground a finer grass doth bear :
 * And wish I could, quoth she, (if wishes helpful were)
 * § Thou never by that name of White-hart hadst been known,
 * But stiled Black-moor still, which rightly was thine own.
 * For why? that change foretold the ruin of thy state:
 * Lo, thus the world may see what 'tis to innovate!

* Sea-nymphs.

† A kind of necklaces worn by | country wenches.

By

By th
 And qu
 Appro
 As eas
 Upon h
 Fair Pun
 So pleas
 A forest
 Employ'
 § On wh
 And ofte
 But Purb
 The wid
 Her mar
 The ugly
 Whilst
 The Pidd
 In falling
 And havi
 Besides h
 To whom
 Who anc
 Her small
 Whilst Pi
 Oft praisin
 Thus Fide
 ' When
 ' Great Al
 ' And bar
 ' That he
 ' §. Begot
 ' The elde
 ' The you
 ' Saint Hel
 ' And for
 ' Who scor

* Frampton
 † Monsters
 Neptune's gu

SONG THE SECOND. 687

By this, her own-nam'd ^c town the wand'ring Froom had
 And quitting in her course old Dorchester at last, [past,
 Approaching near the Pool, at Wareham on her way,
 As eas'ly she doth fall into the peaceful bay,
 Upon her nobler side, and to the southward near,
 Fair Purbeck she beholds, which nowhere hath her peer :
 So pleasantly in-ill'd on mighty Neptune's marge,
 A forest-nymph, and one of chaste Diana's charge,
 Imploy'd in woods and lawns her deer to feed and kill :
 § On whom the watry God would oft have had his will,
 And often her hath woo'd, which never would be won :
 But Purbeck, as profess'd a Huntress and a Nun,
 The wide and wealthy sea, nor all his pow'r respects ;
 Her marble-minded breast, impregnable, rejects
 The ugly ^f orks, that for their Lord the Ocean woo.

Whilst Froom was troubled thus, where nought she hath
 The Piddle, that this while bestirr'd her nimble feet, [to do,
 In falling to the Pool her sister Froom to meet,
 And having in her train two little slender rills
 Besides her proper spring, wherewith her banks she fills,
 To whom since first the world this later name her lent,
 Who anciently was known to be insiled ^e Trent,
 Her small assistant brooks her second name have gain'd.
 Whilst Piddle and the Froom each other entertain'd,
 Oft praising lovely Pool, their best-beloved bay,
 Thus Piddle her bespake, to pass the time away :
 ' When ^h Pool (quoth she) was young, a lusty sea-born lass,
 ' Great Albion to this nymph an earnest suitor was ;
 ' And bare himself so well, and so in favour came,
 ' That he in little time upon this lovely dame
 ' §. Begot three maiden isles, his darlings and delight :
 ' The eldest, Brunksey call'd ; the second, Fursley hight ;
 ' The youngest and the last, and lesser than the other,
 ' Saint Hellen's name doth bear, the dilling of her mother.
 ' And for the goodly Pool was one of Thetis' train,
 ' Who scorn'd a nymph of hers her virgin-band should stain,
 ' Great

^c Frampton.

^f Monsters of the sea, supposed
 Neptune's guard.

[§] The antient name of Piddle.

^h The story of Pool.

' Great Albion (that fore-thought the angry Goddess would
 ' Both on the dam and brats take what revenge she could)
 ' I' th' bosom of the Pool his little children plac'd ;
 ' First Brunksey, Furse next, and little Hellen last ;
 ' Then with his mighty arms doth clip the Pool about,
 ' To keep the angry queen (fierce Amphitrite) out :
 ' Against whose lordly might she musters up her waves ;
 ' And strongly thence repuls'd, with madness scolds & raves.

When now from Pool, the Muse (up to her pitch to get)
 Herself in such a place from sight doth almost set,
 As by the active power of her commanding wings,
 She (falcon-like) from far doth fetch those plenteous springs,
 Where¹ Stour receives her strength from six clear fountains fed;
 Which gathering to one stream from every several head,
 Her new-beginning bank her water scarcely yields ;
 And fairly ent'reth first on the Dorsetian fields ;
 Where Gillingham with gifts that for a God were meet,
 (Enamell'd paths, rich wreaths, and every sov'reign sweet
 The earth and air can yield, with many a pleasure mixt)
 Receives her. Whilst there pass'd great kindness them betwixt,
 The forest her bespoke : ' How happy, floods, are ye,
 ' From our predestin'd plagues that privileged be !
 ' Which only with the fish which in your banks do breed,
 ' And daily there encrease, man's gormandice can feed !
 ' But had this wretched age such uses to employ
 ' Your waters, as the woods we lately did enjoy,
 ' Your channels they would leave as barren by their spoil,
 ' As they of all our trees have lastly left our soil.
 ' Insatiable Time thus all things doth devour :
 ' What ever saw the sun, that is not in Time's power ?
 ' Ye fleeting streams last long, out-living many a day ;
 ' But on more stedfast things Time makes the strongest prey.

§. Now tow'rds the Solent sea as Stour her way doth ply,
 On Shaftsbury (by chance) she cast her crystal eye,
 From whose foundation first such strange reports arise,

§. As brought into her mind the Eagle's prophecies ;

Of

¹ Stour riseth from six fountains,

Of that
 From th
 Before th
 And all
 How

And, ne
 Those ag
 The Brit
 §. Then,
 Which a
 How her
 As thoug
 And whi
 And mak
 The crys
 And bloo
 The seas,
 And oft v

Thus t
 Which L
 From Bla
 When, li
 With tric
 Betwixt h
 Until she
 Which cal
 Of Cranbo
 A river bo
 Of that re

Whilst
 With echo
 A sudden
 With Cran
 Where, to
 So just-cor
 Where ma

* Cranbou
 * Holt for

SONG THE SECOND. 689

Of that so dreadful plague, which all great Britain swept,
 From that which highest flew, to that which lowest crept,
 Before the Saxon thence the Briton should expell,
 And all that thereupon successively befell.

How then the bloody Dane subdu'd the Saxon race ;
 And, next, the Norman took possession of the place :
 Those ages once expir'd, the Fates to bring about,
 The British line restor'd ; the Norman lineage out.
 §. Then, those prodigious signs to ponder she began,
 Which afterward again the Britons wrack fore-ran ;
 How here the owl at noon in publick streets was seen,
 As though the peopled towns had wayless deserts been,
 And whilst the loathly toad out of his hole doth crawl,
 And makes his fulsom stool amid the Prince's hall,
 The crystal fountain turn'd into a gory wound,
 And bloody issues brake (like ulcers) from the ground ;
 The seas, against their course, with double tides return,
 And oft were seen by night like boiling pitch to burn.

Thus thinking, lively Stour bestirs her tow'rds the main ;
 Which Lidden leadeth out ; then Dulas bears her train
 From Blackmore, that at once their watry tribute bring :
 When, like some childish wench, she loosely wantoning,
 With tricks and giddy turns seems to insile the shore.
 Betwixt her fishful banks then forward she doth scow'r,
 Until she lastly reach clear Alen in her race :
 Which calmly cometh down from her dear mother^k chafe,
 Of Cranbourn that is call'd ; who greatly joys to see
 A river born of her, for Stour's should reckon'd be,
 Of that renowned flood a favourite highly grac'd.

Whilst Cranbourn, for her child so fortunately plac'd,
 With echoes every way applauds her Alen's state,
 A sudden noise from ^l Holt seems to congratulate
 With Cranbourn, for her brook so happily bestow'd :
 Where, to her neighb'ring chafe, the courteous forest show'd
 So just-conceived joy, that from each rising ^m hurst,
 Where many a goodly oak had carefully been nurst,

Y y

The

^k Cranbourn chafe.^l Holt forest.^m A wood in English.

The Sylvens in their songs their mirthful meeting tell ;
And Satyrs, that in slades and gloomy dimbles dwell,
Run whooting to the hills to clap their ruder hands.

As Holt had done before, so Canford's goodly launds
(Which lean upon the Pool) enrich'd with cop'ras veins,
Rejoice to see them join'd. When down from Sarum plains
Clear Avon coming in, her sister Stour doth call,
§. And at New-forest's foot into the sea do fall,
Which every day bewail that deed so full of dread,
Whereby she (now so proud) became first forested :
She now, who for her site ev'n boundless seem'd to lie,
Her being that receiv'd by WILLIAM's tyranny,
Providing laws to keep those beasts here planted then,
Whose lawless will from hence before had driven men ;
That where the hearth was warm'd with winter's feasting fires,
The melancholy hare is form'd in brakes and briers :
The aged ranpick trunk, where plowmen cast their seed,
And churches overwhelm'd with nettles, fern and weed,
By Conq'ring WILLIAM first cut off from every trade,
That here the Norman still might enter to invade ;
That on this vacant place, and unfrequented shore,
New forces still might land, to aid those here before.
But she, as by a King and Conqueror made so great,
By whom she was allow'd and limited her feat,
Into her own self-praise most insolently brake,
And her less fellow-nymphs New-forest thus bespake :

' Thou ^aBuckholt, bow to me ; so let thy sister ^aBere ;
' ^aChute, kneel thou at my name on this side of the shire :
' Where, for their Goddess, me the ^oDryads shall adore,
' With Waltham and the Bere, that on the sea-worn shore
' See at the southern isles the tides at tilt to run ;
' And Wolmer, placed hence upon the rising sun,
' With Ashholt thine ally (my wood-nymphs) & with you,
' Proud Pamber tow'rds the north, ascribe me worship due.
' Before my Princely state let your poor greatness fall ;
' And vail your tops to me, the Sovereign of you all.

Amongst

^{ann} The forests of Hampshire,
with their situations.

^o Nymphs that live and die with
oaks.

Amo
Th' eff
Was, t
To Itch
That sh
Would
For she
§. Her
§. And
Whose
And swe
But wha
For, from
And pla
(Old WI
And Ha
She thin
And for
' Sweet
' Think
' Who,
' Be't litt
Whom F
In courte
' Confide
' And no
' Besides,
' About t
The m
Let them
She stiles
And, wha
Which wh
And she
To sing th
' Redou

° A pool

SONG THE SECOND.

691

Amongst the Rivers, so, great discontent there fell.
 Th' efficient cause thereof (as loud report doth tell)
 Was, that the sprightly Test arising up in Chute,
 To Itchin, her ally, great weakness should impute,
 That she, to her own wrong, and every other's grief,
 Would needs be telling things exceeding all belief:
 For she had giv'n it out, South-hampton should not lose
 §. Her famous Bevis so, were 't in her pow'r to choose;
 §. And for great Arthur's feat, her Winchester prefers,
 Whose old Round-table yet she vaunteth to be hers;
 And swore, th' inglorious time should not bereave her right;
 But what it would obscure, she would reduce to light.
 For, from that wondrous pond, whence she derives her head,
 And places by the way, by which she's honoured,
 (Old Winchester, that stands near in her middle way,
 And Hampton, at her fall into the Solent sea)
 She thinks in all the isle not any such as she,
 And for a Demigod she would related be.

' Sweet sister mine (quoth Test) advise you what you do;
 ' Think this; for each of us, the forests here are two:
 ' Who, if you speak a thing whereof they hold can take,
 ' Be't little, or be't much, they double will it make.
 Whom Hamble helpeth out; a handsome proper flood,
 In courtesy well skill'd, and one that knew her good:
 ' Consider, quoth this nymph, the times be curious now,
 ' And nothing of that kind will any way allow.
 ' Besides, the Muse hath next the British cause in hand,
 ' About things later done that now she cannot stand.

The more they her persuade, the more she doth persist;
 Let them say what they will, she will do what she list.
 She stiles herself their chief, and swears she will command;
 And, whatsoe'er she saith, for oracles must stand.
 Which when the Rivers heard, they farther speech forbear.
 And she (to please herself that only seem'd to care)
 To sing th' achievements great of Bevis thus began:

' Redoubted Knight, quoth she, o most renowned man!

Y y 2

' Who,

* A pool near unto Alresford, yielding an unusual abundance of water.

' Who, when thou wert but young, thy mother durst reprove
 ' (Most wickedly seduced by th' unlawful love
 ' Of Mordure, at that time the Almain Emperor's son)
 ' That she thy fire to death disloyally had done.—
 Each circumstance whereof she largely did relate ;
 Then in her song pursu'd his mother's deadly hate ;
 And how (by Saber's hand) when she suppos'd him dead,
 Where long upon the downs a shepherd's life he led ;
 Till, by the great recourse, he came at length to know
 The country thereabout could hardly hold the show
 His mother's marriage-feast to fair Southampton drew,
 Being wedded to that Lord who late her husband slew :
 Into his noble breast which pierc'd so wond'rous deep,
 That (in the poor attire he us'd to tend the sheep,
 And in his hand his hook) unto the town he went ;
 As having in his heart a resolute intent
 Or manfully to die, or to revenge his wrong :
 Where pressing at the gate the multitude among,
 The porter to that place, his entrance that forbad,
 (Supposing him some swain, some boist'rous country-lad)
 Upon the head he lent so violent a stroke,
 That the poor empty skull like some thin potsherd broke,
 The brains and mingled blood were spirtled on the wall.
 Then hasting on, he came into the upper hall,
 Where murd'rous Mordure fate imbraced by his bride :
 Who (guilty in himself) had he not Bevis spy'd,
 His bones had with a blow been shatter'd : but by chance
 He shifting from the place, whilst Bevis did advance
 His hand, with greater strength his deadly foe to hit,
 And missing him, his chair he all to shivers split :
 Which struck his mother's breast with strange & sundry fears,
 That Bevis being then but of so tender years,
 Durst yet attempt a thing so full of death and doubt.
 And, once before deceiv'd, she newly cast about
 To rid him out of sight ; and, with a mighty wage,
 Won such, themselves by oath as deeply durst engage,
 To execute her will : who shipping him away
 (And making forth their course into the midland sea)

As they
 To an A
 Of all hi
 And fitte
 Presented
 A wond
 Whose m
 The King
 Upon tha
 To Bevis
 Admir'd
 His beau
 With Cup
 Already
 Then
 And thof
 Derided C
 He on th
 That whil
 They hea
 That crue
 (And, roc
 Digg'd ca
 As that,
 And cutti
 The forest
 How he t
 And in th
 As to h
 The great
 And havin
 The Gene
 Then how
 And Morg
 Which ma
 Sung how

As they had got before, so now again for gold
 To an Armenian there that young Alcides fold :
 Of all his gotten prize, who (as the worthiest thing,
 And fittest wherewithal to gratify his King)
 Presented that brave youth ; the splendor of whose eye
 A wond'rous mixture shew'd of grace and majesty :
 Whose more than man-like shape, & matchless stature, took
 The King ; that often us'd with great delight to look
 Upon that English Earl. But though the love he bore
 To Bevis might be much, his daughter ten times more
 Admir'd the godlike man : who, from the hour that first
 His beauty she beheld, felt her soft bosom pierc'd
 With Cupid's deadliest shaft ; that Josian, to her guest,
 Already had resign'd possession of her breast.

Then sang she, in the fields how as he went to sport,
 And those damn'd Panims heard, who in despightful sort
 Derided CHRIST the Lord ; for his Redeemer's sake
 He on those heathen hounds did there such slaughter make,
 That whilst in their black mouths their blasphemies they drew,
 They headlong went to hell. As also how he slew
 That cruel boar, whose tusks turn'd up whole fields of grain
 (And, rooting, rais'd hills upon the level plain ;
 Digg'd caverns in the earth, so dark and wond'rous deep,
 As that, into whose mouth the desperate ^a Roman leapt)
 And cutting off his head, a trophy thence to bear :
 The foresters, that came to intercept it there,
 How he their scalps and trunks in chips and pieces cleft,
 And in the fields, like beasts, their mangled bodies left.

As to his farther praise, how for that dangerous fight
 The great Armenian King made noble Bevis Knight :
 And having rais'd power, Damascus to invade,
 The General of his force this English hero made.
 Then how fair Josian gave him Arundel his steed,
 And Morglay his good sword, in many a valiant deed
 Which manfully he try'd. Next, in a ^r buskin'd strain,
 Sung how himself he bore upon Damascus' plain,

Y y 3

That

That dreadful battle where with Brandamond he fought;
 And with his sword and steed such earthly wonders wrought,
 As even amongst his foes him admiration won;
 Incount'ring in the throng with mighty Radison,
 And lopping off his arms, th' imperial standard took.
 At whose prodigious fall, the conquer'd foe forsook
 The field; where, in one day so many Peers they lost,
 So brave commanders, and so absolute an host,
 As to the humbled earth took proud Damascus down,
 Then tributary made to the Armenian crown.
 And how at his return the King (for service done,
 The honour to his reign, and to Armenia won)
 In marriage to this Earl the Princess Josian gave.

As into what distress him Fortune after drave,
 To great Damascus sent ambassador again;
 When, in revenge of theirs, before by Bevis slain,
 (And now, at his return, for that he so despis'd
 Those idols unto whom they daily sacrific'd,
 Which he to pieces hew'd, and scatter'd in the dust)
 They, rising, him by strength into a dungeon thrust;
 In whose black bottom, long two serpents had remain'd
 (Bred in the common sewer that all the city drain'd)
 Impois'ning with their smell; which seiz'd him for their
 prey:

With whom in struggling long (besmear'd with blood and
 clay)

He rent their squalid chaps, and from the prison scap'd.

As how adult'rous Jour, the King of Mambrant, rap'd
 Fair Josian his dear love, his noble sword and steed:
 Which afterward by craft he in a palmer's weed
 Recover'd, and with him from Mambrant bare away.

And with two lions how he held a desperate fray,
 Assaying him at once, that fiercely on him flew:
 Wh^{ch} first he tam'd with wounds, then by the necks them drew.
 And 'gainst the harden'd earth their jaws & shoulders burst
 And that (Goliath-like) great Ascupart inforc'd
 To serve him for a slave, and by his horse to run.

At Colein as again the glory that he won

On that
 Whose
 As doth
 His bod
 Ev'n br
 With al
 Whilst y
 What p
 In Engl
 Unto hi
 New-for
 Both bac
 And for
 But slipp
 When
 Betwixt
 That ill
 Her offi
 Those p
 Or Span
 Of all th
 And eve
 Not one
 Imbrace
 For non
 Twixt 'l
 Both for
 Most ju
 A finer
 Nor Nev
 To thes
 Doth in
 Besides,
 Which v
 And me
 To wipe

On that huge dragon, like the country to destroy ;
 Whose sting struck like a lance, whose venom did destroy
 As doth a general plague : his scales like shields of brass ;
 His body, when he mov'd, like some unwieldy mass,
 Ev'n bruis'd the solid earth. Which boldly having song,
 With all the sundry turns that might thereto belong,
 Whilst yet she shapes her course how he came back to show,
 What powers he got abroad, how them he did bestow ;
 In England here again, how he by dint of sword
 Unto his ancient lands and titles was restor'd,
 New-forest cry'd, " Enough : and Waltham, with the Bere,
 Both bade her hold her peace ; for they no more would hear.
 And for she was a flood, her fellows nought would say ;
 But slipping to their banks, slid silently away.

When as the pliant Muse, with fair and even flight,
 Betwixt her silver wings is wafted to the ' Wight ;
 That isle, which jutting out into the sea so far,
 Her offspring traineth up in exercise of war ;
 Those pirates to put back, that oft purloin her trade,
 Or Spaniards or the French attempting to invade.
 Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,
 And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace :
 Not one of all her nymphs her Sovereign fav'reth thus,
 Imbraced in the arms of old Oceanus.
 For none of her account so near her bosom stand,
 Twixt ' Penwith's farthest point & " Goodwin's queachy sand,
 Both for her seat and soil, that far before the other
 Most justly may account great Britain for her mother.
 A finer fleece than hers not Lemster's self can boast,
 Nor Newport, for her mart, o'er-macht by any coast.
 To these the gentle South, with kisses smooth and soft,
 Doth in her bosom breathe, and seems to court her oft.
 Besides, her little rills, her inlands that do feed,
 Which with their lavish streams do furnish every need ;
 And meads, that with their fine soft grassy towels stand
 To wipe away the drops and moisture from her hand ;

Y y 4

And

* Isle of Wight.

: The Forelands of Cornwall and Kent.

And to the North, betwixt the fore-land and the firm,
 She hath that narrow sea, which we the Solent term ;
 Where those rough ireful tides, as in her streights they meet,
 With boist'rous shocks and roars each other rudely greet :
 Which fiercely when they charge, and sadly make retreat,
 Upon the bulwarkt forts of ^x Hurst and Calsheot beat,
 Then to South-hampton run : which by her shores supply'd,
 (As Portsmouth by her strength) doth vilify their pride ;

Both roads, that with our best may boldly hold their plea,
 Nor Plimmouth's self hath born more braver ships than they ;
 That from their anchoring bays have travelled to find
 Large China's wealthy realms, and view'd the either Ind,
 The pearly rich Peru ; and with as prosperous fate
 Have born their full-spread sails upon the streams of Plate :
 Whose pleasant harbours oft the sea-man's hope renew,
 To rigg his late-craz'd bark, to spread a wanton clue ;
 Where they with lusty sack, and mirthful sailors songs,
 Defy their passed storms, and laugh at Neptune's wrongs :
 The danger quite forgot wherein they were of late,
 Who half so merry now as Master and his Mate ?
 And victualling again, with brave and man-like minds
 To seaward cast their eyes, and pray for happy winds.
 But, partly by the floods sent thither from the shore,
 And islands that are set the bord'ring coast before ;
 As one amongst the rest, a brave and lusty dame
 Call'd Portsey, whence that bay of Portsmouth hath her name ;
 By her, two little isles, her handmaids (which compar'd
 With those within the Pool, for destness not out-dar'd)
 The greater Haling hight ; and fairest tho' by much,
 Yet Thorney very well, but somewhat rough in touch :
 Whose beauties far and near divulged by report,
 And by the ^y Tritons told in mighty Neptune's court,
 Old ^z Proteus hath been known to leave his finny herd,
 And in their sight to sponge his foam-bespawled beard.
 The sea-gods, which about the watry kingdom keep,
 Have often for their sakes abandoned the deep ;

That

^x Two castles in the sea.
 Trumpeters of Neptune.

^z A sea-god, who changes him-
 self into any shape.

SONG THE SECOND. 697

That Thetis many a time to Neptune hath complain'd,
 How for those wanton Nymphs her Ladies were disdain'd :
 And there arose such rut th' unruly rout among,
 That soon the noise thereof through all the ocean rung.

§. When Portsey, weighing well the ill to her might grow,
 In that their mighty stirs might be her overthrow,
 She strongly streightneth-in the entrance to her bay ;
 That, of their haunt debarr'd, and shut out to the sea
 (Each small conceived wrong helps on distemper'd rage)
 No counsel could be heard their choler to assuage :
 When every one suspects the next that is in place
 To be the only cause and means of his disgrace.
 Some coming from the east, some from the setting sun,
 The liquid mountains still together mainly run ;
 Wave woundeth wave again ; and billow, billow gores ;
 And topsy-turvy so fly tumbling to the shores.

From hence the Solent sea, as some men thought, might stand
 Amongst those things which we call wonders of our land.

When towing up that * stream, so negligent of fame,
 As till this very day she yet conceals her name ;
 By Bert and Waltham both that's equally embrac'd,
 And lastly, at her fall, by Tichfield highly grac'd :
 Whence, from old Windsor hill, and from the aged ^b Stone,
 The Muse those countries fees, which call her to be gone.
 The forests took their leave : Bere, Chute, & Buckholt, bid
 Adieu ; so Wolmer, and so Ashholt kindly did :
 And Pamber shook her head, as grieved at the heart ;
 When far upon her way, and ready to depart,
 As now the wand'ring Muse so sadly went along,
 To her last farewell, thus, the goodly forests song.

' Dear Muse, to plead our right, whom time at last hath
 brought,
 ' Which else forlorn had lain, and banish'd every thought,
 ' When thou ascend'st the hills, & from their rising shrouds
 ' Our sisters shalt command, whose tops once toucht the
 clouds ;

' Old

* Tichfield river.

| ^b Another little hill in Hamp-
 shire.

- ' Old^c Arden when thou meet'st, or dost fair^d Sherwood see,
 ' Tell them, that as they waste, so every day do we :
 ' With them, we of our griefs may be each other's heirs ;
 ' Let them lament our fall, and we will mourn for theirs.

Then turning from the south, which lies in publick view,
 The Muse an oblique course doth seriously pursue ;
 And pointing to the plains, she thither takes her way ;
 For which, to gain her breath, she makes a little stay.

^c A great and ancient forest in
 Warwickshire.

^d A forest near Nottingham.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE Muse, yet observing her began course of chorographical longitude, traces eastward the southern shore of the isle. In this second sings Dorset and Hampshire ; fitly here joined, as they join themselves, both having their south limits wash'd by the British ocean.

Which th' ancients, for the love that they to Isis bare.

^a Juba remembers a like coral by the Trogloditique isles, as is here in this sea, and styles it ^b *Isidis plocamos*. True reason of the name is no more perhaps to be given, than why Adiantum is called *Capillus Veneris*, or Sengreen *Barba Jovis*. Only thus : You have in Plutarch and Apuleius such variety of Isis titles, and, in Clemens of Alexandria, so large circuits of her travels, that it were no more wonder to hear of her name in this northern climate, than in Ægypt : especially we having three rivers of note ^c synonymies with her. Particularly to make her a sea-goddeß, which the common story of her and Osiris her husband (son to Cham, and of whom Bale dares offer affirmance, that in his travelling over the world he first taught the Britons to make beer instead of wine) do's not ; ^e Isis Pelagia, after Pausanias's testimony, hath an ^f old coin. The special notice which antiquity took of her hair is not only shewed by her ^g attribute of ^h *λυσίκομος*, but also in that her hair was kept as a sacred relique in ⁱ Memphis, as Geryon's bones at Thebes, the boar's skin at Tegea, and such like elsewhere. And after this, to fit our coral just with her colour, ^k *Æthiopis solibus Isis furva*, she is called by ^l Arnobius. Gentlewomen of black hair (no fault with brevity to turn to them) have no simple pattern of that part in this great goddeß, whose

^a *Apud Plin. hist. natur. l. 13. c. 15.*

^b Isis' hair.

^c Ouse, *Leland. ad Cyn. Cant.*

^e Isis of the sea.

^f *Goltz, thes. antiq.*

^g Loose-hair'd.

^h *Philostat. in elz.*

ⁱ *Lucian. in elz.*

^k *Æthiopian sun-burnt.*

^l *Adv. gent. 1. Black-hair.*

name

SONG THE SECOND.

699

name indeed comprehended whatsoever in the deity was feminine, and more too; nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love) intending to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of womens special ornament, ^m well-haired, thought of this, when he gave his painter direction to make her picture black-haired. But thus much out of the way.

Thou never by that name of White-hart hadst been known.

Very likely from the soil was the old name Black-more. By report of this country, the change was from a white hart, reserved here from chase, by express will of Henry III. and afterward killed by Thomas de la Lynd, a Gentleman of these parts. For the offence, a mulct imposed on the possessors of Black-more (called ⁿ White-hart silver) is to this day paid into the Exchequer. The destruction of woods here bewailed by the Muse, is (upon occasion too often given) often seconded: but while the Muse bewails them, it is ^o Marfyas and his country-men that most want them.

On whom the watry God' would oft have had his will.

Purbeck (named, but indeed not, an isle, being joined to the firm land) stored with game of the forest.

Thence alluding to Diana's devotions, the author well calls her an Huntress and a Nun. Nor doth the embracing force of the ocean (whereto she is adjacent) although very violent, prevail against her stony cliffs. To this purpose the Muse is here wanton with Neptune's wooing.

*That in little time upon this lovely dame
Begot three maiden isles, his darlings and delight.*

Albion (son of Neptune) from whom that first name of this Britain was supposed, is well fitted to the fruitful bed of this Pool, thus personated as a sea-nymph. The plain truth (as words may certify your eyes, saving all impropriety of object) is, that in the Pool are seated three ^p isles, Brunksey, Furse, and St. Helen's, in situation and magnitude as I name them. Nor is the fiction of begetting the isles improper; seeing Greek ^q antiquities tell us of divers in the Mediterranean and the Archipelagus, as Rhodes, Delos, Hiera, the Echinades, and others, which have been as it were brought forth out of the salt womb of Amphitrite.

^m Καλλιπλόκαμος, & καλλισυπό,
 i. e. well-haired and pretty-footed; two
 special commendations, dispersed in Greek
 poets, joined in Lucilius,
 ⁿ Camden.

^o Destruction of woods.
 ^p Isles newly out of the sea.
 ^q Lucian. dialog. Pindar. Olymp. ζ.
 Strab. Pausanias.

But

*But tow' rds the Solent sea, as Stour her way doth ply,
On Shaftsbury, &c.*

The streight betwixt the Wight and Hampshire is titled, in Bede's story, *† Pelagus latitudinis trium millium, quod vocatur Solente*; famous for the double, and thereby most violent floods of the ocean (as Scylla and Charybdis twixt Sicily and Italy in Homer) expressed by the author towards the end of this song, and reckoned among our British wonders. Of it the author tells you more presently. Concerning Shaftsbury (which, beside other names, from the *†* corps of St. Edward, murder'd in Corfe-castle, through procurement of the bloody hate of his step-mother Ælfthith, hither translated, and some three years lying buried, was once called St. Edward's) you shall hear a piece out of Harding:

*† Cairé Paladoure, that now is Shaftesbury,
Where an angel spake sitting on the wall
While it was in working over all.*

Speaking of Rhudhudibras's fabulous building it. I recite it, both to mend it, *†* reading aigle for angel, and also that it might then, according to the British story, help me explain the author in this,

As brought into her mind the Eagle's prophecies.

This Eagle (whose prophecies among the Britons, with the later of Merlin, have been of no less respect than those of Bacis were to the Greeks, or the Sybillines to the Romans) foretold of a reverting of the crown, after the Britons, Saxons, and Normans, to the first again, which in Henry the VIIth, grand-child to Owen Tyddour, hath been *†* observ'd, as fulfilled. This in particular is peremptorily affirmed by that Count Palatine of Basingsroke. *† Et aperte dixit, tempus aliquando fore, ut Britannium imperium denuo sit ad veteres Britannos post Saxonas & Normannos rediturum*, are his words of this eagle. But this prophecy in manuscript I have seen; and without the help of Albertus's secret, Canace's ring in Chaucer, or reading over Aristophanes's comedy of birds, I understood the language; neither find I in it any such matter expressly. Indeed (as in Merlin) you have in him the white dragon, the red dragon, the black dragon, for the Saxons, Britons, Normans; and the fertile tree, supposed for Brute, by one that of later time hath given his obscurities *‡* interpretation; in which, not from the eagle's, but from an angelical voice, almost seven hundred years after Christ, given to Cadwallader (whom others call Cedwalla) that restitution of the crown to the Britons is promised, and grounded also upon some general

† A sea three miles over, called Solent.
lib. 4. bish. eccles. cap. 16.

‡ Malmesb. l. 2. de Pontific. S. Edward.

979.

t Camden takes this Cair for Bath.

u Harding amended.

x Twin. in Albion. 2. See the fifth song.

y He plainly said, that there would be a time of this reverting of the crown.

z Distinct. Aquil. Sceptoria. A prophecy of an angel to Cadwallader.

and ambiguous words in the eagle's text, by the author here followed; which (provided your faith be strong) you must believe made more than two thousand five hundred years since. For a corollary, in this not unfit place, I will transcribe a piece of the gloss out of an old copy, speaking thus upon a passage in the prophecy: ^a *Henricus IV.* (he means Hen. III. who by the ancient account in regard of Henry, son to Henry Fite-lempres, crowned in his father's life, is in Bracton and others called the fourth) *concessit omne jus & clameum, pro se & heredibus suis, quod habuit in ducatu Normanniæ imperpetuum. Tunc fractum fuit ejus sigillum & mutatum; nam prius tenebat in sceptro gladium, nunc tenet virgam; qui gladius fuit de conquestu ducis Willielmi bastardi; & ideo dicit aquila, separabitur gladius à sceptro.* Such good fortune have these predictions, that either by conceit (although strained) they are applied to accident, or else ever religiously expected; as ^b Buchanan of Merlin's,

Then those prodigious signs to ponder she began.

I would not have you lay to the author's charge a justification of these signs at those times: but his liberty herein it is not hard to justify,

Obseditque frequens castrorum limina bubo:

and such like hath Silius Italicus before the Roman overthrow at Cannæ; and historians commonly affirm the like; therefore a Poet may well guess the like.

And at New-forest' foot into the sea doth fall.

The fall of Stour and Avon into the ocean is the limit of the two shires; and here limits the author's description of the first, his Muse now entering New-forest in Hampshire.

Her being that receiv'd by William's tyranny.

New-forest (it is thought the newest in England, except that of Hampton-court, made by Henry VIII.) acknowledges William her maker, that is, the Norman Conqueror. His love to this kind of possession and pleasure was such, that he constituted loss ^c of eyes punishment for taking his venery: so affirm expressly Florence of Worcester, Henry of Huntingdon, Walter Mapez, and others, although the author of *Distinctio Aquilæ*, with some of later time, falsely laid it to William Rufus's charge. To justify my truth, and for variety, see these rhimes, ^d even breathing antiquity:

^a A scepter instead of a sword first in Henr. the third's seal. But believe him not; the seals of those times give no warrant for it: and even in King Arthur's, Leland says, there was a feury scepter; but that perhaps as feigned, as this false.

^b *Hist. Scot. lib. 5. in Congallo.*
^c *Matth. Paris post Henric. Huntingd.*
And under Will. II. it was capital to steal deer.

^d *Rob. Glocestrenf.*

Game of houndes he lovede inow, and of wild best,
 And ^e is foreste, and is wodes, and mest the niwe foreste,
 That is in Suthamtesseire, for thuske he lovede inow,
 And astoze^h well ⁱ mid bestes, and ^e lese mid gret wou:
 Doz he cast out of house and hom of men a great route,
 And ^b binom their lond thritti mile and moze thereabouts,
 And made it all foreste and lese the bests boz to fede,
 Of pouer men diserited he nom let ei hede:
 Theruoze therein bell mony mischeuing,
 And is sone was thereine ⁱ issote William the red King,
 And ^k is o sone, that het Richard, eaght there is deth also,
 And Richard ^k is o neveu, brec there his neck thereto,
 As he rod an honteth, and persauntre his hoze sprend,
 The bright ido to pouer men to such mesautre trend.

But to quit you of this antique verse, I return to the pleasanter Muse.

Her famous Bevis so were 't in her power to choose.

About the Norman invasion was Bevis famous with title of Earl of Southampton; Dunston in Wiltshire known for his residence. What credit you are to give to the hyperbolies of Itchin in her relation of Bevis, your own judgment, and the author's censure in the admonition of the other rivers here personated, I presume, will direct. And it is wished that the poetical Monks in celebration of him, Arthur, and other such worthies, had contained themselves within bounds of likelihood; or else that some judges, proportionate to those ⁱ of the Grecian games, (who always by publick authority pulled down the statues erected, if they exceeded the true symmetry of the victors) had given such exorbitant fictions their desert. The sweet grace of an enchanting poem (as unimitable ^m Pindar affirms) often compels belief; but so far have the indigested reports of barren and Monkish invention expatiated out of the lists of truth, that from their intermixed and absurd falsities hath proceeded doubt, and, in some, even denial of what was truth. His sword is kept as a relique in Arundel castle, not equalling in length (as it is now worn) that of Edward III. at Westminster.

*And for great Aribur's seat her Winchester prefers,
 Whose old round table yet, &c.*

For him, his table, order, Knights, and places of their celebration, look to the fourth song.

When Portsey, weighing well the ill to her might grow.

Portsey, an island in a creek of the Solent, coming in by Portsmouth, endures the forcible violence of that troublesome sea, as the verse tells you in this fiction of wooing.

^e His.

^f With.

^g Pastures.

^h Took.

ⁱ Shot by Walter Tirell.

^k His own.

^l Ἑλληνοδίκαι. Lucian. περὶ εἰκόν.

^m Olymp. a. & Nem. ζ. σοφία ἢ κλέπην

παράγειν μύθοις.

POLY-

UP
 Is ushe
 Whose
 Shall fo
 To lea



POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

*In this third song great threat'nings are,
And tending all to nymphish war.
Old Wansdike uttereth words of hate,
Depraving Stonendge's estate.
Clear Avon and fair Willy strive,
Each pleading her prerogative.
The Plain the Forests doth disdain:
The Forests rail upon the Plain.
The Muse then seeks the shire's extremes,
To find the fountain of great Thames;
Falls down with Avon, and descries
Both Bath's and Bristol's braveries:
Then views the Somersetian soil;
Through marshes, mines, and mores doth toil,
To Avalon to Arthur's grave,
Sadly bemoan'd of Ochy cave.
Then with delight she bravely brings
The princely Parret from her springs;
Preparing for the learned plea
(The next in song) in the Severn sea.*

UP with the jound lark (too long we take our rest)
Whilst yet the blushing dawn out of the chearful East
Is ushering forth the day to light the Muse along;
Whose most delightful touch, and sweetness of her song,
Shall force the lusty swains out of the country towns,
To lead the loving girls in dances to the downs.

The

The nymphs, in Selwood's shades & Braden's woods that be,
 Their oaken wreaths, o Muse, shall offer up to thee.
 And when thou shap'st thy coursetow' rds where the soil is rank,
 The Somersetian maids, by swelling Sabrin's bank
 Shall strew the way with flowers (where thou art coming on)
 Brought from marshy grounds by aged ^a Avalon.

From Sarum thus we set, remov'd from whence it stood
 By Avon to reside, her dearest-loved flood;
 Where her imperious ^b fane her former feat disdains,
 And proudly over-tops the spacious neighbouring plains.
 What pleasures hath this isle, of us esteem'd most dear,
 In any place, but poor unto the plenty here?
 The chalky ^c Chiltern fields, nor Kelmarsh self compares
 With ^d Everley, for store and swiftness of her hares:
 A horse of greater speed, nor yet a righter hound,
 Not any where 'twixt Kent and ^e Caledon is found.
 Nor yet the level South can shew a smoother race,
 Whereas the ^f ballow nag outstrips the winds in chase;
 As famous in the West for matches yearly try'd,
 As ^g Garterley, posselt of all the Northern pride;
 And on his match as much the Western horseman lays,
 As the rank-riding Scots upon their ^h Galloways.

And as the Western soil as found a horse doth breed,
 As doth the land that lies betwixt the Trent and Tweed:
 No hunter, so, but finds the ⁱ breeding of the West
 The only kind of hounds for mouth and nostril best;
 That cold doth seldom fret, nor heat doth over-hail;
 As standing in the flight, as pleasant on the trail;
 Free hunting, eas'ly checkt, and loving every chase;
 Strait running, hard and tough, of reasonable pace:
 Not heavy, as that hound which Lancashire doth breed;
 Nor as the Northern kind, so light and hot of speed,

^a Glastonbury.

^b Salisbury church.

^c Two places famous for hares,
 the one in Buckinghamshire, the
 other in Northamptonshire.

^d Everley warren of hares.

^e The farthest part of Scotland.

^f Gant.

^g The best kind of Scottish nags.

^h A famous Yorkshire horse-race.

ⁱ The Western hounds generally
 the best.

Upon

Upon
 Doth r
 Wh
 The na
 Hath v
 She, fi
 She W
 That i
 Who (
 §. Betw
 And th
 Had v
 Whom
 The ol
 ' Du
 ' Preci
 ' But t
 ' And
 ' Consp
 ' Com
 ' Yet r
 ' Than
 ' Ill di
 ' That
 ' For a
 ' Wha
 In t
 He int
 §. To l
 Thern
 Fir
 And b
 Fair m
 Which

* Sto
 of Eng
 i Sal

Upon the clearer chafe, or on the foiled train,
Doth make the sweetest cry, in wood-land or on plain.

Where she, of all the plains of Britain, that doth bear
The name to be the first (renowned every where)
Hath worthily obtain'd that Stonendge there should stand:
She, first of plains; and * that, first wonder of the land.
She Wansdike also wins, by whom she is imbrac'd,
That in his aged arms doth gird her ampler waist:
Who (for a mighty mound sith long he did remain
§. Betwixt the Mercians rule, and the West-Saxons reign,
And therefore of his place himself he proudly bare)
Had very oft been heard with Stonendge to compare;
Whom for a paltry ditch, when Stonendge pleas'd t'upbraid,
The old man taking heart, thus to that trophy said:

' Dull heap, that thus thy head above the rest dost rear,
' Precisely yet not know'st who first did place thee there;
' But traytor basely turn'd, to Merlin's skill dost fly,
' And with his magicks dost thy maker's truth bely:
' Conspirator with time, now grown so mean and poor,
' Comparing these his spirits with those that went before;
' Yet rather art content thy builder's praise to lose,
' Than passed greatness should thy present wants disclose.
' Ill did those mighty men to trust thee with their story,
' That hast forgot their names, who rear'd thee for their glory:
' For all their wondrous cost, thou that has serv'd them so,
' What 'tis to trust to tombs, by thee we eas'ly know.

In these invectives thus whilst Wansdike doth complain,
He interrupted is by that imperious ¹ Plain,
§. To hear two crystal floods to court her, that apply
Themselves, which should be seen most gracious in her eye.

First, Willy boasts herself more worthy than the other,
And better far deriv'd: as having to her mother
Fair ^m Selwood, and to bring up ⁿ Diver in her train;
Which, when the envious soil would from her course restrain,

Z z

A

* Stonendge, the greatest wonder
of England.

¹ Salisbury Plain.

^m A forest betwixt Wiltshire and
Somersetshire.

ⁿ Of diving under the earth.

A mile creeps under earth, as flying all resort :
 And how clear Nader waits attendance in her court ;
 And therefore claims of right the Plain should hold her dear,
 Which gives that town the name ; which likewise names the
 ° shire.

The Eastern Avon vaunts, and doth upon her take
 To be the only child of shadeful ° Savernake,
 As Ambray's ancient flood ; herself and to enstille
 The Stonendge's best-lov'd, first wonder of the isle ;
 And what (in her behoof) might any want supply,
 She vaunts the goodly seat of famous Sal'sbury ;
 Where meeting pretty Bourne, with many a kind embrace,
 Betwixt their crystal arms they clip that loved place.

Report, as lately rais'd, unto these rivers came,
 §. That Bath's clear Avon (waxt imperious through her fame)
 Their dalliance should deride ; and that by her disdain,
 Some other smaller brooks, belonging to the Plain,
 A question seem'd to make, whereas the shire sent forth
 Two Avons, which should be the flood of greatest worth ;
 This stream, which to the South the ° Celtick sea doth get,
 Or that which from the North saluteth Somerset.

This when these rivers heard, that even but lately strove
 Which best did love the Plain, or had the Plain's best love,
 They straight themselves combine : for Willy wisely weigh'd,
 That should her Avon lose the day for want of aid,
 If one so great and near were overprest with power,
 The foe (she being less) would quickly her devour.
 As two contentious Kings, that on each little jar,
 Defiances send forth, proclaiming open war,
 Until some other realm, that on their frontiers lies,
 Be hazarded again by other enemies,
 Do then betwixt themselves to composition fall,
 To countercheck that sword, else like to conquer all :
 So falls it with these floods, that deadly hate do bear.
 And whilst on either part strong preparations were,

It

° Wilton of Willy, and Wiltshire
 of Wilton.

° A forest in Wiltshire,
 ° The French sea.

It grea
 Had r
 Fore-v
 When

‘ On r
 ‘ With
 ‘ By n
 ‘ The

‘ For,
 ‘ In d
 ‘ Han
 ‘ By d
 ‘ Wit

‘ T
 ‘ Wh
 ‘ The
 ‘ In cl
 ‘ Unt

‘ The
 ‘ Wit
 ‘ To
 ‘ Upo
 ‘ Dot

‘ T
 ‘ Am
 ‘ To
 ‘ To
 ‘ His

‘ To
 ‘ Ref
 ‘ Wh
 ‘ But
 ‘ Tha

‘ T
 in def

It greatly was suppos'd strange strife would there have been;
 Had not the goodly Plain (plac'd equally between)
 Fore-warn'd them to desist, and off their purpose brake;
 When in behalf of Plains thus gloriously she spake:

' Away ye barb'rous woods; how ever ye be plac'd
 ' On mountains, or in dales, or happily be grac'd
 ' With floods, or marshy fells, with pasture, or with earth
 ' By nature made to till, that by the yearly birth
 ' The large-bay'd barn doth fill, yea though the fruitfull'st
 ground.

' For, in respect of Plains, what pleasure can be found
 ' In dark and sleepy shades? where mists and rotten fogs
 ' Hang in the gloomy thicks, and make unstedfast bogs,
 ' By dropping from the boughs, the o'er-grown trees among,
 ' With caterpillers kells, and dusky cobwebs hong.

' The deadly screech-owl sits, in gloomy covert hid:
 ' Whereas the smooth-brow'd Plain, as liberally doth bid
 ' The lark to leave her bow'r, and on her trembling wing
 ' In climbing up tow'rd's heaven, her high-pitch hymns to sing
 ' Unto the springing day; when 'gainst the Sun's arise
 ' The early dawning strews the goodly Eastern skies
 ' With roses every where: who scarcely lifts his head
 ' To view this upper world, but he his beams doth spread
 ' Upon the goodly Plains; yet at his noonsted's height,
 ' Doth scarcely pierce the brake with his far-shooting sight.

' The gentle shepherds here survey their gentler sheep:
 ' Amongst the bushy woods luxurious Satyrs keep.
 ' To these brave sports of field, who with desire is won,
 ' To see his grey-hound course, his horse (in diet) run,
 ' His deep-mouth'd hound to hunt, his long-wing'd hawk
 to fly,

' To these most noble sports his mind who doth apply,
 ' Resorts unto the Plains. And not a foughten field,
 ' Where kingdoms rights have lain upon the spear and shield,
 ' But Plains have been the place; and all those trophies high,
 ' That ancient times have rear'd to noble memory:

Z z 2

' As,

* The Plain of Salisbury's speech
 in defence of all Plains.

* Boggy places. A word frequent
 in Lancashire.

' As, Stonendge, that to tell the British Princes slain
 ' By those false Saxons fraud, here ever shall remain.
 ' It was upon the Plain of Mamre (to the same
 ' Of me and all our kind) whereas the Angels came
 ' To Abraham in his tent, and there with him did feed;
 ' To Sara his dear wife then promising the seed,
 ' By whom all nations should so highly honour'd be,
 ' In which the Son of God they in the flesh should see.
 ' But Forests, to your plague there soon will come an age,
 ' In which all damned sins most vehemently shall rage.
 ' An age! what have I said? nay ages there shall rise,
 ' So senseless of the good of their posterities,
 ' That of your greatest groves they scarce shall leave a tree
 ' (By which the harmless deer may after shelter'd be)
 ' Their luxury and pride but only to maintain,
 ' And for your long excess shall turn ye all to pain.

Thus ending; though some hills themselves that do apply
 To please the goodly Plain, still standing in her eye,
 Did much applaud her speech (as ' Haradon, whose head
 Old Ambry still doth awe, and Bagden from his sted,
 Surveying of the Vies, whose likings do allure
 Both Ouldbry and Saint Ann; and they again procure
 Mount Marting-fall: and he those hills that stand aloof,
 Those brothers Barbury and Badbury, whose proof
 Adds much unto her praise) yet in most high disdain
 The Forests take her words, and swear the prating Plain
 Grown old, began to doat: and Savernake so much
 Is galled with her taunts (whom they so nearly touch)
 That she in spiteful terms defies her to her face;
 And Aldburn with the rest, though being but a Chase,
 At worse than nought her sets: but Bradon all afloat
 When it was told to her, set open such a throat,
 That all the country rang. She calls her barren jade,
 Base quean, and rivel'd witch, and wish'd she could be made
 But worthy of her hate (which most of all her grieves)
 The basest begger's bawd, a harbourer of thieves.

Then

* Divers hills near and about Salisbury Plain.

Then Peusham, and with her old Blackmore (not behind)
Do wish that from the seas some sultry Southern wind,
The foul infectious damps and poison'd airs would sweep,
And pour them on the Plain, to rot her and her sheep.

But whilst the sportive Muse delights her with these things,
She strangely taken is with those delicious springs
Of Kennet rising here, and of the nobler stream
Of Isis, setting forth upon her way to Tame,

§. By Greeklade; whose great name yet vaunts that learned
tongue,

Where to great Britain first the sacred Muses song;
Which first were seated here, at Isis' bounteous head,
As telling that her fame should through the world be spread;
And tempted by this flood, to Oxford after came,
There likewise to delight her bridegroom, lovely Tame:
Whose beauty when they saw, so much they did adore,
That Greeklade they forsook, and would go back no more!

Then Bradon gently brings forth Avon from her source:
Which Southward making soon in her most quiet course,
Receives the gentle Calne: when on her rising side,
First Blackmoor crowns her bank, as Peusham with her pride
Sets out her murmuring sholes, till (turning to the West)
Her, Somerset receives, with all the bounties blest
That nature can produce in that Bathonian spring,
Which from the sulph'ry mines her med'cinal force doth
bring;

As physick hath found out by colour, taste, and smell,
Which taught the world at first the virtue of that well;
What quickliest it could cure: which men of knowledge drew
From that first mineral cause: but some that little knew
(Yet felt the great effects continually it wrought)

§. Ascrib'd it to that skill, which Bladud hither brought,
As by that learned King the Baths should be begun;
Not from the quickned mine, by the begetting Sun
Giving that natural pow'r, which by the vig'rous sweat,
Doth lend the lively springs their perdurable heat
In passing through the veins, where matter doth not need;
Which in that mineros earth inseparably doth breed;

So nature hath purvey'd, that during all her reign
 The Baths their native power for ever shall retain:
 Where time that city built, which to her greater fame,
 Preserving of that spring, participates her name;
 The tutelage whereof (as those past worlds did please)
 Some to ^uMinerva gave, and some to Hercules:
 Proud Phœbus' loved spring, in whose diurnal course,
 §. When on this point of earth he bends his greatest force,
 By his so strong approach, provokes her to desire,
 Stung with the kindly rage of love's impatient fire:
 Which boiling in her womb, projects (as to a birth)
 Such matter as she takes from the gross humorous earth;
 Till purg'd of dregs and slime, and her complexion clear,
 She smileth on the light, and looks with mirthful cheer.

Then came the lusty Froom, the first of floods that met
 Fair Avon entring into fruitful Somerset,
 With her attending brooks; and her to Bath doth bring,
 Much honour'd by that place, Minerva's sacred spring.
 To noble Avon, next, clear Chute as kindly came,
 To ^{*}Bristol her to bear, the fairest seat of Fame:
 To entertain this flood, as great a mind that hath,
 And striving in that kind far to excel the Bath.
 As when some wealthy Lord prepares to entertain
 A man of high account, and feast his gallant train;
 Of him that did the like, doth seriously enquire
 His diet, his device, his service, his attire;
 That varying every thing (exampled by his store)
 He every way may pass what th'other did before:
 Even so this city doth; the prospect of which place
 To her fair building adds an admirable grace;
 Well fashion'd as the best, and with a double wall,
 As brave as any town; but yet excelling all
 For casement, that to health is requisite and meet;
 Her piled shores, to keep her delicate and sweet:
 Hereto, she hath her tides; that when she is oppress'd
 With heat or drought, still pour their floods upon her breast.

To

^u Minerva and Hercules, the protectors, of these fountains.

^{*} The delicacies of Bristol.

To
 Which
 Elsewh
 The fo
 As in
 There
 His la
 His ce
 There
 Cribs,
 So thi
 Or tha
 Yet
 §. Wi
 But th
 Before
 And
 Or Ch
 And S
 Which
 And t
 By ch
 As of
 Th'an
 And o
 Our
 Which
 And
 That
 That
 §. In
 Since

^v A
 of this
^z Th
^a Th
^b Br
^c A
^d By

To Mendip then the Muse upon the South inclines,
Which is the only store and coffer of her mines;
Elsewhere the fields and meads their sundry trafficks suit;
The forests yield her wood, the orchards give her fruit.
As in some rich man's house his several charges lie,
There stands his wardrobe, here remains his treasury;
His large provision there, of fish, of fowl, and neat,
His cellars for his wines, his larders for his meat;
There banquet-houses, walks for pleasure; here again
Cribs, grainers, stables, barns, the other to maintain:
So this rich country hath itself what may suffice,
Or that which through exchange a smaller want supplies.

Yet Ochy's dreadful ^v hole still held herself disgrac'd,
§. With th' wonders of this isle that she should not be plac'd;
But that which vext her most, was, that the ^{*} Peakish cave
Before her darksome self such dignity should have;
And th Wyches for their salts such state on them should take;
Or Cheshire should prefer her sad ^b death-boding-lake;
And Stonedje in the world should get such high respect,
Which imitating art but idly did erect:
And that among the rest, the vain inconstant ^c Dee,
By changing of his fords, for one should reckon'd be;
As of another sort, wood turn'd to ^d stone; among
Th' anatomized ^e fish, and fowls from ^f planchers sprung:
And on the Cambrian side those strange and wondrous ^g springs
Our ^h beasts that seldom drink; a thousand other things
Which Ochy inly vext, that they to fame should mount,
And greatly griev'd her friends for her so small account;
That there was scarcely rock or river, marsh or meer,
That held not Ochy's wrongs (for all held Ochy dear)
§. In great and high disdain: and Froom for her disgrac
Since scarcely ever washt the coalstleck from her face;

Z z 4

But

^v A catalogue of the many won-
of this land.

^z The Devil's arse.

^a The salt wells in Cheshire.

^b Bruerton's pond.

^c A river by Westchester.

^d By sundry soils of Britain.

^e Our Pikes ript and sow'd up,
live.

^f Barnacles, a bird breeding upon
old ships.

^g Wondrous springs in Wales.

^h Sheep.

But (melancholy grown) to Avon gets a path,
 Through sickness forc'd to seek for cure unto the Bath;
 §. And Cledder, for meer grief his teen he could not wreak,
 Gush't forth so forceful streams, that he was like to break
 The greater banks of Ax, as from his mother's cave
 He wander'd towards the sea; for madness who doth rave
 At his dread mother's wrong; but who so woe begun
 For Ochy, as the isle of antient Avalon?
 Who having in herself as inward cause of grief,
 Neglecteth yet her own, to give her friend relief;
 The other so again for her doth sorrow make,
 And in the isle's behalf the dreadful cavern spake:

‘ O three times famous Isle, where is that place that might
 ‘ Be with thyself compar'd for glory and delight,
 ‘ Whist Glastenbury stood? exalted to that pride,
 ‘ Whose monastery seem'd all other to deride:
 ‘ O who thy ruin sees, whom wonder doth not fill
 ‘ With our great fathers pomp, devotion, and their skill?
 ‘ Thou more than mortal power (this judgment rightly
 weigh'd)
 ‘ Then present to assist, at that foundation lay'd;
 ‘ On whom for this sad waste, should Justice lay the crime?
 ‘ Is there a power in fate, or doth it yield to time?
 ‘ Or was their error such, that thou could'st not protect
 ‘ Those buildings which thy hand did with their zeal erect?
 ‘ To whom didst thou commit that monument to keep,
 ‘ That suffereth with the dead their memory to sleep?
 ‘ §. When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy[†] Joseph's
 grave,
 ‘ From sacrilege had power their sacred bones to save;
 ‘ He who that God in man to his sepulchre brought,
 ‘ Or he which for the faith twelve famous battles fought.
 ‘ What! did so many kings do honour to that place,
 ‘ For avarice at last so vilely to deface?
 ‘ For reverence, to that seat which had ascribed been,
 ‘ Trees yet in winter bloom, and bear their summer's green.

This

[†] Joseph of Arimathea.

[‡] The wondrous tree at Glasten-
 bury.

This
 Which
 And w
 As into
 Like fo
 §. Imb
 On wh
 He sho
 Who g
 But his
 Thoug

To for
 First¹
 And ca
 Her lo
 And G
 One ta
 Anothe
 But, h
 Is so in
 That a
 And c
 But for
 And f
 As he
 The b
 But lo
 And i
 But
 So ma
 Occasi
 Which
 Now i
 Now

SONG THE THIRD.

713

'This said, she many a sigh from her full stomach cast,
Which issued thro' her breast in many a boist'rous blast ;
And with such floods of tears her sorrows doth condole,
As into rivers turn within that darksome hole.
Like sorrow for herself, this goodly isle doth try ;
§. Imbrac'd by Selwood's son, her flood the lovely Bry,
On whom the fates bestow'd (when he conceived was)
He should be much belov'd of many a dainty lass ;
Who gives all leave to like, yet of them liketh none,
But his affection sets on beauteous Avalon ;
Though many a plump-thigh'd moor, and full-flank'd marsh
do prove

To force his chaste desires, so dainty of his love.
First ¹ Sedgmore shews this flood, her bosom all unbrac'd,
And casts her wanton arms about his slender waist :
Her lover to obtain, so amorous Audry seeks :
And Gedney softly steals sweet kisses from his cheeks.
One takes him by the hand, intreating him to stay ;
Another plucks him back, when he would fain away :
But, having caught at length, whom long he did pursue,
Is so intranc'd with love, her goodly parts to view,
That alt'ring quite his shape, to her he doth appear,
And casts his crystal self into an ample meer ;
But for his greater growth when needs he must depart,
And forc'd to leave his love (tho' with a heavy heart)
As he his back doth turn, and is departing out,
The batt'ning marshy Brent environs him about ;
But loathing her embrace, away in haste he flings,
And in the Severn sea furrounds his plenteous springs.

But, dallying in this place so long, why dost thou dwell,
So many fundry things here having yet to tell ?
Occasion calls the Muse her pinions to prepare,
Which (striking with the wind the vast and open air)
Now in the fenny heaths, then in the champains roves,
Now measures out this plain, and then surveys those groves ;
The

¹ Fruitful moors upon the banks of the Bry.

The batful pastures fenc'd, and most with quickset mound,
The sundry sorts of soil, diversity of ground;
Where plow-men cleanse the earth of rubbish, weed and
filth,

And give the fallow lands their seasons and their tilth;
Where best for breeding horse, where cattle fit't to keep,
Which good for bearing corn, which pasturing for sheep:
The lean and hungry earth, the fat and marly mold,
Where sands be always hot, and where the clays be cold;
With plenty where they waste, some others toucht with want;
Here set, and there they sow; here prune, and there they
plant.

As Wiltshire is a place best pleas'd with that resort,
Which spend away the time continually in sport;
So Somerset herself to profit doth apply,
As given all to gain, and thriving huswifery.
For, whereas in a land one doth consume and waste,
'Tis fit another be to gather in as fast:

This liketh moory plots, delights in sedgy bowers,
The grassy garlands loves, and oft attir'd with flowers
Of rank and mellow glebe; a swerd as soft as wool,
With her complexion strong, a belly plump and full.

Thus whilst the active Muse strains out these various things,
Clear Parret makes approach, with all those plenteous springs
Her fruitful banks that bless; by whose monarchical sway
She fortifies her self against that mighty day,
Wherein her utmost power she should be forc'd to try:
For, from the Druids time there was a prophesy,
That there should come a day (which now was near at hand
By all fore-running signs) that on the Eastern strand,
If ^m Parret stood not fast upon the English side,
They all should be suppress'd: and by the British pride
In cunning over-come; for why, impartial Fate
(Yet constant always to the Britons crazed state)
Forbad they yet should fall; by whom she meant to show
How much the present age, and after-times should owe

Unto

^m A supposed prophesy upon Parret.

Unto the
Her trib
Against
Two riv
Their en
The first
Large M
Her haro
From N
Her rival
She by h
And for
§. The n
Which m
Like Car
Where, a
Most fan
From wh
spro
As some
(Yet in h
Extends i
So, almo
That just
So idly to
For some
Beyond th
Tow'r
To her at
Crown'd
With all t
In orchard
Even of t
Though S
The sweet

^a Ivel: fro
is denominat

SONG THE THIRD.

715

Unto the line of Brute. Clear Parret therefore prest
 Her tributary streams, and wholly her addrest
 Against the antient foe; first, calling to her aid
 Two rivers of one^a name, which seem as tho' they stay'd
 Their emprefs as she went, her either hand that take:
 The first upon the right, as from her source, doth make
 Large Muchelney an isle, and unto Ivel lends
 Her hardly-rendred name: That on her left, descends
 From Neroch's neighbouring woods; which, of that forest
 Her rival's profer'd grace opprobriously doth scorn. [born,
 She by her wand'ring course doth Athelney in-ise,
 And for the greater state, herself she doth instile
 §. The nearest neighbouring flood to Arthur's antient seat,
 Which made the Britons name thro' all the world so great.
 Like Camelot, what place was ever yet renown'd?
 Where, as at Caerleon oft, he kept the table round,
 Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,
 From whence all knightly deeds, and brave achievements
 sprong.

As some soft-sliding rill, which from a lesser head
 (Yet in his going forth, by many a fountain fed)
 Extends itself at length unto a goodly stream:
 So, almost thro' the world his fame flew from this realm;
 That justly I may charge those antient Bards of wrong,
 So idly to neglect his glory in their song:
 For some abundant brain, oh there had been a story
 Beyond the ° blind-man's might to have inhanc'd our glory.
 Tow'rds the Sabrinian sea then Parret setting on,
 To her attendance next comes in the beauteous Tone,
 Crown'd with embroider'd banks, and gorgeously array'd,
 With all th' enamel'd flowers of many a goodly mead:
 In orchards richly clad, whose proud aspiring boughs
 Even of the tallest woods do scorn a jot to lose,
 Though Selwood's mighty self and Neroch standing by;
 The sweetness of her soil thro' every coast doth fly.

What

^a Ivel: from which the town Ivel is denominated. | ° Homer.

What ear so empty is, that hath not heard the sound
 Of Taunton's fruitful ^p Dean? not match'd by any ground:
 By ^a Athelney ador'd, a neighbourer to her land:
 Whereas those higher hills to view fair Tone that stand,
 Her coadjuting springs with much content behold,
 Where seaward Quantock stands, as Neptune he control'd,
 And Black-down inland born, a mountain and a mound,
 As tho' he stood to look about the country round:
 But Parret as a prince, attended here the while,
 Inrich'd with every moor, and every inland isle,
 Upon her taketh state, well forward tow'rd's her fall:
 Whom lastly yet to grace, and not the least of all,
 Comes in the lively Carr, a nymph most lovely clear,
 From Somerton sent down, the sovereign of the shire;
 Which makes our Parret proud. And wallowing in excess,
 Whilst like a Prince she vaunts amid the watry press,
 The breathless Muse a while her wearied wings shall ease,
 To get her strength to stem the rough Sabrinian seas.

^p One of the fruitful places of this land. | ^a Interpreted the noble Isle.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Discontinuing her first course, the Muse returns to Somerset and Wiltshire, which lie betwixt the Severn and Hantshire; as the song here joyns them:

From Sarum thus we set, remov'd from whence it stood.

Old Salisbury seated North-east from the now famous Salisbury, some mile distant, about Richard Ceur de Lion's time had her name and inhabitants hither translated, upon the meeting of Avon and Aderborn; where not long after she enjoy'd, among other, that glorious title of admiration for her sumptuous church-buildings. Of that, one of my authors thus:

* in the peare of grace
 Twelf hundred and ten and twenti, in the baire place
 Of the noble munstre of Salesburii hit leide the verste stone.
 That me not in Chyristindom bairoze woꝝh non.

* Rob. Glocestren.

Ther

Ther
 He leid
 The
 Doz th
 The v
 Doz th

This wor
 bishop to

Hath

Upon S
 the earth
 crofs over
 give them

Bu
 Ca
 WI

As the nob
 No ma
 of this lan
 cause thus
 treaty with
 Saxons (p
 youn rexer,
 king prison
 monument
 pen-dragon
 a plain (oth
 to remain
 This Merl
 brought out
 to inhabit
 Merlin's per
 treacherous
 Malmesbury
 port it as I
 artificially c
 credit; yet
 sooner, than

a Hen. III.
 b Willielm
 c Richard P
 d In his So
 e Hister. lib

SONG THE THIRD.

717

Ther was Pandulf the Legat, and as hept of echon,
He leid: vñve the verste stones: as voꝛ the Pope put on,
The other voꝛvze ^a ponge King, the thꝛidde as me sepe
Voꝛ the gode Erle of Salisburi, William ^b the Longespel,
The verth voꝛ the Contesse. the vñste he leide tho
Voꝛ the ^c Bisshop of Salesburi, and he ne leide na mo.

This work then began, was by Robert of Bingham, next succeeding
bishop to that excellency, prosecuted.

Hath worthily obtain'd that Stonehenge there should stand.

Upon Salisbury plain, stones of huge weight and greatness, some in
the earth pitcht, and in form erected, as it were circular; others lying
cross over them, as if their own poise did no less than their supporters
give them that proper place, have this name of Stone-henge;

*But so confus'd, that neither any eye
Can count them just, nor reason reason try,
What force brought them to so unlikely ground.*

As the noble ^d Sidney of them.

No man knows, faith ^e Huntingdon (making them the first wonder
of this land, as the author doth) how, or why they came here. The
cause thus take from the British story: Hengist under colour of a friendly
treaty with Vortigern at Amesbury, his falsehood's watchword to his
Saxons (provided there privily with long knives) being ^f Nimep
joun rexer, there traiterously slew cō. ix. noble Britons, and kept the
king prisoner. Some thirty years after K. Ambrose (to honour with one
monument the name of so many murder'd worthies) by help of Uter-
pen-dragon's forces and Merlin's magique, got them transported from off
a plain (others say a hill) near ^g Naas in Kildare in Ireland, hither,
to remain as a trophy, not of victory, but of wronged innocency.
This Merlin persuaded the King that they were medicinal, and first
brought out of the utmost parts of Afrique by giants, which thence came
to inhabit Ireland. ^h *Non est ibi lapis qui medicamento caret*, as in
Merlin's person Geoffrey of Monmouth speaks; whose authority in this
treacherous slaughter of the Britons, I respect not so much as Nennius,
Malmesbury, Sigebert, Matthew of Westminster, and others, who re-
port it as I deliver. Whether they be naturally solid, or with cement
artificially compos'd, I will not dispute. Although the last be of easier
credit; yet I would, with our late historian White, believe the first
sooner, than that Ulysses's ship was by Neptune turn'd into one stone, as
it

^a Hen. III.

^b Willielm de Longa spatha.

^c Richard Poor.

^d In his Sonets.

^e *Hist. lib. 1.*

^f i. e. Take your swords.

^g Girald. Cambrensis Topograph. Hib.
dist. 2. cap. 18. Chorea gigantum.

^h Not one of the stones but is good for
somewhat in physick.

it is in the *Odyſſey*, and that the *Ægyptian* king *Amafis* had a houſe cut out in one marble (which, by *Herodotus's* deſcription, could not after the workmanſhip have leſs content than *cix. cix. ccc. xciv.* ſolid cubits, if my *Geometry* fail me not) or that which the *Jews* ¹ are not aſham'd to affirm of a ſtone, with which king *Og* at one throw from his head purpoſ'd to have crush'd all the *Israelites*, had not a lapwing ſtrangely peckt ſuch a hole through it, that it fell on his ſhoulders, and by miracle his upper-teeth ſuddenly extended, kept it there faſt from motion. It is poſſible they may be of ſome ſuch earthy duſt as that of *Puzzolo*, and by *Ætna*, which caſt into the water turns ſtony, as *Pliny* after *Strabo* of them and other like remembers. And for certain I find it reported, ^k that in *Caernarvon* upon *Snowdon* hills is a ſtone (which miraculoſly ſomewhat more than ſixty years ſince, rais'd it ſelf out of a lake at the hill's foot) equalling a large houſe in greatneſs, and ſuppos'd not moveable by a thouſand yoke of oxen. For the form of bringing them, your opinion may take freedom. That great one which *Hercules* ^l is wonder'd at for the carriage was but ^m a cartload, which he left for a monument in *Otranto* of *Italy*: and except *Geffrey* of *Monmouth*, with ſome which follow him, ſcarce any affirm or ſpeak of it, nor *Nennius*, nor *Malmesbury*; the firſt living ſomewhat near the ſuppoſed time.

Between the Mercian rule and the Weſt-Saxons reign.

So thinks our antiquary and light of this kingdom; that, to be a limit of thoſe two ancient ſtates, ſometime divided by *Avon*, which falls into *Severn*, *Wanſdike* croſſing the ſhire Weſtward over the plain was firſt caſt up. *Wodenſdike*, the old name, is ſuppoſed from *Woden*; of no leſs (if not greater) eſteem to the *Saxons*, than *Arſaces*, *Pelops*, *Cadmus*, and other ſuch to their poſterity; but ſo, that, I gueſs it went but for their greateſt God *Mercury* (he is called rather *Wonden* from *Win*, that is, gain, by ⁿ *Lipſius*) as the German and Engliſh antiquities diſcover. And very likely, when this limit was made, that in honour of him, being by name preſident of ways, and by his office of heraldſhip *Pacifex*, i. e. *Peacemaker*, as an old ſtamp titles him, they called it *Wodenſdike*; as not only the *Greeks* ^o had their *Εἰμαὶ εἰς δὲ δὲ* *τελεγγαρχίας* (ſtatues erected) for limits and direction of ways, and the *Latines* their *Terminus*, but the ancient *Jews* alſo, as upon interpretation of *מסר כסר* ^p in the *Proverbs*, i. e. into an heap of *Mercury* (in the vulgar) for a heap of ſtones in that ſenſe, *Goropius* in his hieroglyphiques affirms, ſomewhat boldly deriving *Mercury* from *Mert*, which ſignifies a limit in his and our tongue, and ſo fits this place.

ⁱ *Apud Munſter. ad Deuter. 3.* If among them there be a whetſtone, let the Jew have it.

^k *Powel ad lib. 2. cap. 56. Girald. itinerarij.*

^l *Aristot. περί θαλάμ. αὐτομ.*

^m *Ἀμαξία.*

ⁿ *Ad Germ. Tacit. Woden or Wondena.*

^o *Immunſall. Sax. Mercury. Adam Bred.*

menſ. an. 5. And hence Irmungſtreata.

Pauſan. ſapient. & Theocrit. 46. 25.

^p *Proverb. 26. v. 8.*

place in
being fev
other; Br

To k

Willibo
near Selw
naming bo
her courſe
washing A
ſcopal city
are fitly th
proſecuting

How tha

Divers
Wiltſhire:
into the Oc
Gloceſter:
penham, B
ſet, paſſes
compendiou
elegancy for
and *Virgil*)
ſervation, th

To Greekla

The hiſto
verſes, & kept
certain Gree
was thus ca
(upon like
this ſhire, ga
But Godwin
to Theodore
Pope Vitalian
and an extrao
had (among o
ſome of his
language. R
firſt deduced a

^q *In Thucyd.*
q *Leland. ad cy*
i. e. The Ph

place in name and nature. Stonhenge and it not improperly contend, being several works of two several nations anciently hateful to each other; Britons and Saxons.

To bear two crystal floods to court her, which apply.

Willibourne (by the old name the author calls her Willy) derived from near Selwood by Warmister, with her creekly passage crossing to Wilton, naming both that town and the shire, and on the other side Avon taking her course out of Savernak by Marlborow through the shire Southward, washing Ambresbury and the Salisburies (new Salisbury being her episcopal city) both watering the plain, and furnished with these reasons, are fitly thus personated, striving to endear themselves in her love: and prosecuting this fiction, the Muse thus adds;

How that Bath's Avon wax'd imperious through her fame.

Divers rivers of that name have we; but two of eminent note in Wiltshire: one is next before shew'd you, which falls through Dorset into the Ocean; the other here mentioned hath her head in the edge of Gloucester: and with her snaky course visiting Malmesbury, Chippenham, Bradford, and divers towns of slight note, turns into Somerset, passes Bath, and casts herself into the Severn at Bristol. This compendious contention (whose proportionate example is a special elegancy for the expressing of diversity, as in the pastorals of Theocritus and Virgil) is aptly concluded with that point of ancient politick observation, that "Outward common fear is the surest band of friendship."

To Greeklade, whose great name yet vaunts that learned tongue.

The history of Oxford in the proctors book, and certain old verses, kept somewhere in this tract, affirm, that with Brute came hither certain Greek philosophers, from whose name and profession here it was thus called, and as an university afterward translated to Oxford (upon like notation a company of physicians retiring to Lechlade in this shire, gave that its title, as J. Rous adds in his story to Hen. VII.) But Godwin and a very old Anonymus cited by Br. Twine, refer it to Theodore of Tarsus in Cilicia (made archbishop of Canterbury by Pope Vitalian under Egbert king of Kent) very skilful in both tongues, and an extraordinary restorer of learning to the English-Saxons. That he had (among other) Greek schools, is certain by Bede's affirmation, that some of his scholars understood both Greek and Latin as their mother language. Richard of the Vies will that Penda, king of Mercia, first deduced a colony of Cambridge-men hither, and calls it Crekelade,

as

¹ In Toucydid. & Liv.

² Leland. ad cyg. cant. in Iside.

³ The Physicians lake.

⁴ Apud Cai de antiq. Cantabrig. lib. 2.

⁵ & God. Nig. Cantabr. apud aut. assert.

antiq. Oxon.

as other Kirklade with variety of names: but I suspect all; as well for omission of it in the best authorities, as also that the name is so different in itself. Grecolade was never honoured with Greek schools, as the ignorant multitude think, saith ^t Leland, affirming it should be rather Creclade, Lechelade, or Lathiade. Nor methinks (of all) stands it with the British story, making the tongue then a kind of Greek (a matter, that way reasonable enough, seeing it is questionless that colonies anciently derived out of the Western Asia, Peloponnesus, Hellas, and those continents into the coast whence Brute came, transported the Greek with them) that profession of Grecians should make this so particular a name.

Ascrib'd to that high skill which learned Bladud brought.

You are now in Somersetshire. I doubt not but the true cause is that, which is ordinary of other hot springs; not the sun's heat (saving the author's opinion, which hath warrant enough in others) or agitation of wind, as some will; but either passage through metallique, bituminous, and sulphurous veins, or rather a real subterranean fire, as ^u Empedocles first thought, and with most witty arguments (according to the Poetical conceit of Typhon ^z, buried in Prochyta; whereto Strabo refers the best baths in Italy) my learned and kind friend Mr. Lydiat, that accurate Chronologer, in his ingenious Philosophy, hath lately disputed. But, as the author tells you, some British vanity imputes it to Bladud's art, which in a very ancient fragment of rhimes ^y I found exprest: and if you can endure the language and fiction, you may read it, and then laugh at it.

Two tunne there beth of bras,
And other two imaked of glas.
Seve seats there buth inne
And other thing imaked with ginne:
Quick brimston in them also,
With wild fier imaked thereto:
Sal gemmæ and sal petræ,
Sal armonak there is eke,
Sal albrod and sal alkine,
Sal gemmæ is minged with him,
Sal comin and sal almetre bright,
That bozneth both day and night.
All this is in the tonne ido,
And other things many mo,
And bozneth both night and day,
That neber quenche it ne may.

^t Ad Cyg. Cant. in *Isid. & Isid. vad.*
Curios Græcus sermo Britannicus. Galfred.
Monumetb. lib. 1.

^u Senec. *Natural. quæst. lib. 3. cap. 24.*
^z Pyndar. *Pyth. 2.*
^y Ex *antig. fides.*

^e I will
(who new
the Bath

Whe

From
beams n
boyling)
Muse her
the sun,
Solis.

With

^e Woc
fame with
by Well
unimagir
(all which

^z Bal. c
^a Malm
^b Anton

SONG THE THIRD.

721

See the author's eighth song.

In your welſprings the tonnes liggeth,
As the Philoſophers us liggeth.
The hete within, the water without,
Maketh it hot al about.
The two welſprings earneth mere,
And the other two beſt inner clere.
There is maketh full twiſ
That kings bath icluped is.
The rich king Bladud
The king's ſonne Lud,
And when he maketh that bath hot,
And if him failed ought
Of that that ſhould thereto,
Perkeneth what he would do,
From Bath to London he would flee,
And thulke day ſelfe againe bee,
And fetch that thereto bivel.
He was quicke, and ſwift fell
Tho the maſter was ded
And is ſoule wend to the Qued,
For God ne was not put yboze,
For deth ſuffred him biboze.

I will as ſoon believe all this, as that St. ^z Devi or Julius ^a Cæſar (who never came near it) was author of it, or that he made Knights of the Bath: They are not wanting which have durſt ſay ſo.

When on this point of earth he bends his greateſt force.

From eight in the morning till three (within which time the ſun-beams make their ſtrongeſt angles of incidence) it purges itſelf (as boyling) of unclean excrements, nor then do any enter it; which the Muſe here expreſſes in a fervent ſympathy of love twixt the water and the ſun, and the more properly, becauſe it had the name of ^b *Aquæ Solis*.

With th' wonders of the Iſle that ſhe ſhould not be plac'd.

^c Wockey-hole (ſo call'd in my conceit, from *Porca*, which is the ſame with *pic*, ſignifying a hollow or creeky paſſage) in Mendip-hills by Wells, for her ſpacious vaults, ſtony walls, creeping labyrinth, unimaginable cauſe of poſture in the earth, and her neighbours report (all which almoſt equal her to that Grotta de la ^e Sibylla in the Apennine

A a a

of

^z Bal. cent. 1.

^a Malmſbury lib. 2. Pontific.

^b Antoninus in itinervi.

^c Or, Ocky.

^d Beot. Rhenan. lib. 2. rer. Germanic.

^e Ortelius theat. mundi.

of Marca Anconitana, and the Dutch song of little Daniel) might well wonder she had not place among her country wonders. One that seems to encrease Samuel Beaulan upon Nennius, reckons thirteen by that name, but with vain and false reports (as that of the Bath to be both hot and cold, according to the desire of him that washes) and in some the author of Polychronicon follows him; neither speaking of this. But the last, and Henry of Huntingdon reckon only four remarkable; the Peake, Stonhenge, Chedder-hole, and a hill out of which it rains. That wonder of human excellence, Sir Philip Sidney, to fit his sonnet, makes fix; and to fit that number conceitedly adds a froward, but chaste lady for the seventh. And the author here tells you the chiefeft.

————— *that Froom, for her disgrace,
Since scarcely ever wash'd the coalsleck from her face.*

Out of Mendip-hills Froom springeth, and through the coal-pits after a short course Eastward turns upward to Bath's Avon. The fiction of her besmear'd face happens the better, in that Froom, after our old mother language, signifies fair, as that paradoxal Becanus^f, in exposition of the Egyptian Pyromis in Herodotus, ^g would by notation teach us.

And Chedder, for meer grief his teen he could not wreek.

Near Axbridge, Chedder-cliffs, rocky and vaulted, by continual distilling, is the fountain of a forcible stream (driving twelve mills within a mile's quarter of its head) which runs into Ax derived out of Wockey.

When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy Joseph's grave.

Henry the second in his expedition towards Ireland entertained by the way in Wales with Bardish songs, wherein he heard it affirmed that in Glastenbury (made almost an isle by the river's embracements) Arthur was buried betwixt two pillars, gave commandment to Henry of Blois then abbot, to make search for the corps: which was found in a wooden coffin (Girald saith oaken, Leland thinks alder) some sixteen foot deep; but after they had digged nine foot, they^h found a stone on whose lower side was fixt a leaden cross (crosses fixt upon the tombs of old christians were in all places ordinary) with his name inscribed, and the letter side of it turn'd to the stone. He was then honoured with a sumptuous monument, and afterward the skulls of him and his wife Guinever were taken out (to remain as separate reliques and spectacles) by Edward Longshanks and Eleanor. Of this, Girald, Leland,

Prife.

^f Herma sen, lib. 5.
^g Euterpe.

^h Chronicon, Glasconiens.

Prife, dlv
copious t
Camlan
wounded
woman)
to return
buted to

The f

Wor
(that n
gives p
of liber
Heracli

i Toli
k D
cap. 24.
l Ne
illud M
bius erit

SONG THE THIRD.

723

Prise, divers others (although Polydore make slight of it) have more copious testimony. The Bards songs suppose, that after the battel of Camlan in Cornwall, where traitorous Mordred was slain, and Arthur wounded, Morgain le Fay, a great Elfin lady (supposed his near kinswoman) conveyed the body hither to cure it: which done, Arthur is to return (yet expected) to the rule of his country. Read these attributed to the bestⁱ of the Bards, expressing as much:

*Morgain suscepit honore,
Inque suis thalamis posuit super aurea regem
Fulcra, manuque sibi detexit vulnus honestâ
Inspexitque diu: tandemque redire salutem
Posse sibi dixit, si secum tempore longo
Esset, & ipsius vellet medicamine fungi.*

English'd in metre for me thus by the Author :

————— Morgain with honour took,
And in a chair of state doth cause him to repose ;
Then with a modest hand his wounds she doth unclose :
And having search'd them well, she bade him not to doubt,
He should in time be cur'd, if he would stay it out,
And would the med'cine take that she to him would give.

The same also in effect, an excellent^k poet of his time thus singing it.

**He is a King crowned in Fairie,
With scepter and sword and with his regally
Shall resort as Lord and Sovereigne
Out of Fairie, and reigne in Britaine:
And repaire again^l the Round Table.
By prophesie Merlin set the date,
Among Princes King incomparable,
His seat againe to Carlion to translate,
The Parchas sustren sponne so his fate,
His^m Epitaph recordeth so certaine
Here lieth K. Arthur that shall raigne againe.**

Worthily famous was the Abbey also from Joseph of Arimathea (thatⁿ Ευσχήμεων βελητης, as S. Mark calls him) here buried, which gives proof of Christianity in the isle before our Lucius. Hence in a charter of liberties by Hen. the second to the Abbey (made in presence of Heraclius Patriarch of Jerusalem, and others) I read, ° *Olim à quibusdam*

A a a 2

ⁱ Taliessin. ap. Prif. defens. hist. Brit.
^k Dan Lidgat. lib. 8. vers. Boccac.
^{cap. 24.}
^l Nærias ad has refert Alanus de Insulis
illud Merlini vaticinium. Exitus ejus du-
bius erit.

^m Hic jacet Arthurus rex quondam Rex-
que futurus.
ⁿ Noble Counsellor.
^o It was called the mother and tomb
of the saints.

dam mater sanctorum dicta est, aliis tumulus sanctorum, quam ab ipsis discipulis Domini edificatam, & ab ipso Domino dedicatam primo fuisse, venerabilis habet antiquorum autoritas. It goes for current truth that a Hawthorn thereby on Christmas-day always blossometh: which the author tells you in that, *Trees yet in winter, &c.* You may cast this into the account of your greatest wonders.

Imbrac'd by Selwood's son, her flood the lovely Bry.

Selwood sends forth Bry, which after a winding course from Bruton, (so called of the river) through part of Sedgemore, and Andremore, comes to Glastenbury, and almost infiles it; thence to Gedney moor, and out of Brent-marsh into Severn.

The nearest neighbouring floods to Arthur's ancient seat.

By South-cadbury is that Camelot; a hill of a mile compass at the top, four trenches circling it, and twixt every of them an earthen wall; the content of it, within, about twenty acres, full of ruins and reliques of old buildings. Among Roman coins there found, and other works of antiquity, Stow speaks of a silver horseshoe there digged up in the memory of our fathers: *p Dii boni* (saith Leland) *quot hic profundissimarum fossarum? quot hic egestæ terræ valla? quæ demùm præcipitia? atque ut paucis finiam, videtur mihi quidem esse & Artis & Naturæ miraculum.* Antique report makes this one of Arthur's places of his Round Table, as the Muse here sings. But of this more in the next Canto.

p The workmanship of the ditches, walls, / seem a wonder of art and nature,
and strange steepness of them, makes it





P O L Y - O L B I O N :

The F O U R T H S O N G.

The A R G U M E N T.

*England and Wales strive, in this song,
To whether Lundy doth belong :
When either's nymphs, to clear the doubt,
By musick mean to try it out.
Of mighty Neptune leave they ask :
Each one betakes her to her task.
The Britons, with the harp and crowd :
The English, both with still and loud.
The Britons chaunt king Arthur's glory :
The English sing their Saxons story.
The hills of Wales their weapons take,
And are an uproar like to make,
To keep the English part in awe.
There's heave and shove, and hold and draw ;
That Severn can them scarce divide,
Till judgment may the cause decide.*

THIS while in Sabrin's court strong factions strangely
grew,
since Cornwall for her own, and as her proper due,
Claim'd Lundy, which was said to Cambria to belong,
Who oft had sought redress for that her ancient wrong :
But her inveterate foe, born-out by England's might,
O'erflows her weaker pow'r ; that (now in either's right)
As Severn finds no flood so great, nor poorly mean,
But that the natural spring (her force which doth maintain)

A a a 3

From

^a From this or that she takes ; so from this faction free
(Begun about this isle) not one was like to be.

This Lundy is a nymph to idle toys inclin'd ;
And, all on pleasure set, doth wholly give her mind
To see upon her shores her fowl and conies fed,
§. And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.
Of traffick or return she never taketh care ;
Not provident of pelf, as many islands are :
A lusty black-brow'd girl, with forehead broad and high,
That often had bewitcht the sea-gods with her eye.
Of all the inlaid isles her sovereign Severn keeps,
That bathe their amorous breasts within her secret deeps
(To love ^b her Barry much and Scilly though she seem,
The Flat-holm and the Steep as likewise to esteem)
This noblest British ^c nymph yet likes her Lundy best,
And to great Neptune's grace prefers before the rest.

Thus, ^d Cambria to her right that would herself restore,
And rather than to lose ^e Loëgria, looks for more.
The nymphs of either part, whom passion doth invade,
To trial straight will go, though Neptune should dissuade :
But of the weaker sex, the most part full of spleen,
And only wanting strength to wreak their angry teen,
For skill their challenge make, which every one profess,
And in the learned arts (of knowledges the best,
And to th'heroick spirit most pleasing under sky)
Sweet Music, rightly matcht with heavenly Poësy,
In which they all exceed : and in this kind alone
They conquerers vow to be, or lastly overthrown.

Which when fair Sabrin saw (as she is wond'rous wise)
And that it were in vain them better to advise,
Sith this contention sprang from countries like ally'd,
That she would not be found t'incline to either side,
To mighty Neptune sues to have his free consent
Due trial they might make : when he incontinent

His

^a From England or Wales.

^b Certain little isles lying within
Severn.

^c Severn.

^d Wales.

^e England.

His Tr

No f

But suc

That th

And fr

Them

They c

But wit

Lay for

Enamel

Each m

To set

'Mong

Since ^f

Whe

Them

A troop

(As she

From M

And *

Leads f

(With v

Comes

That *

Set out

The foil

Then

Unto th

§. Clear

he

Whose

As drew

That pa

^f Albion

with Her

^g The

His Tritons sendeth out the challenge to proclaim.

No sooner that divulg'd in his so dreadful name,
But such a shout was sent from every neighb'ring spring,
That the report was heard through all his court to ring:
And from the largest stream unto the lesser brook,
Them to this wond'rous task they seriously betook.
They curl their ivory fronts; and not the smallest beck
But with white pebbles makes her tawdries for her neck;
Lay forth their amorous breasts unto the publick view,
Enameling the white with veins that were as blue;
Each moor, each marsh, each mead, preparing rich array
To set their rivers forth against this general day.
'Mongst forests, hills, and floods, was ne'er such heave and
shove,

Since ' Albion wielded arms against the son of Jove.

When as the English part, their courage to declare,
Them to th'appointed place immediately prepare.
A troop of stately nymphs proud Avon with her brings
(As she that hath the charge of wise * Minerva's springs)
From Mendip tripping down, about the tinny mine.
And * Ax, no less imploy'd about this great design,
Leads forth a lusty rout; when * Bry, with all her throng
(With very madness swoln that she had stay'd so long)
Comes from the boggy meads and queachy fens below:
That * Parret (highly pleas'd to see the gallant show)
Set out with such a train as bore so great a sway,
The soil but scarcely serves to give her hugeness way.

Then the Devonian Taw, from Dertmore deckt with pearl,
Unto the conflict comes: with her that gallant girl
§. Clear Towridge, whom they fear'd would have estrang'd
her fall:

Whose coming, lastly, bred such courage in them all,
As drew down many a nymph from the Cornubian shore,
That paint their goodly breasts with sundry sorts of ore.

A a a 4

To

^f Albion, Neptune's son, warred
with Hercules.

[§] The bathes.

* All these rivers you may see in
the 3d song.

The British, that this while had stood a view to take
 What to her utmost pow'r the publick foe could make,
 But slightly weigh their strength : for, by her natural kind,
 As still the Briton bears a brave and noble mind ;
 So, trusting to their skill, and goodness of their cause,
 For speedy trial call, and for indifferent laws.

At length, by both allow'd, it to this issue grew ;
 To make a likely choice of some most expert crew,
 Whose number coming near unto the other's dow'r,
 The English should not urge they were o'er-born by pow'r.
 §. Yet hardly upon Powse they dare their hopes to lay,
 For that she hath commerce with England every day :
 §. Nor Rofs ; for that too much she aliens doth respect ;
 And following them, forgoes her ancient dialect.
 The^h Venedotian floods, that ancient Britons were,
 The mountains kept them back, and shut them in the rear ;
 But Brecknock, long time known a country of much worth,
 Unto this conflict brings her goodly fountains forth :
 For almost not a brook ofⁱ Morgany, nor Gwent,
 But from her fruitful womb doth fetch their high descent.
 For Brecan, was a prince once fortunate and great
 (Who dying, lent his name to that his nobler seat)
 With^k twice twelve daughters blest, by one and only wife :
 Who for their beauties rare, and sanctity of life,
 To rivers were transform'd ; whose pureness doth declare
 How excellent they were, by being what they are :
 Who dying virgins all, and rivers now by fate,
 To tell their former love to the unmarried state,
 To Severn shape their course, which now their form doth
 bear ;

E'er she was made a flood, a virgin as they were.
 And from the seas with fear they still do fly :
 So much they yet delight in maiden company.

Then

^h Floods of North-Wales.
ⁱ Glamorgan and Monmouth-
 shires.

^k A supposed metamorphosis of
 Brecan's daughters.

SONG THE FOURTH. 729

Then most renowned Wales, thou famous ancient place,
Which still hast been the nurse of all the British race,
Since nature thee denies that purple-cluster'd vine,
Which others temples chafes with fragrant sparkling wine;
And being now in hand to write thy glorious praise,
Fill me a bowl of Meath, my working spirit to raise:
And e'er seven books have end, I'll strike so high a string,
Thy Bards shall stand amaz'd with wonder, whilst I sing;
§. That Talieffen, once which made the rivers dance,
And in his rapture rais'd the mountains from their trance,
Shall tremble at my verse, rebounding from the skies;
Which like an earthquake shakes the tomb wherein he lies.

First our triumphing Muse of sprightly Usk shall tell,
And what to every nymph attending her, befell:
Which Cray and Camlas first for pages doth retain;
With whom the next in place comes in the tripping Brean,
With Isker; and with her comes Hodny fine and clear,
Of Brecknock best belov'd, the sovereign of the shire:
And Grony, at an inch, waits on her mistress' heels.
But entring (at the last) the Monumethian fields,
Small Fidan, with Cledaugh, increase her goodly Menie,
Short Kebby, and the brook that christneth Abergeny.

With all her watry train, when now at last she came
Unto that happy town which bears her ¹ only name,
Bright Birthin, with her friend fair Olwy, kindly meet her;
Which for her present haste, have scarcely time to greet her;
But earnest on her way, she needfly will be gone:
So much she longs to see the ancient Caerleon.
When Avon cometh in, than which amongst them all
A finer is not found betwixt her head and fall.
Then Ebwith, and with her slides Srowy; which forelay
Her progress, and for Usk keep entrance to the sea.

When Munno, all this while, that (for her own behoof)
From this their great recourse had strangely stood aloof,
Made proud by Monmouth's name appointed her by fate,
Of all the rest herein observed special state.

For

¹ Monmouth.

For once the Bards foretold she should produce a ^m king,
Which everlasting praise to her great name should bring,
Who by his conquering sword should all the land surprize,
Which 'twixt the ⁿ Penmenmaur and the ^o Pyreni lies:

She therefore is allow'd her leisure; and by her
They win the goodly Wye, whom strongly she doth stir
Her powerful help to lend: which else she had deny'd,
Because herself so oft to England she ally'd:

But b'ing by Munno made for Wales, away she goes.
Which when as Throggy sees, herself she headlong throws
Into the watry throng, with many another rill,
Repairing to the Welch, their number up to fill.

That Remny, when she saw these gallant nymphs of Gwent,
On this appointed match were all so hotly bent,
Where she of ancient time had parted, as a mound,
The Monumethian fields and Glamorganian ground,
Intreats the Taff along, as gray as any glass:

With whom clear Cunno comes, a lusty Cambrian lass:
Then Elwy, and with her Eweny holds her way,
And Ogmores, that would yet be there as soon as they,
By Avon called in: when nimbler Neath anon
(To all the neighbouring nymphs for her rare beauties
known;

Besides her double head, to help her stream that hath
Her handmaids, Melta sweet, clear Hepsey, and Tragath)
From Brecknock forth doth break; then Dulas and Cledaugh,
By ^p Morgany do drive her through her watry ^q saugh;
With Tawy, taking part t'assist the Cambrian power:
§. Then Lhu and Logor, given to strengthen them by Gower.

'Mongst whom, some Bards there were, that in their
sacred rage

Recorded the descents, and acts of every age.
Some with their nimbler joints that struck the warbling
string;

In fingering some unskill'd, but only us'd to sing

Unto

^m Henry the fifth, styled of Monmouth.

ⁿ A hill in Caernarvonshire.

^o Hills dividing Spain and France.

^p Glamorgan.

^q A kind of trench.

Unto
Great
§. Tha
Had w
Whose
Of fun
In 'Er
Some
Rehear
In Ow
So vary
Their
For to
Addict
That in
Most f
And
That a
As stor
Her De
So Can
For Cor
br
The fac
Against
And "C
To spar
And
As one
Who,
Fore-to
In their
His ber

'Engl
bells, Bri
the Illust
^s A wo
signifying

SONG THE FOURTH. 731

Unto the others harp : of which you both might find
Great plenty, and of both excelling in their kind,
§. That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's praise,
Had won the silver harp, and worn Apollo's bays :
Whose verses they deduc'd from those first golden times,
Of fundry sorts of feet, and fundry suits of rhimes.
In ' Englings some there were, that on their subject strain ;
Some makers that again affect the loftier vein,
Rehearfe their high conceits in Cowiths : other-some
In Owdells theirs exprefs, as matter haps to come ;
So varying still their moods, observing yet in all
Their quantities, their rests, their ceasures metrical :
For to that sacred skill they most themselves apply ;
Addicted from their births so much to poësy,
That in the mountains those who scarce have seen a book,
Most skilfully will^s make, as though from art they took.

And as Loëgria spares not any thing of worth,
That any way might set her goodly rivers forth ;
As stones by nature cut from the Cornubian strond ;
Her Dertmore sends them pearl ; Rock-vincent, diamond :
So Cambria, of her nymphs especial care will have ;
For Conway sends them pearl to make them wond'rous
brave ;

The sacred ' Virgin's well, her moss most sweet and rare,
Against infectious damps for pomander to wear :
And " Goldcliff of his ore in plenteous sort allows,
To spangle their attires, and deck their amorous brows.

And lastly, holy Dee (whose pray'rs were highly priz'd,
As one in heavenly things devoutly exercis'd :
Who, °changing of his fords, by divination had
Fore-told the neighbouring folk of fortune good or bad)
In their intended course sith needs they will proceed,
His benediction sends in way of happy speed.

And

' Englings Cowiths, and ~~Ms~~
bells, British forms of verses. See
the Illustrations.

^s A word, used by the ancients,
signifying to versify.

† Saint Winifrid's well.

" A glist'ring rock in Monmouth-
shire.

° See the eighth song.

And tho' there were such haste unto this long-look'd hour,
Yet let them not to call upon th' eternal pow'r.

For, who will have his work his wished end to win,
Let him with hearty pray'r religiously begin.

Wherefore the English part, with full devout intent,
In meet and godly sort to Glastenbury sent,

Beseeching of the saints in Avalon that were,

There off'ring at their tombs for every one a tear,

§. And humbly to St. George their country's patron pray,
To prosper their design now in this mighty day.

The Britons, like devout, their messengers direct

To David, that he would their ancient right protect.

'Mongst Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the clouds are
crown'd,

The valley * Ewias lies, immur'd so deep and round,

As they below that see the mountains rise so high,

Might think the straggling herds were grazing in the sky ;

Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear,

As nature at the first appointed it for pray'r :

Where, in an aged cell, with moss and ivy grown,

In which not to this day the sun hath ever shone,

That reverend British saint in zealous ages past,

To contemplation liv'd ; and did so truly fast,

As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yields,

And fed upon the leeks he gather'd in the fields.

In memory of whom, in the revolving year

The Welchmen on his day that sacred herb do wear :

Where, of that holy man, as humbly they do crave,

That in their just defence they might his furth'rance have.

Thus either, well prepar'd the other's power before,

Conveniently b'ing plac'd upon their equal shore ;

The Britons, to whose lot the onset doth belong,

Give signal to the foe for silence to their song.

To tell each various strain and turning of their rhimes,
How this in compass falls, or that in sharpness climbs

(As

* In Monmouthshire.

(As w
As ev
Ever
But th
As
With
The ri
The te
The b
With H
b
His Ba
§. The
These
Now
to
His wa
With th
His kin
Their a
The Sa
On who
Each-w
And wh
Betook
Until th
And as
In word
§. Th
When at
Two day
'Pendrag
Three hu
And (a
How he,
Pursuing

* Arthur
chica.

SONG THE FOURTH. 733

(As where they rest and rise, how take it one from one,
As every several chord hath a peculiar tone)
Even memory herself, though striving, would come short:
But the material things, Muse, help me to report.

As first, t' affront the foe, in th' ancient Britons right,
With Arthur they begin, their most renowned Knight;
The richness of the arms their well-made ^x worthy wore,
The temper of his sword (the try'd Escalabour)
The bigness and the length of Rone, his noble spear;
With Pridwin his great shield, and what the proof could
bear;

His Baudrick how adorn'd with stones of wond'rous price,
§. The sacred virgin's shape be bore for his device;
These monuments of worth, the ancient Britons song.

Now, doubting lest these things might hold them but
too long,

His wars they took to task; the land then over-laid
With those proud German pow'rs: when, calling to his aid
His kinsman Howel, brought from Britany the less,
Their armies they unite, both swearing to suppress
The Saxon, here that fought through conquest all to gain.
On whom he chanc'd to light at Lincoln: where the plain
Each-where from side to side lay scatter'd with the dead.
And when the conquer'd foe, that from the conflict fled,
Betook them to the woods, he never left them there,
Until the British earth he forc'd them to forswear.
And as his actions rose, so raise they still their vein
In words, whose weight best suit a sublimated strain.

§. They sung how he, himself at Badon bore that day,
When at the glorious gole his British scepter lay:
Two days together how the battle strongly stood:
^y Pendragon's worthy son, who waded there in blood,
Three hundred Saxons slew with his own valiant hand.

And (after call'd, the Pict and Irish to withstand)
How he, by force of arms Albania over-ran,
Pursuing of the Pict beyond mount Caledon:

There

^x Arthur, one of the nine wor- | ^y King Arthur.

There strongly shut them up whom stoutly he subdu'd.

How Gillamore again to Ireland he pursu'd,
So oft as he presum'd the envious Pict to aid :
And having slain the king, the country waste he laid.

To Goth-land how again this conqu'ror maketh-forth
With his so prosp'rous pow'rs into the farthest north :
Where, Iseland first he won, and Orkney after got.

To Norway sailing next with his dear nephew Lot,
By deadly dint of sword did Ricoll there defeat :
And having plac'd the prince on that Norwegian seat,
How this courageous king did Denmark then controul :
That scarcely there was found a country to the pole
That dreaded not his deeds, too long that were to tell.

And after these, in France th' adventures him befell
At Paris, in the lists where he with Flollio fought ;
The emperor Leon's pow'r to raise his siege that brought.

Then bravely set they forth, in combat how these knights
On horseback and on foot perform'd their several fights :
As with what marv'lous force each other they assail'd,
How mighty Flollio first, how Arthur then prevail'd ;
For best advantage how they traversed their grounds,
The horrid blows they lent, the world-amazing wounds,
Until the tribune, tir'd, sank under Arthur's sword.

Then sing they how he first ordain'd the circled board,
The knights whose martial deeds far fam'd that table-round ;
Which, truest in their loves ; which, most in arms renown'd :
The laws, which long up-held that Order, they report ;
§. The Pentecosts prepar'd at Carleon in his court,
That table's ancient seat ; her temples and her groves,
Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and stoves :
Her academy, then, as likewise they prefer :
Of Camilot they sing, and then of Winchester.
The feasts that under-ground the Faëry did him make,
And there how he enjoy'd the lady of the lake.

Then told they, how himself great Arthur did advance,
To meet (with his allies) that puissant force in France,
By Lucius thither led ; those armies that while-ere
Affrighted all the world, by him struck dead with fear :

Th' r
In tha
As h
Who
And f
Made
The se
The c
Then
The h
Wh
But the
Not ou
But to
'Twixt
And w
How M
From I
§. And
About i
And set
Some to
But whi
(For all
For, wa
In which
And goi
She stop
Whose c
She capti
Then,
With bel
foun
A fearful
Their mar
As at thei
Tormente

Th' report of his great acts that over Europe ran,
 In that most famous field he with the emperor wan :
 As how great Rython's self he slew in his repair,
 Who ravish'd Howell's niece, young Hellenia the fair ;
 And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
 Made of the beards of kings. Then bravely chaunted they
 The several twelve pitch'd fields he with the Saxons fought :
 The certain day and place to memory they brought ;
 Then by false Mordred's hand how last he chanc'd to fall,
 The hour of his decease, his place of burial.

When out the English cry'd, to interrupt their song :
 But they, which knew to this more matter must belong,
 Not out at all for that, nor any whit dismay'd,
 But to their well-tun'd harps their fingers closely laid :
 'Twixt every one of which they plac'd their country's croud,
 And with courageous spirits thus boldly sang aloud ;
 How Merlin by his skill, and magick's wond'rous might,
 From Ireland hither brought the Stonendge in a night :
 §. And for Carmarden's sake, would fain have brought to pass,
 About it to have built a wall of solid brass :
 And set his friends to work upon the mighty frame ;
 Some to the anvil : some, that still inforc'd the flame :
 But whilst it was in hand, by loving of an elf
 (For all his wond'rous skill) was cozen'd by himself.
 For, walking with his Fay, her to the rock he brought,
 In which he oft before his nigromancies wrought :
 And going in thereat his magicks to have shown,
 She stopt the cavern's mouth with an enchanted stone ;
 Whose cunning strongly cross'd, amaz'd whilst he did stand,
 She captive him convey'd unto the Fairy land.

Then, how the lab'ring spirits, to rocks by fetters bound,
 With bellows rumbling groans, and hammers thund'ring
 found,

A fearful horrid din still in the earth do keep,
 Their master to awake, suppos'd by them asleep ;
 As at their work how still the grieved spirits repine,
 Tormented in the fire, and tired at the mine.

When

When now the British side scarce finished their song,
 But th' English that repin'd to be delay'd so long,
 All quickly at the hint, as with one free consent,
 Struck up at once, and sung each to the instrument ;
 (Of sundry sorts that were, as the musician likes)
 On which the practis'd hand with perfect'st fing'ring strikes,
 Whereby their height of skill might liveliest be exprest.
 The trembling lute some touch, some strain the viol best,
 In sets which there were seen, the music wond'rous choice :
 Some likewise there affect the gamba with the voice,
 To shew that England could variety afford.
 Some that delight to touch the sterner wiery chord,
 The ^z cythron, the pandore, and the theorbo strike :
 The gittern and the kit the wand'ring fiddlers like.
 So were there some again, in this their learned strife,
 Loud instruments that lov'd ; the cornet and the fife,
 The hoboy, sagbut deep, recorder and the flute :
 Even from the shrillest shaum unto the cornamute.
 Some blow the bagpipe up, that plays the country round :
 The taber and the pipe, some take delight to found.

Of Germany they sung the long and ancient fame,
 From whence their noble fires the valiant Saxons came,
 Who fought by sea and land adventures far and near ;
 And seizing at the last upon the Britons here,
 Surpriz'd the spacious isle, which still for theirs they hold :
 As in that country's praise how in those times of old,
 §. Tuisco, Gomer's son, from^a unbuilt Babel brought
 His people to that place, with most high knowledge fraught,
 And under wholesome laws establish'd their abode ;
 Whom his Tudeski since have honour'd as a God :
 Whose clear creation made them absolute in all,
 Retaining till this time their pure original.
 And as they boast themselves the nation most unmixt,
 Their language as at first, their ancient customs fixt,
 The people of the world most hardy, wise and strong ;
 So gloriously they show, that all the rest among

^a The sundry musick of England. ! ^a Gen. xi.8, 9.

The S
 And c
 Which
 n
 §. The
 For ha
 Allur'd
 From v
 Brute's
 This
 Next ne
 Of that
 Upon th
 A fitter
 To graf
 Upon th
 To forag
 §. To ge
 And (in
 Possess
 §. Call'd
 cam
 Who the
 This, fir
 That by
 Being dra
 Residing
 §. That as
 So kindly
 As severed
 But the
 (The secret
 How Egel
 Of th'Engl
 With hardy
 Alliance in
 The
^b The Nor
 of one blood.

The Saxons, of her forts the very noblest were :
 And of those crooked skains they us'd in war to bear,
 Which in their thund'ring tongue, the Germans handseax
 name,

§. They Saxons first were called: whose far-extended fame
 For hardiness in war, whom danger never fray'd,
 Allur'd the Britons here to call them to their aid :
 From whom they after rest Loëgria as their own,
 Brute's offspring then too weak to keep it being grown.

This told: the nymphs again, in nimbler strains of wit,
 Next neatly come about, the Englishmen to quit
 Of that inglorious blot by Bastard William brought
 Upon this conquer'd isle: than which fate never wrought
 A fitter mean (say they) great Germany to grace ;
 To graft again in one, two remnants of her race :

Upon their several ways, two several times that went
 To forage for themselves. The first of which she sent
 §. To get their seat in Gaul: which on Nuestria light,
 And (in a famous war the Frenchmen put to flight)
 Possess that fruitful place, where only from their name
 §. Call'd ^b North-men (from the North of Germany that
 came,

Who thence expell'd the Gauls, and did their rooms supply)
 This, first Nuestria nam'd, was then call'd ^b Normandy.
 That by this means, the less (in conquering of the great)
 Being drawn from their late home unto this ampler seat,
 Residing here, resign'd what they before had won ;
 §. That as the conquerors blood did to the conquer'd run :
 So kindly being mixt, and up together grown,
 As severed, they were hers ; united, still her own.

But these mysterious things desisting now to show
 (The secret works of heaven) to long descents they go :
 How Egelred (the sire of Edward the last king
 Of th'English-Saxon line) by nobly marrying
 With hardy Richard's heir, the Norman Emma, bred
 Alliance in their bloods. Like brooks that from one head

B b b

Bear

^b The Normans and the Saxons
 of one blood.

^c The Normans lost that name
 and became English.

Bear several ways (as though to sundry seas to haste)
 But by the varying soil, int'one again are cast :
 So chanced it in this the nearness of their blood.
 For when as England's right in question after stood,
 Proud Harold, Goodwin's heir, the scepter having won
 From Edgar Etheling young, the outlaw'd Edward's son;
 The valiant Bastard this his only colour made,
 With his brave Norman powers this kingdom to invade,
 Which leaving, they proceed to pedigrees again,
 Their after-kings to fetch from that old Saxon strain;
 From Margarit that was made the Scottish Malcom's bride;
 Who to her grandfire had courageous Ironside :
 Which outlaw'd Edward left ; whose wife to him did bring
 This Margarit queen of Scots, and Edgar Etheling :
 That Margarit brought forth Maud ; which gracious Ma-
 colm gave

To Henry Beauclerk's bed (so fate it pleas'd to have)
 §. Who him a daughter brought ; which heaven did
 strangely spare :

And for the special love he to the mother bare,
 Her Maud again he nam'd, to th'Almain Emperor wed
 Whose dowager whilst she liv'd (her puissant Cæsar dead)
 She th'earl of Anjou next to husband doth prefer.
 The second Henry then by him begot of her,
 Into the Saxon line the scepter thus doth bring.

Then presently again prepare themselves to sing
 The sundry foreign fields the Englishmen had fought.
 Which when the mountains saw (and not in vain) they
 thought

That if they still went on as thus they had begon,
 Then from the Cambrian nymphs (sure) Lundy would be
 won.

And therefore from their first they challeng'd them to fly
 And (idly running on with vain prolixity)
 A larger subject took than it was fit they should.

But, whilst those would proceed, these threatning them
 to hold,

Black

* Black-
 As to t
 (In who
 Put on
 Mounch
 Which
 As Hat
 To thes
 The Mo
 On loftr
 That Sk
 In hunti
 Caught
 But ireru
 Which
 That wh
 The Blo
 And tall
 That wh
 Th'even
 Such str
 As whe
 That Se
 (And fin
 The doc
 Till the
 A perio
 To finis

* These
 famous h
 morgan, a

O VER
 and
 with the M
 maritime f

SONG THE FOURTH.

739

Black-mountain for the love he to his country bare,
 As to the beauteous Uske, his joy and only care
 (In whose defence t'appear more stern and full of dread)
 Put on a helm of clouds upon his rugged head.
 Mounchdeny doth the like for his beloved Tawe:
 Which quickly all the rest by their example draw.
 As Hatterel in the right of ancient Wales will stand.
 To these three mountains, first of the Brekinnian band;
 The Monumethian hills, like insolent and stout,
 On lofty tip-toes then began to look about;
 That Skeridvaur at last (a mountain much in might,
 In hunting that had set his absolute delight)
 Caught up his country hook; nor cares for future harms;
 But irefully enrag'd would needs to open arms:
 Which quickly put Penvayl in such outrageous heat,
 That whilst for very teen his hairless scalp doth sweat,
 The Blorench looketh big upon his bared crown:
 And tall Tomberlow seems so terribly to frown,
 That where it was suppos'd with small ado or none
 Th'event of this debate would eas'ly have been known;
 Such strange tumultuous stirs upon this strife ensue,
 As where all griefs should end, old sorrows still renew:
 That Severn thus forewarn'd to look unto the worst
 (And finds the latter ill more dang'rous than the first)
 The doom she should pronounce, yet for a while delay'd,
 Till these rebellious routs by justice might be stay'd;
 A period that doth put to my discourse so long,
 To finish this debate the next ensuing song.

^d These rest following, the most famous hills in Brecknock, Glamorgan, and Monmouth.

^e Welchhook.

^f Sonamed of his bald head.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

OVER Severn (but visiting Lundy, a little isle betwixt Hartland and Gouen point) you are transported into Wales. Your travels with the Muse are most of all in Monmouth, Glamorgan, and the south maritime shires.

And wantonly to batch the birds of Ganymede.

Walter Baker, a canon of Osney (interpreter of Thomas de la Moor's life of Edward the second) affirms, that it commonly breeds conies, pigeons, & *struconas*, quos vocat Alexander Nethamus (so you must read, not *Nechristum*, as the Francfort print senselessly mistook with *Conday*, for *Lundey*) *Ganymedis aves*. What he means by his birds of Ganymede, out of the name, unless eagles or ostriches (as the common fiction of the Catamites ravishment, and this French-Latin word of the translator would) I collect not. But rather read also *Palamedis aves*; *e. i.* Cranes) of which Netham indeed hath a whole Chapter: what the other should be, or whence reason of the name comes, I confess I am ignorant.

Clear Towridge whom they fear'd would have estrang'd her fall.

For she rising near Hartland, wantonly runs to Hatherlay in Devon, as if she would to the Southern Ocean; but returning, there at last is discharged into the Severn sea.

Yet hardly upon Powse they dare their hopes to lay.

Wales had her three parts, North-wales, South-wales, and Powis. The last, as the middle betwixt the other, extended from Cardigan to Shropshire; and on the English side from Chester to Hereford (being the portion of Anarawd, son to great Roderique) bears this accusation, because it comprehends, for the most part, both nations and both tongues. But see for this division to the seventh song.

Nor Ros, for that too much she aliens doth respect.

Under Henry the first, a colony of Flemings driven out of their country by inundation, and kindly received here in respect of that alliance which the king had with their earl (for his mother Maud, wife to the Conqueror, was daughter to Baldwin earl of Flanders) afterward upon difference betwixt the king and earl Robert, were out of divers parts, but especially Northumberland, where they most of all (as it seems by Hoveden) had residence, constrained into Ros in Penbroke, which retains yet in name and tongue express notes of being aliens to the Cambro-Britons. See the author in his next song.

That Talieffen, once which made the rivers dance.

Talieffin (not Telefin, as Bale calls him) a learned Bard, stiled

^a Tho. de la Moor *emendatus*.

^b *De rerum natur.* lib. 1.

^c Girald. *descript.* cap. 2. & Powel ad *Caradoc*, Lancharwan,

^d So called perhaps because it is almost in-ised within the sea and Lhogor, as Rosay in Scotland, expressing almost an isle. *Buchanan. hist.* 5. in *Eugenio* 4.

Ben Be
lived about

With

Betwixt
vince, ext
rise these tw

That

Understa
Minitrels,
the best ha
Rees ap G
A custom s
had not b
what was f
upon what
that Girald
Ireland, m
functions in
that either
might prev
out of Do
I note to y
Lucan and
the Greeks
cum *dulcibu*
the ancient
lected. T
pedigrees,
B. M. then
Girald repo
ignorant M
that relatio
stands for A
Lud and C
The second

e *Prif.* in
f *Antiquis*
mur à *scholia*
ferm. de *Aleat*
g *Cambd.*
edit. *An. lic.*
h *Did sing*
men to the sw

SONG THE FOURTH.

741

Ben Beirdh, i.e. the chieftest of the Bards, master to Merlin Sylvester lived about Arthur's reign, whose acts his Muse hath celebrated.

With Lbu and Lhogor given, to strengthen them by Gower.

Betwixt Neth and Lhogor in Glamorgan is this Gower, a little province, extended into the sea as a chersonese; out of it on the West, rise these two rivers meant by the author.

That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's praise.

Understand this Stethva to be the meeting of the British Poets and Minstrels, for tryal^t of their poems and musick sufficiencies, where the best had his reward, a silver harp. Some example is of it under Rees ap Griffith, prince of South-wales, in the year 1100. C. LXX. VI. A custom so good, that, had it been judiciously observed, truth of story had not been so uncertain: for there was, by suppose, a correction of what was faulty in form or matter, or at least a censure of the hearers upon what was recited. As (according to the Roman use, it is^s noted, that Girald of Cambria, when he had written his Topography of Ireland, made at three several days several recitals of his three distinctions in Oxford; of which course some have wish'd a recontinuance, that either amendment of opinion or change of purpose in publishing, might prevent blazoned errors. The sorts of these Poets and Minstrels out of Doctor Powel's inserted annotations upon Caradoc Lhancarvan, I note to you; first Beirdhs, otherwise Prydvds (called in Athenæus, Lucan and others, Bards) who, somewhat like the *ῥαψωδοὶ* among the Greeks, *fortia virorum illustrium facta heroicis composita versibus cum dulcibus lyrae modulis cantitarunt*, which was the chieftest form of the ancientest musick among the gentiles, as^k Zarlino hath fully collected. Their charge also as heralds, was to describe and preserve pedigrees, wherein their line ascendent went from the Petruccius to B. M. thence to Sylvius and Ascanius, from them to Adam. Thus Girald reporting, hath his B. M. in some copies by^l transcription of ignorant Monks (forgetting their tenent of perpetual virginity, and^m that relation of Theodosius) turned intoⁿ *Beatam Mariam*, whereas it stands for *Belinum Magnum* (that was Heli, in their writers, father to Lud and Cassibelin) to whom their genealogies had always reference. The second are which play on the^{*} Harp and Croud; their musick

B b b 3

for

^e *Prif. in descript. Wallie.*

^f *Antiquis hujusmodi certamina fuisse docemur à scholiast. Aristoph. & D. Cypriano form. de Aleator.*

^g *Cambd. in Epist. Fulconi Grevil. ad edit. Anglic. Norm. &c.*

^h *Did sing the valiant deeds of famous men to the sweet melody of the harp.*

ⁱ *Ammian. Marcellin. hist. 15.*

^k *Parte seconda cap. 4. & 5.*

^l *Daw. Powel. ad Girald. descript. cap. 3.*

^m *Suid. in Ins.*

ⁿ *St. Mary. For the * Harp and other musick instruments, their form and antiquity, see to the sixth song.*

for the most part came out of Ireland with Gruffith ap Conan prince of North-wales, about king Stephen's time. This Gruffith reformed the abuses of those minstrels by a particular statute, extant to this day. The third are called *Atcaneaid*; they sing to instruments play'd on by others. For the *Englins*, *Cydhys* and *Medys*; the first are complets interchanged of sixteen and fourteen feet and called *Paladrires*, *Pensels*, the second of equal tetrameters, the third of variety in both rhyme and quantity. Subdivision of them, and better information may be had in the elaborate institutions of the Cumraeg language by David ap Rees. Of their musick anciently, out of an old writer read this: *Non uniformiter, ut alibi, sed multipliciter multisque modis & modulis cantilenas emittunt, adeo ut, turbâ canentium, quot videas capita, tot audias carmina, discriminaque vocum varia, in unam denique, sub B. mollis dulcedine blanda, consonantiam & organicam convenientia melodiam*. A good musician will better understand it, than I that transcribe it. But by it you see they especialy affected the mind composing *Dorique* (which is showed in that of an old o author, affirming that *Ἡ μερσιῶς χάρις*, the western people of the world constituted use of musick in their assemblies, though the *Irish* (from whence they learned) were wholly for the sprightly Phrygian. See the next canto.

And humbly to St. George their country's Patron pray.

Our author (a judgment-day thus appointed betwixt the Water-nymphs) seems to allude to the course us'd of old with us, that those which were to end their cause by combat, were sent to several saints for invocation, as in our *law-annals* appears. For *St. George*, that he is patron to the English, as *St. Denis*, *St. James*, *St. Patrique*, *St. Andrew*, *St. Antony*, *St. Mark*, to the French, Spanish, Irish, Scottish, Italian, Venetian, scarce any is that knows not. Who he was, and when the English took him, is not so manifest. The old martyrologies give, with us, to the honour of his birth the twenty third of April. His passion is supposed in Diocletian's persecution; his country Cappadoce. His acts are divers and strange, reported by his servant *Paficrates*, *Simeon Metaphrastes*, and lately collected by *Surius*. As for his knightly form, and the dragon under him, as he is pictured in *Beryth* a city of Cyprus, with a young maid kneeling to him, an unwarrantable report goes, that it was for his martial delivery of the king's daughter from the dragon, *s Hefione* and *Andromeda* were from the whales by *Hercules* and *Perseus*. Your more neat judgments, finding no such matter in true antiquity, rather make it symbolical than truly proper. So that some account him an allegory of our Saviour Christ; and our admired *Spenser* hath made him an emblem of Religion. So *Chaucer* to the knights of that order:

o *Marcian. Heracleot. in cæpiis, cæli.*

p To make them gentle natur'd.

q *Girald. Topog. dist. 3. cap. 11.*

r 30 Ed. 3. fol. 20.

s *Tropelophorus dictus in menologio Græcæ apud Baronium, forte Περσεύς sive Τροπαιόφωρος. quid n. Tropelophorus?*

t *Fairy Q. lib. 1.*

Others in
by the v
dragon.
tyrology.
Erhard C
lation in
delivered
allowed i
holy Rom
be writte
the legen
lady of
such like
rally x a
christians
doctrine
y king A
the third
soon afte
cation w
fers this
St. Georg
soever, si
Frederick
George's
eighth, i
and But
as under
St. Dewy
firm that
say, got
successor
time the
and then
which is
the Pelag

u C. Sa
leffus PP.

x Ord. I

ronium in n

y Hardi

z Tb. d

Edw. 3. F

but errone

— but for God's pleasure
 And his mother, and in signification
 That he ben of S. George's liberty,
 Doeth him service and knightly obeisance:
 For Christ's cause is his, well knowen pee.

Others interpret that picture of him as some country or city (signified by the virgin) imploring his aid against the devil, charactered in the dragon. Of him you may particularly see, especially in Ufuard's martyrology, and Baronius his annotations upon the Roman calendar, with Erhard Celly his description of Frederick duke of Wittemberg's installation in the garter, by favour of our present sovereign. But what is delivered of him in the legend, even the church of Rome ^u hath disallowed in these words; *That not so much as any scandal may rise in the holy Roman Church, the passions of St. George, and such like, supposed to be written by hereticks, are not read in it.* But you may better believe the legend, than that he was a Coventry-man born, with his Caleb lady of the woods, or that he descended from the Saxon race, and such like; which some English fictions deliver. His name (as generally ^x also St. Maurice and St. Sebastian) was anciently called on by christians as an advocate of victory (when in the church that kind of doctrine was) so that our particular right to him (although they say ^y king Arthur bare him in one of his banners) appears not until Ed. the third consecrated to St. George the knightly order of the Garter, ^z soon after the victory at Cales against the French, in which his invocation was **Ha S. Edward, Ha S. George.** Some authority ^a refers this to Richard *Cœur de Lion*, who suppos'd himself comforted by St. George in his wars against the Turks and Hagarens. But howsoever, since that he hath been a patron among others, as in that of Frederick the thirde's institution ^b of the quadripartit society of Saint George's shield, and more of that nature, you find. And under Hen. the eighth, it was enacted, ^c that the Irish should leave their **Cramaboo** and **Buteccrabo**, words of unlawful patronage, and name themselves as under St. George, and the king of England. More proper is St. Dewy (we call him St. David) to the Welsh. Reports of him affirm that he was of that country, uncle to king Arthur (Bale and others say, gotten upon Melaria a Nun, by Xantus prince of Cardigan) and successor to Dubrice archbishop of Caerleon upon Usk (where to ^d a long time the British bishopricks, as to their metropolitick see were subject) and thence translated with his nephew's consent the primacy to Menevia, which is now St. David's in Pembroke. He was a strong oppugner of the Pelagian heresy. To him our country calendars give the first of

B b b 4

March

^u C. *Sancta Rom. ecclis.* 3. *dist.* 15. *Gelesius PP.*

^x *Ord. Rom. de divin. officiis apud Baronium in martyrolog.*

^y *Harding cap.* 72.

^z *Tb. de Walsing.* A. M. ccc. l. & 24. Edw. 3. Fabian puts it before this year, but erroneously.

^a *Ex antiq. M. S. ap. Camd. in Berkscir.*

^b *CIO. CO. xxviii. Die gesellschaft aft S. Georgen schütz. Murin. Cruf. annal. suevic. art. 2. lib. 9.*

^c *10 Hen. 8. in statutis Hibernicis,*

^d *Polycronic. lib. 1. cap. 52.*

March, but in the old martyrologies I find him not remembered: yet I read that ^e Calixtus the second, first canonized him. See him in the next canto.

The sacred Virgin's shape be bare for his device.

Arthur's ^f shield Pridwen (or his banner) had in it the picture of our lady, and his helm an ingraven dragon. From the like form was his father called Uter-pen-dragon. To have terrible crests or ingraven beasts of rapine (Herodotus and Strabo fetch the beginning of them, and the bearing of arms from the Carians) hath been from inmost antiquity continued; as appears in that epithet of Γοργολόφας, proper to Minerva, but applyed to others in Aristophanes, and alio ^g in the Theban war. Either hence may you derive the English dragon now as a supporter, and usually pitcht in fields by the Saxon, English, and Norman kings for their standard (which is frequent in Hoveden, Matthew Paris, and Florilegus) or from the Romans, who after the Minotaur, Horse, Eagle, and other their antique ensigns, took this beast; or else imagine that our kings joined in that general consent, whereby so many nations bare it. For by plain and good authority, collected by a great critick, you may find it affirm'd of the Assyrians, Indians, Scythians, Persians, Dacians, Romans; and of the Greeks too for their shields, and otherwise: wherein ^h Lipsius unjustly finds fault with Isidore, but forgets that in a number of Greek ⁱ authors is copious witness of as much.

They sing how himself be at Badon bare the day.

That is Baunsedown in Somerset (not Blackmore in Yorkshire, as Polydore mistakes) as is expressly proved out of a manuscript Gildas ^k, different from that published by Josselin.

That scarcely there was found a country to the pole.

Some, too hyperbolic, stories make him a large conqueror on every adjacent country, as the Muse recites: and his seal, which Leland says he saw, in Westminster-Abbey, of red wax pictur'd with a mound, bearing a cross in his left hand (which was first ^l Justinian's device; and surely, in later time, with the seal counterfeited and applied to Arthur: no king of this land, except the Confessor, before the conquest ^m ever using in their Charters more than subscription of name and crosses) and

^e *Ral. cent. 1.*

^f *Nennius histor. Galfred. lib. 6. cap. 2.*

^g *lib. 7. cap. 2.*

^h *Æschyl. in 1. in 1. Euripid in Phœniss.*

ⁱ *Lips. com. ad Polyb. 2. differt. 5.*

^k *Pindar. Pythionic, eid. n. Homer. Iliad,*

^l *Suid. Epaminon. Hesiod. 'Αστ. 'Ηρακλ. Plutarch. Lyfand. Euripid. in 1. 1. 1. 1.*

^m *Camden.*

ⁿ *Suid. in Justinian,*

^o *Ingulphus,*

and a sce
nia, Dac
limited a
true of h
worthies
suppositio
Strabo of
pudent to
Latin an
taste in th

Only but
(wherein,
I should
fyas his
this elogy
' this day
' by true
' held his
' his coun

Tb

At Cae
bration w
princes of
Guinever,
conclaves
custom, th
Of the T
one Sphyr
exercises,
had not b
this order
(whose cu
cular tabl
mended b
center, fir
by his esq
Of the lik

n Empero
and Denmark
o Plaut.
* Knights
p Scobias
e Suidas,

SONG THE FOURTH.

745

and a scepter fleury in his right, calls him ⁿ *Britanniæ, Galliæ, Germaniæ, Daciæ Imperator*. The Bards songs have, with this kind of unlimited attribute so loaden him, that you can hardly guess what is true of him. Such indulgence to false report hath wrong'd many worthies, and among them even that great Alexander in prodigious suppositions (like Stichus ^o his Geography, laying Pontus in Arabia) as Strabo often complains; and some idle Monk of middle time is so impudent to affirm, that at Babylon he erected a column, inscribed with Latin and Greek verses, as notes of his victory; of them you shall taste in these two:

*Anglicus & Scotus Britonum superque caterua
Irlandus, Flander, Cornwallis, & quoque Norguey.*

Only but that Alexander and his followers were no good Latinists (wherein, when you have done laughing, you may wonder at the decorum) I should censure my lubberly versifier to no less punishment than Marfyas his excoriation. But for Arthur, you shall best know him in this elogy. 'This is that Arthur of whom the Britons even ^o this day speak so idly; a man right worthy to have been celebrated by true story, not false tales, seeing it was he that long time upheld his declining country, and even inspired martial courage into his countrymen;' as the Monk of Malmesbury, of him:

The Pentecost prepar'd at Caer-leon in his court.

At Caer-leon in Monmouth, after his victories, a pompous celebration was at Whitsontide, whither were invited divers kings and princes of the neighbouring coasts; he, with them, and his queen Guinever, with the ladies keeping those solemnities in their several conclaves ^{*}. For so the British story makes it according to the Trojan custom, that in festival solemnities, both sexes should not sit together. Of the Trojans I remember no warrant for it: but among the Greeks one Sphyromachus ^p first instituted it. Tournaments and jousts were their exercises, nor vouchsafed any lady to bestow her favour on him, which had not been thrice crown'd with fame of martial performance. For this order (which herein is delineated) know, that the old Gauls (whose customs and the British were near the same) had their orbicular tables to avoid controversy of precedency (a form much commended by a late ^q writer for the like distance of all from the salt, being center, first, and last of the furniture) and at them every knight attended by his esquire (^r *ἑπαιρημένους* Athenæus ^r calls them) holding his shield. Of the like in Hen. III. Matthew Paris, of Mortimer's at Kelingworth

ⁿ Emperor of Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Denmark; for so they falsely turned *Dacia*.

^o Plaut. in *Sticho*.

^p Knights and ladies sat in several rooms.

^q Scholiast. ad *Aristophan. ἐκκλησιαζέται*, ^r Suidas.

^q Gemof. *holograph. lib. 3. cap. 9.*

^r *Dipnosoph. lib. 8.*

^{*} Armigeri, which is express'd in the word *Schilpors* in Paul Wernfied. *lib. 2. de gest. Longobard. c. 28.*

worth, under Edw. I. and that of Windsor, celebrated by Edw. III. Walsingham speaks. Of the Arthurian our histories have scarce mention. But Havillan's Architenius, Robert of Glocester, John Lidgat Monk of Bury, and English rhimes in divers hands sing it. It is remembered by Leland, Camden, Volateran, Philip of Bergomo, Lily, Aubert Miree, others, but very diversly. White of Basingstoke defends it, and imagines the original from an election by Arthur and Howel kings of Armorique Britain, of six of each of their worthiest Peers to be always assistant in counsel. The antiquity of the earldom of ^a Mansfield in old Saxony is hence affirmed, because Heger earl thereof was honoured in Arthur's court with this order; places of name for residence of him and his knights were this Caer-leon, Winchester (where his table is yet suppos'd to be, but that seems of later date) and Camelot in Somersetshire. Some put his number XII. I have seen them anciently pictur'd XXIV, in a poetical story of him; and in Denbighshire, Stow tells us, in the parish of Llanfannan on the side of a stony hill is a circular plain, cut out of a main rock, with some XXIV seats unequal, which they call Arthur's Round Table. Some catalogues of arms have the coats of the knights, blazoned; but I think with as good warrant as ^t Rablais can justify, that Sir Lancelot du Lac flays horses in hell, and that ^u *Tous les chevaliers de la table ronde estoient pource gaigne-deniers, tirans la rame par passer les rivières de Coccyte, Phlegeton, Styx, Acheron, & Lethe, quand messieurs les diables se veulent esbatre sur l'eau, come font les basteliers de Lyon et gondoliers de Venise. Mais pour chacune passade ils n'ont qu'un nazarde, & sur le soir quelque morceau de pain chaumery.* Of them, their number, exploits, and prodigious performances, you may read Caxton's published volume, digested by him into twenty-one books, out of divers French and Italian fables. From such I abstain, as I may.

And for Caermardhin's sake ———

Two ^w Merlins have our stories: One of Scotland, commonly titled Sylvester, or Caledonius, living under Arthur; the other Ambrosius (of whom before) born of a nun (daughter to the king of South-Wales) in Caermardhin, not naming the place (for rather in British his name is Merdhin) but the place (which in Ptolemy is Maridunum) naming him; begotten, as the vulgar, by an Incubus. For his burial (in supposition as uncertain as his birth, actions, and all of those too fabulously mixt stories) and his Lady of the Lake, it is by liberty of profession laid in France by that Italian ^x Ariosto: which perhaps is

^s Hoppenred. & Spangberb. apud Ortelium in Mansfield. Many places in Wales in hills and rocks, honour'd with Arthur's name. *Pris. defens. hist. Brit. & Cadair Arthur, i. e. Arthur's Chair in Brecknock. Girald. Itin. Camb. c. 2. & Arthur & Gwen in Stirling of Scotland, t. Livre 2, cap. 30.*

^u The knights of the Round Table use to ferry spirits over Styx, Acheron, and other rivers, and for their fare have a fillip on the nose and a piece of mouldy bread.

^w Giral. Itiner. Camb. 2, cap. 8.

^x Orland. Furios. cant. 3. See Spenser's Faery Q. lib. 3, cant. 3.

as cre
thority
are the

Acc
were
land h
it is a
z flood
and th
we cal
Gomer
people
(for so
Others
^b him f
from w
probabl
either b
ing to J
and Da
Joseph
and Di
N or M
danim,
ing N
the first
rather,
meant p
Megaby
and He
in the so
Greek st
supposed
occur; a
as also
Arabick,
pasian, T
dubratius
taking t

y Gen. 1
z Munster
a Gerop
b Jodoc
maniam. &
c Elias
Pelag.

SONG THE FOURTH. 747

as credible as some more of his attributes, seeing no persuading authority, in any of them, rectifies the uncertainty. But for his birth are the next song, and, to it, more.

Tuifco Gomer's son from unbuilt Babel brought.

According to the ^y text, the Jews affirm that all the sons of Noah were dispersed through the earth, and every one's name left to the land he possessed. Upon this tradition, and false Berofus testimony, it is affirmed that Tuifco (son of Noah, gotten with others after the ^z flood upon his wife Arezia) took to his part the coast about Rhine, and that thence came the name of Teutschland and Teutsch, which we call Dutch, through Germany. ^a Some make him the same with Gomer, eldest son to Japhet (by whom these parts of Europe were peopled) out of notation of his name, deriving Tuifcon or Tuiton (for so Tacitus calls him) from *The hoodt-son, i. e. the eldest son.* Others (as the author here) suppose him son to Gomer, and take ^b him for Aschenaz (remembered by Moses as first son to Gomer, and from whom the Hebrews call the Germans ^c Aschenazim) whose reliques probably indeed seem to be in Tuifco, which hath been made of Aschen either by the Dutch prepositive article *tie* or *lie*, as our *the* (according to Derceto for ^d Atergatis, which should be Adardaga in Ctesias; and Danubius for Adubenus in Festus, perhaps therein corrupted, as Joseph Scaliger observes; as Theudibald for Ildibald in Procopius, and Diceneus for Ceneus among the Getes) or through mistaking of *N* or *U* or *n* in the Hebrew, as in Rhodanim *n* for ^e *n* being Dodanim, and in Chalibes and Alybes for Thalybes, from Tubal, by taking *n* or *N* for *n*; for in ruder manuscripts by an imperfect reader, the first mistaking might be as soon as the rest. I conjecture it the rather, for that in most histories diversity with affinity 'twixt the same-meant proper names (especially eastern as this was) is ordinary; as Megabyzus in Ctesias is Bacabafus in Justin, who calls Aaron, Aruas, and Herodotus his Smerdis, Mergidis; Asarhadon, Coras and Esther in the scriptures are thus, Sardanapalus, Cyrus, and Amestris in the Greek stories; Eporedorix, Ambiorix, Ariminius, in Cæsar and Sueton, supposed to have been Frederick, Henry, Herman: divers like examples occur; and in comparison of Arrian with Q. Curtius very many; like as also in the life of St. John the Evangelist, anciently ^f written in Arabick, you have Asubasianuusu, Thithimse, Damthianuusu, for Vespasian, Titus, Domitian; and in our stories Androgeus for Cæsar's Mandubratius. From Tuifco is our name of Tuesday; and in that too, taking the place of Mars (the most fiery star, and observe withal that

against

^y Gen. 10.

^z Munster. Cosm. l. 3.

^a Geropius in Ind scythic.

^b Jodoc. Willich. comm. ad Theit. Germaniam. & Pantaleon lib. 1. prosep. r.

^c Elias Levit, in Thib. Aries Mont, in Peleg.

^d Strab. lib. 7. c. 15. de aliis quæ hic congerimus.

^e Broun in concert pref.

^f Pet. Kirftenius Grammatica Arabica subjunct.

against the vulgar opinion the planetary account of days is very ^{ancient} discovers affinity with Aschenaz, in whose notation (as some ^{body} observes) **Ω** signifies fire.

They Saxons first were call'd ———

So a Latin rhyme in ⁱ Engelhufe also;

*Quippe brevis gladius apud illos Saxa vocatur,
Unde sibi Saxo nomen traxisse putatur.*

Although from the Sacans, or Sagans, a populous nation in Asia (which were also Scythians, and of whom an old ^k Poet, as most others in their epithets and passages of the Scythians,

* Τόξα Σάκαι φορέοντες ἃ μηκέτι ἄλλῃ ἐλέγχοι
Τοξευτῆς, ἔ γάρ σφι θέμις ἀνεμάλια βάλλειν.

A faculty for which the English have had no small honour in their later wars with the French) both Goropius with long argument in his *Beccesfelana*, our judicious Camden, and others, will have them, as it were, Sacai's sons. According hereto is that name of ⁱ Sacasena, which a colony of them gave to part of Armenia and the ^m Sasones in Scythia on this side of Imaus. Howsoever, the author's conceit thus chosen is very apt, nor disagreeing to this other, in that some community was 'twixt the name of Sacæ or Sagæ, and a certain sharp weapon called Sagaris, used by the Amazons, Sacans, and Persians, as the Greek ⁿ stories inform us.

The Britons here allur'd to call them to their aid.

Most suppose them sent to by the Britons, much subject to the irruptions of Picts and Scots, and so invited hither for aid: but the stories of Gildas and Nennius have no such thing, but only that there landed of them (as banished their country, which Geoffrey of Monmouth expresses also) three long boats in Kent with Horsa and Hengist, captains. They afterward were most willingly requested to multiply their number by sending for more of their countrymen to help king Vortigern; and under that colour, and by Ronix (daughter to Hengist, and wife to Vortigern) her womanish subtilty, in greater number were here planted. Of this, more large in every common story. But to believe their first arrival rather for new place of habitation,

g Scalig. in prolegom. ad emendat. temp.
h Melancthon ap. Becan. in Indoscyth.
i Ap. Camdenum.

k Dionys. Afer. in περιγυ.

*The shooting Sacæ none can teach them art: For what they loos'd at, never 'scapes their dart.

l Strobo l. 1. c. 1.
m Ptolem. geograph. lib. 5. cap. 18.
n Herodot. Polybmn. Xenoph. αναβάτ. δ.
Strabō lib. 15.

See the VIII. Song.

bitation
that
especial
other
transpla
as the
banished
which
tion, as
lation t
name an
Most p
their fo
proof it
So Prife
before t
error I
others,
celter an
but twel
although
Robert
epitome
under A
Dionysu
ing adva
when he
of the g
in his co
the domi
fiastical tr
year after
posing Cl
ted; a co
to fit the
purpose,
neously fo
rection, a
before tru
CCCC.L.
curate) u
addition
of the C.
rectify ma

o Justin. l.
Wasingh. Hy
1. cap. 4. Sa
isse memini le
anellam.

SONG THE FOURTH. 749

bitation, than upon embassage of the Britons, I am persuaded by this, that among the Cimbrians, Gauls, Goths, Dacians, Scythians, and especially the Sacans (if Strabo deceive not, from whom our Saxons) with other northern people, it was a custom upon numerous abundance to transplant colonies: from which use the Parthians (sent out of Scythia, as the Romans did their *p Ver Sacrum*) retain that name, signifying banished (says Trogus;) not unlikely, from the Hebrew Paratz^q, which is to *seperate*, and also to *multiply* in this kind of propagation, as it is used in the promise to Abraham, and in Isaiah's consolation to the church. Here being the main change of the British name and state, a word or two of the time and year is not untimely. Most put it under CD. XL. IX. (according to Bede's copies and their followers) or CD. L. of Christ; whereas indeed by apparent proof it was in CD. XXVIII. and the fourth of Valentinian the Emperor. So Prife and Camden (out of an old fragment annexed to Nennius) and, before them, the author of *Fasciculus Temporum* have placed it. The error I imagine to be from restoring of worn-out times in Bede and others, by those which fell into the same error with Florence of Worcester and Marian the Scot, who begin the received Christian account but twelve years before the passion, thereby omitting twenty-two. For although Marian's published chronicle (which is but a desolation by Robert of Lorrain, bishop of Hereford under Henry the first, and an epitome of Marian) goes near from the ordinary time of incarnation under Augustus, yet he lays it also, according to the Roman abbot Dionysius, in the twenty third year following, which was rather by taking advantage of Dionysius's error, than following his opinion. For when he (about Justinian's time) made his period of D. XXXII. years of the golden number and cycle of the sun multiplied, it fell out so in his computation, that the fifteenth moon following the Jews passover, the dominical letter, Friday, and other concurrents according to ecclesiastical tradition supposed for the passion, could not be but in the twelfth year after his birth (a lapse by himself much repented) and then supposing Christ lived thirty-four years, twenty-two must needs be omitted; a collection directly against his meaning; having only forgotten to fit those concurrents. This accompt (in itself, and by the abbot's purpose, as our vulgar is now, but with some little difference) erroneously followed, I conjecture, made them, which too much desired correction, add the supposed evangelical XXII. years to such times as were before true; and so came CCCC. XXVIII. to be CCCC. XL. IX. and CCCC. L. which White of Basingstoke (although aiming to be accurate) unjustly follows. Subtraction of this number, and, in some, addition (of addition you shall have perhaps example in amendment of the C. L. VI. year for king Lucius's letters to Pope Eleutherius) will rectify many gross absurdities in our chronologies, which are by tran-

^o *Justin. lib. 24. & 41. Herodot. Clio Wasingh. Hypadig. Neust. Gemetiscens. lib. 1. cap. 4. Sabinis & Gracis morem hunc fuisse memini legisse me apud Varronem & Corneliam.*

^p *Festus in eod. & Mamertinis.*
^q *Gen. 28. 14. Isai. 54. 3.*
^r *Maimesb. lib. 4. de Pontificib.*
^s *Paul. de Middleburgo part. 2. lib. 5.*

transcribing, interpolation, misprinting, and creeping in of antichronisms now and then, strangely disordered.

To get their seat in Gaul, which on Nuestria light.

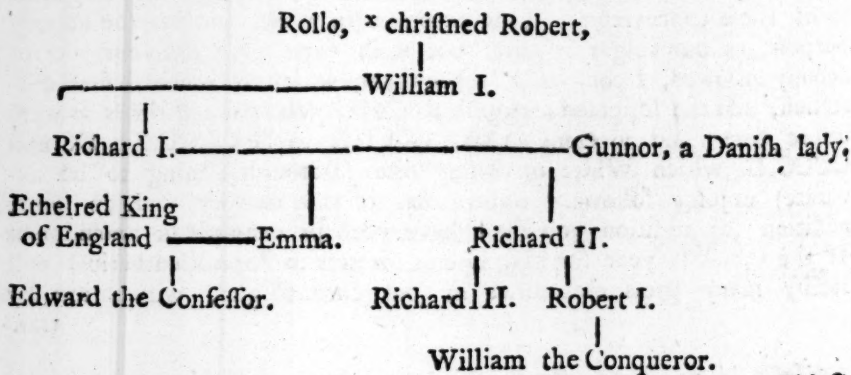
And a little after,

Call'd Northmen, from the north of Germany that came.

What is now Normandy is, in some, styl'd Neustria and Nuestria corruptly, as most think, for Westria, that is *Westrich*, *i. e.* the West Kingdom (confined anciently 'twixt the Meuse and Loire) in respect of *Austrich* or *Ostrich*, *i. e.* the East Kingdom, now Lorrain, upon such reason as the archdukedom hath his name at this day. 'Rollo son of a Danish potentate, accompanied with divers Danes, Norwegians, Scythians, Goths, and a supplement of English, which he had of king Athelstan, about the year D. CCCC. made transmigration into France, and there, after some martial discords, honoured in holy tincture of Christianity with the name of Robert, received ^u of Charles the Simple with his daughter (or sister) Gilla this tract as her dower, containing (as before) more than Normandy. It is ^v reported, that when the bishops at this donation required him to kiss the king's foot for homage, after scornful refusal, he commanded one of his knights to do it; the knight took up the king's leg, and in straining it to his mouth, overturned him; yet nothing but honourable respect followed on either part.

That as the conquerors bloud did to the conquer'd run.

Our author makes the Norman invasion a reuniting of several kindred, rather than a conquest by a mere stranger, taking argument as well from indentity of countryship (being all Germans by original, and the people of ^w the Cimbrica Chersonesus, now Denmark, anciently called Saxons) as from contingency of blood 'twixt the Anglo-Saxon kings, and the Norman dukes, thus expressed :



Object

^t See Song XIII.

^u Paul. *Æm. bist. Franc.* 3.

^v Guil. *Gemiticenf. lib. 2. cap. 17.*

^w Marcian. *Heracleot. απανλ. c.*

^x *Gemiticenf. lib. 7. cap. 36. & lib. 3. cap. 18.*

SONG THE FOURTH. 751

Object not that duke Robert got the Conqueror upon Arletta (from whom perhaps came our name of Harlot) his concubine, nor that *y Consanguinitatis & agnationis jura à patre tantum & legitimis nuptiis oriuntur*, as the civil law, and upon the matter the English also defines; but rather allow it by law of nature and nobility, which justifies the bastard's bearing of his father's coat, distinguish'd with a bend sinister: Nicolas Upton calls it *z Fissura, eò quod finditur à patriâ hæreditate*; which is but his conceit: and read Heuter's tract *de liberâ hominis nativitate*, where you shall find a kind of legitimation of that now disgraceful name Bastard; which in more antique times was, as a proud title, inserted in the style of great and most honourable princes. Pretending this consanguinity, St. Edward's adoption, and king Harold's oath, aided by successful arms, the Norman acquired the English crown; although William of a Poicters affirms, that on his death-bed he made protestation, that his right was not hereditary, but by effusion of blood, and loss of many lives.

Who him a daughter brought, which heaven did strangely spare.

After composition of French troubles, Henry the first returning into England, the ship wherein his sons William and Richard were, 'twixt Barbesleu and Southampton was cast away, so that heaven only spared him this issue Maud the Empress, married, at last, to Geoffrey Plantagenet earl of Anjou, from whom in a continued race through Henry the second (son to this Maud) until Richard the third, that most noble surname possessed the royal throne of England.

y ff. Unde cognati l. 4. spurius. & tit. de grad. affin. lib. 4. non facile. §. 8. Scindum. Right of blood and kindred comes only by lawful marriage.

z A division, because he is separated from his father's inheritance, c10. LXVI. a Histor. Cadomensf.



P O L Y-



P O L Y - O L B I O N :

The FIFTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*In this song, Severn gives the doom
What of her Lundy should become.
And whilst the nimble Cambrian rills
Dance by-day-gies amongst the hills,
The muse them to Camarden brings;
Where Merlin's wondrous birth she sings.
From thence to Penbrook she doth make,
To see how Milford state doth take:
The scattered islands there doth tell:
And, visiting saint David's cell,
Doth sport her all the shores along,
Preparing the ensuing song.*

NOW Sabrina, as a queen, miraculously fair,
Is absolutely plac'd in her imperial chair
Of crystal richly wrought, that gloriously did shine,
Her grace becoming well, a creature so divine:
And as her godlike self, so glorious was her throne,
In which himself to sit great Neptune had been known;
Whereon there were ingrav'd those nymphs the god had
woo'd,
And every several shape wherein for love he su'd;
Each daughter, her estate and beauty, every son;
What nations he had rul'd, what countries he had won.
No fish in this wide waste, but with exceeding cost
Was there in antique work most curiously imboft.
She, in a watchet weed, with many a curious wave,
Which as a princely gift great Amphitrite gave;

Whose

Whose
To gra
The pa
ori
Yet scar
To who
Before a
Who w
That le
By The
To that
For her
(When
Inclosed
She sittin
Like for
Well fu
And eve
Now wi
And at
The pec
A slow,
As thou
So Sever
When t
' My
' Well
' Which
' To eit
' And fi
' What
' Both g
' That v
' (Fate
' Shall c
' A bran
' Which

Whose skirts were to the knee, with coral fring'd below,
To grace her goodly steps. And where she meant to go,
The path was strew'd with pearl: which though they
orient were,

Yet scarce known from her feet, they were so wondrous clear;
To whom the mermaids hold her glafs, that she may see
Before all other floods how far her beauties be:

Who was by Nereus taught, the most profoundly wise,
That learned her the skill of hidden prophecies,
By Thetis' special care; as^a Chiron erst had done
To that proud bane of Troy, her god-resembling son:
For her wise censure now, whilst every list'ning flood
(When reason somewhat cool'd their late distemper'd mood)
Inclosed Severn in; before this mighty rout,

She sitting well prepar'd, with countenance grave and stout,
Like some great learned judge, to end a weighty cause,
Well furnisht with the force of arguments and laws,
And every special proof that justly may be brought;
Now with a constant brow, a firm and settled thought,
And at the point to give the last and final doom:
The people crowding near within the pester'd room,
A slow, soft murmuring moves amongst the wondring throng,
As though with open ears they would devour his tongue:
So Severn bare herself, and silence so she wan,
When to th'assembly thus she seriously began:

' My near and loved nymphs, good hap ye both betide:
' Well Britons have ye sung; you English, well reply'd:
' Which to succeeding times shall memorise your stories
' To either country's praise, as both your endless glories.
' And from your listning ears, sith vain it were to hold
' What all-appointing heaven will plainly shall be told,
' Both gladly be you pleas'd: for thus the powers reveal,
' That when the Norman line in strength shall lastly fail
' (Fate limiting the time) th'ancient Briton race
' Shall come again to sit upon the sovereign place.
' A branch sprung out of Brute, th'imperial top shall get,
' Which grafted in the stock of great Plantagenet,

C c c

' The

^a Chiron brought up Achilles, son to Thetis.

- ‘ The stem shall strongly wax, as still the trunk doth wither;
- ‘ That power which bare it thence, again shall bring it thither
- ‘ By Tudor, with fair winds from Little Britain driven,
- ‘ §. To whom the goodly bay of Milford shall be given;
- ‘ As thy wise prophets, Wales, fore-told his wisht arrive,
- ‘ §. And how Lewellin’s line in him should doubly thrive.
- ‘ For from his issue sent to Albany before,
- ‘ Where his neglected blood, his virtue did restore,
- ‘ He first unto himself in fair succession gain’d
- ‘ The Steward’s nobler name; and afterward attain’d
- ‘ The royal Scottish wreath, upholding it in state.
- ‘ This stem, to ^b Tudor’s join’d (which thing all-powerful
- ‘ Fate
- ‘ So happily produc’d out of that prosperous bed,
- ‘ Whose marriages conjoin’d the white-rose and the red)
- ‘ Suppressing every plant, shall spread it self so wide,
- ‘ As in his arms shall clip the isle on every side.
- ‘ By whom three sever’d realms in one shall firmly stand,
- ‘ As Britain-founding Brute first monarchiz’d the land:
- ‘ And Cornwall, for that thou no longer shalt contend,
- ‘ But to old Cambria cleave, as to thy ancient friend,
- ‘ Acknowledge thou thy brood of Brute’s high blood to be;
- ‘ And what hath hapt to her, the like t’have chanc’d to thee;
- ‘ The Britons to receive, when heaven on them did lowre,
- ‘ Loegria forc’d to leave; who from the Saxons power
- ‘ Themselves in deserts, creeks, and mount’nous wastes be-
- ‘ stow’d,
- ‘ Or where the fruitless rocks could promise them abode:
- ‘ Why strive ye then for that, in little time that shall
- ‘ (As you are all made one) be one unto you all?
- ‘ Then take my final doom pronounced lastly, this;
- ‘ That Lundy like ally’d to Wales and England is.
- Each part most highly pleas’d, then up the session brake:
- When to the learned maids again invention spake;
- ‘ O ye Pegasian nymphs, that hating viler things,
- ‘ Delight in lofty hills, and in delicious springs,

‘ That

^b James the fourth, surnamed / daughter to Henry the seventh king
Steward, married Margaret, eldest of England.

' That on Pîcrus born, and named of the place,
 ' The Thracian Pimpla love, and Pindus often grace;
 ' In Aganippa's fount, and in Castalia's brims,
 ' That often have been known to bathe your crystal limbs;
 ' Conduct me through these brooks, and with a fastned clue,
 ' Direct me in my course, to take a perfect view
 ' Of all the wandring streams, in whose entrancing gyres,
 ' Wise nature oft herself her workmanship admires
 ' (So manifold they are, with such meanders wound,
 ' As may with wonder seem invention to confound)
 ' That to those British names, untaught the ear to please,
 ' Such relish I may give in my delicious lays,
 ' That all the armed orks of Neptune's grisly band,
 ' With musick of my verse, amaz'd may listning stand;
 ' As when his Trytons trumps do them to battel call,
 ' Within his surging lists to combat with the whale.

Thus have we overgone the Glamorganian Gowr,
 Whose promontory (plac'd to check the ocean's pow'r)
 Kept Severn yet herself, till being grown too great,
 She with extended arms unbounds her ancient seat:
 And turning lastly sea, resigns unto the main
 What sovereignty herself but lately did retain.
 Next, Loghor leads the way, who with a lusty crew
 (Her wild and wandring steps that ceaselessly pursue)
 Still forward is inforc'd: as Amond thrusts her on,
 And Morlas (as a maid she much relies upon)
 Intreats her present speed; assuring her withall,
 Her best-beloved isle, Bachannis, for her fall
 Stands specially prepar'd, of every thing supply'd.

When Guendra with such grace deliberately doth glide;
 As Tovy doth entice: who setteth out prepar'd
 At all points like a prince, attended with a guard:
 Of which, as by her name, the near'st to her of kin
 Is Toothy, tripping down from Verwin's rushy 'lin,
 Through Rescob running out, with Pescover to meet
 Those rills that forest loves; and doth so kindly great,

Cc c 2

A4

As to intreat their stay she gladly would prevail.
 Then Tranant nicely treads upon the watry trail:
 The lively-skiping Brane, along with Gwethrick goes,
 In Tovy's wandring banks themselves that scarcely lose,
 But Mudny, with Cledaugh, and Sawthy, soon resort,
 Which at Langaddoc grace their sovereign's watry court.
 As when the servile world some gathering man espies,
 Whose thriving fortune shows he to much wealth may rise,
 And through his prince's grace his followers may prefer,
 Or by revenue left by some dead ancestor;
 All lowting low to him, him humbly they observe,
 And happy is that man his nod that may deserve:
 To Tovy so they stoop, to them upon the way
 Which thus displays the spring within their view that lay.

‘Near Denevoir, the seat of the ‘Demerian king
 ‘Whilst Cambria was herself, full, strong, and flourishing,
 ‘There is a pleasant spring, ‘that constant doth abide
 ‘Hard by these winding shores wherein we nimbly slide;
 ‘Long of the ocean lov’d, since his victorious hand
 ‘First proudly did insult upon the conquer’d land.
 ‘And though a hundred nymphs in fair Demeria be,
 ‘Whose features might allure the sea-gods more than she,
 ‘His fancy takes her form, and her he only likes:
 ‘(Who ere knew half the shafts where with blind Cupid strikes?)
 ‘Which great and constant faith, shew’d by the god of sea,
 ‘This clear and lovely nymph so kindly doth repay,
 ‘As suff’ring for his sake what love to lover owes,
 ‘With him she sadly ebbs, with him she proudly flows,
 ‘To him her secret vows perpetually doth keep,
 ‘Observing every law and custom of the deep.

Now Tovy tow’rd her fall (Langaddoc over-gone)
 Her Dulas forward drives: and Cothy coming on
 The train to over-take, the nearest way doth cast
 Ere she Caermarden get: where Gwilly, making haste,
 Bright Tovy entertains at that most famous town
 Which her great prophet^d bred, who Wales doth so renown:

And

^d Of Southwales. ‘ Ebbing and flowing with the Sea.

‘ Merlin, born in Caermarden.

And tak
 To prin
 ‘ Of M
 ‘ The w
 ‘ A thou
 ‘ And fo
 ‘ Who c
 ‘ With a
 ‘ (As all
 ‘ Who,
 ‘ Great l
 ‘ §. Tha
 ‘ Which
 ‘ As (al
 ‘ Who,
 ‘ And r
 ‘ On he
 ‘ Of thi
 But,
 Suspect
 By stran
 Or, felt
 Which
 With b
 And he
 Of the
 Some,
 Them
 Being t
 Whose
 And lo
 Predest
 They,
 Desist
 And t
 Inveig

And taking her a harp, and tuning well the strings,
To princely Tovy thus she of the prophet sings ;

‘ Of Merlin and his skill what region doth not hear ?
‘ The world shall still be full of Merlin every where.
‘ A thousand lingering years his prophecies have run,
‘ And scarcely shall have end till time it self be done :
‘ Who of a British nymph was gotten, whilst she play’d
‘ With a seducing spirit, which won the godly maid ;
‘ (As all Demetia through, there was not found her peer)
‘ Who, be’ing so much renown’d for beauty far and near,
‘ Great lords her liking sought, but still in vain they prov’d :
‘ §. That spirit (to her unknown) this virgin only lov’d ;
‘ Which taking human shape, of such perfection seem’d,
‘ As (all her suters scorn’d) she only him esteem’d.
‘ Who, feigning for her sake that he was come from farr,
‘ And richly could endow (a lusty batcheler)
‘ On her that prophet got, which from his mother’s womb
‘ Of things to come foretold until the general doom.

But, of his feigned birth in sporting idly thus,
Suspect me not, that I this dreamed Incubus
By strange opinions should licentiously subsist ;
Or, self-conceited, play the humorous Platonist,
Which boldly dares affirm, that spirits themselves supply
With bodies, to commix with frail mortality,
And here allow them place, beneath this lower sphere
Of the unconstant moon ; to tempt us daily here.
Some, earthly mixture take ; as others, which aspire,
Them subt’ler shapes resume, of water, air, and fire,
Being those immortals long before the heaven, that fell,
Whose deprivation thence, determined their hell :
And losing through their pride that place to them assign’d,
Predestined that was to man’s regenerate kind,
They, for th’inveterate hate to his election, still
Desist not him to tempt to every damned ill :
And to seduce the spirit, oft prompt the frailer blood,
Inveigling it with tastes of counterfeited good,

And teach it all the sleights the soul that may excite
To yield up all her power unto the appetite.

And to those curious wits if we ourselves apply,
Which search the gloomy shades of deep philosophy,
They reason so will cloath, as well the mind can show,
That contrary effects, from contraries may grow;
And that the soul a shape so strongly may conceit,
As to herself the-while may seem it to create;
By which th'abused sense more easily oft is led
To think that it enjoys the thing imagined.

But, toil'd in these dark tracts with sundry doubts repleat,
Calm shades, and cooler streams must quench this furious
heat :

Which seeking, soon we find, where Cowen in her course
Tow'rs the Sabrinian shores, as sweeping from her source,
Takes Towa, calling then Karkenny by the way,
Her through the wayless woods of Cardiff to convey;
A forest, with her floods environ'd so about,
That hardly she restrains th'unruly watry rout,
When swelling, they would seem her empire to invade:
And oft the lustful fawns and satyrs from her shade
Were by the streams entic'd, abode with them to make.
Then Morlas meeting Taw, her kindly in doth take:
Cair coming with the rest, their watry tracts that tread,
Increase the Cowen all; that as their general head
Their largess doth receive, to bear out his expence:
Who to vast Neptune leads this courtly confluence.

To the Pembrokian parts the muse her still doth keep,
Upon that utmost point to the Iberian deep,
By Cowdra coming in: where clear delightful air,
(That forests most affect) doth welcome her repair;
The Heliconian maids in pleasant groves delight:
(Floods cannot still content their wanton appetite)
And wandering in the woods, the neighbouring hills below,
With wife Apollo meet (who with his ivory bow
Once in the paler shades the serpent Python slew)
And hunting oft with him, the heartless deer pursue;

Those

Those be
Another
That wi
Whose

When A
Amongst
(The Sy
Which u
And wal
Where o
Of all th
But time
Transfer
With th
Where

The seas
Upon th
That pe
The Fle
To try
When a
To plan
These
Both ge
As whe
That an
With n
Which
Of all
From
Th'abu
Both o
Before
And in

* Th
planted.

Those beams then lay'd aside he us'd in heaven to wear.
 Another forest-nymph is Narber, standing near,
 That with her curled top her neighbour would astound,
 Whose groves once bravely grac'd the fair Penbrokian
 ground,

When Albion here beheld on this extended land,
 Amongst his well grown woods, the shag-hair'd satyrs stand
 (The Sylvans chief resort) the shores then sitting high,
 Which under water now so many fathoms ly :
 And wallowing porpice sport and lord it in the flood,
 Where once the portlike oak, and large-limb'd poplar stood :
 Of all the forest's kind these two now only left.

But time, as guilty since to man's insatiate theft,
 Transfer'd the English names of towns and households hither,
 With the industrious Dutch since sojourning together.

When wrathful heaven the clouds so lib'rally bestow'd,
 The seas (then wanting roomth to lay their boist'rous load)
 Upon the Belgian marsh their pamper'd stomachs cast,
 That peopled cities sank into the mighty waste.

The Flemings were inforc'd to take them to their oars,
 To try the setting main to find out firmer shores;
 When as this spacious isle them entrance did allow,
 To plant the Belgian stock upon this goodly brow :
 These ^e nations, that their tongues did naturally affect,
 Both generally forsook the British dialect :

As when it was decreed by all-fore-dooming fate,
 That ancient Rome should stoop from her imperious state,
 With nations from the north then altogether fraught,
 Which to her civil bounds their barbarous customs brought,

Of all her ancient spoils and lastly be forlorn,
 From Tyber's hallowed banks to old ^b Bizantium born :

Th'abundant Latines then old Latium lastly left,
 Both of her proper form and elegance rest ;

Before her smoothest tongue, their speech that did prefer,
 And in her tables fixt their ill-shap'd character.

C c c 4

A

^e The colony of Flemings here planted. See to the fourth song. | ^b Now Constantinople.

A divination strange the Dutch-made English have,
 Appropriate to that place (as though some power it gave)
 §. By th'shoulder of a ram from off the right side par'd,
 Which usually they boil, the spade-bone being bar'd :
 Which then the wizard takes, and gazing thereupon,
 Things long to come fore-shows, as things done long ago;
 Scapes secretly at home, as those abroad, and far ;
 Murthers, adulterous stealths, as the events of war,
 The reigns and death of kings they take on them to know :
 Which only to their skill the shoulder-blade doth show.

You goodly sister floods, how happy is your state !
 Or should I more commend your features, or your fate,
 That Milford, which this isle her greatest port doth call
 Before your equal floods is lotted to your fall ?
 Where was sail ever seen, or wind hath ever blown,
 Whence Penbrook yet hath heard of haven like her own ?
 She bids Dungleddy dare ⁱ Iberia's proudest road,
 And chargeth her to send her challenges abroad
 Along the coast of France, to prove if any be
 Her Milford that dare match : so absolute is she.
 And Clethy coming down from Wrenyvaur her fire
 (A hill that thrusts his head into th'etherial fire)
 Her sister's part doth take, and dare avouch as much :
 And Percily the proud, whom nearly it doth touch,
 Said, he would bear her out ; and that they all should know.
 And therewithal he struts, as though he scorn'd to show
 His head below the heaven, when he of Milford spake :
 But there was not a port the prize durst undertake.
 So highly Milford is in every mouth renown'd,
 No haven hath ought good, in her that is not found :
 Whereas the swelling surge, that with his foamy head
 The gentler-looking land with fury menaced,
 With his encountring wave no longer there contends ;
 But sitting mildly down like perfect ancient friends,
 Unmov'd of any wind which way so e're it blow,
 And rather seem to smile, than knit an angry brow.

The

ⁱ Spain.

The shi
 On her
 As all l
 So she
 By natu
 §. To c
 Which
 It seem
 Which
 The va
 That w
 And ly
 That t
 Doth fi
 Or und
 Their h
 Out-br
 The fal
 Which
 That fr
 Which
 And br
 As, ca
 Do cast
 That t
 As Rat
 Expos
 Scalm,
 (Which
 That w
 As cre
 From l
 Since,
 Doth l

ⁱ The
 highest f

SONG THE FIFTH.

761

The ships with shatter'd ribs scarce creeping from the seas,
On her sleek bosom ride with such deliberate ease,
As all her pass'd storms she holds but mean and base,
So she may reach at length this most delightful place,
By nature with proud cliffs invironed about,

§. To crown the godly road: where builds the falcon stout,
Which we the gentil call; whose fleet and active wings,
It seems that nature made when most she thought on kings:
Which manag'd to the lure, her high and gallant flight,
The vacant sportful man so greatly doth delight,
That with her nimble quills his soul doth seem to hover,
And ly the very pitch that lusty bird doth cover;
That those proud eyries, bred whereas the scorching sky
Doth findge the sandy wilds of spiceful Barbary;
Or underneath our pole, where Norway's¹ forests wide
Their high cloud-touching heads in winter snows do hide,
Out-brave not this our kind in mettall, nor exceed
The falcon which sometimes the British cliffs do breed:
Which prey upon the isles in the Vergivian waste,
That from the British shores by Neptune are imbrac'd;
Which stem his furious tides when wildliest they do rave,
And break the big-swoln bulk of many a boist'rous wave:
As, calm when he becomes, then likewise in their glory
Do cast their amorous eyes at many a promontory
That thrust their foreheads forth into the smiling south;
As Rat and Sheepy, set to keep calm Milford's mouth,
Expos'd to Neptune's power. So^k Grefholm far doth stand:
Scalm, Stockholm, with saint Bride, & Gatholm, nearer land
(Which with their veiny breasts intice the gods of sea,
That with the lusty isles do revel every day)
As crescent-like the land her breadth here inward bends,
From Milford, which she forth to old Menevia sends;
Since, holy David's seat; which of especial grace
Doth lend that nobler name, to this unnobler place.

Of

¹ The places from whence the highest flying hawks are brought. ^k Islands upon the point of Pem-
brookshire.

Of all the holy men whose fame so fresh remains,
 To whom the Britons built so many sumptuous fanes,
 This saint before the rest their patron still they hold :
 §. Whose birth, their ancient bards to Cambria long foretold,
 And seated here a see, his bishoprick of yore,
 Upon the farthest point of this unfruitful shore ;
 Selected by himself, that far from all resort
 With contemplation seem'd most fitly to comport ;
 That, void of all delight, cold, barren, bleak, and dry,
 No pleasure might allure, nor steal the wand'ring eye :
 Where Ramsey with those rocks, in rank that order'd stand
 Upon the farthest point of David's ancient land,
 Do raise their rugged heads (the sea-man's noted marks)
 Call'd, of their mitred tops, the Bishop and his Clerks ;
 Into that channel cast, whose raging current roars
 Betwixt the British sands and the Hibernian shores :
 Whose grim and horrid face doth pleased heaven neglect,
 And bears bleak winter still in his more sad aspect :
 Yet Gwin and Nevern near, two fine and fishful brooks,
 Do never stay their course, how stern so ere he looks ;
 Which with his shipping once should seem to have commerst,
 Where Fiscard as her flood doth only grace the first.
 To Newport falls the next : there we a while will rest ;
 Our next ensuing song to wond'rous things address.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

IF you ever read of, or vulgarly understand, the form of the Ocean, and affinity twixt it and rivers, you cannot but conceive this poetical description of Severn ; wherein Amphitrite is supposed to have given her a precious robe : very proper in the matter's self, and imitating that ^a father of the muses who derives Agamemnon's scepter to him by descent joyn'd with gift from Jupiter ; Achilles's, armour from Vulcan's bounty, Helen's Nepenthe from the Egyptian Polydamna, and such like, honouring the possessors with the giver's judgment, as much as with the gift posselt.

To whom the goodly bay of Milford should be given.

At Milford haven arrived Henry Earl of Richmond, aided with some forces and sums of money by the French Charles VIII. but so enter-

^a *Iliad*, 6. 3. *Odys.* 8.

ained a
 rannical
 Leiceste
 more lan

An

Turn
 of this
 fessor's ti
 that, his
 quuabry
 others ho
 one of t
 Gryffith
 ceived.
 He (after
 performan
 high stew
 since who
 mighty so
 of Tyddon
 and red ro
 daughter
 their elder
 and spatio
 withal. T
 'ball flou
 ' of strange

That

So is the
 if I should
 own part,
 Rabbiniq
 Hesiod's ny
 other than
 motion in c

b *Hector B*
 reg. 85, & 86
 riori Stuartos
 nuncupabant. T
 regij per interp
 in charta illa
 tipo II. obstrin
 leguntur inter
 Simej:ballus, W

SONG THE FIFTH. 763

gained and strengthened by divers of his friends, groaning under the tyrannical yoke of Rich. III. that, beyond expectation, at Bosworth in Leicester, the day and crown was soon his. Every chronicle tells you more largely.

And how Llewelin's line in him should doubly thrive.

Turn to the Eagle's prophecies in the second song, where the first part of this relation is more manifested. For the rest, thus: about our confessor's time, Macbeth^b king of Scotland (moved by predictions, affirming that, his line extinct, the posterity of Banquo a noble thane of Loquhabry should attain and continue the Scottish reign) and jealous of others hoped-for greatness, murdered Banquo, but mist his design; for, one of the same posterity, Fleance son to Banquo, privily fled to Gryffith ap Llewelin then prince of Wales, and was there kindly received. To him and Nesta the prince's daughter was issue one Walter. He (afterward for his worth favourably accepted, and through stout performance honourably requited by Malcolm III.) was made lord high steward of Scotland: out of whose loins Robert II. was derived: since whom that royal name hath long continued, descending to our mighty sovereign, and in him is joined with the commixt kingly blood of Tyddour and Plantagenet. These two were united, with the^c white and red roses, in those auspicious nuptials of Henry VII. and Elizabeth daughter to Edward IV. and from them, through the lady Margaret their eldest daughter, married to James the IV. his Majesty's descent and spacious empire observed, easily shews you what the muse here plays withal. The rest alludes to that; '*Cambria shall be glad, Cornwall shall flourish, and the isle shall be filled with Brute's name, and the name of strangers shall perish:*' as it is in Merlin's prophecies.

That Spirit to her unknown this Virgin only lov'd.

So is the vulgar tradition of Merlin's conception. Untimely it were, if I should slip into discourse of spirits faculties in this kind. For my own part, unless there be some creatures of such middle nature, as the Rabbinique^d conceit upon the creation supposes; and the same with Hesiod's nymphs, or Paracelsus his Non-adams, I shall not believe that other than true bodies on bodies can generate, except by swiftness of motion in conveying of stolen seed some unclean spirit might arrogate the improper

^b Hector Boet. lib. 12. & Buchanan. in reg. 85. & 86. lib. 7. qui eisdem ævo citantur Stuartos ait dictos, quos olim Thanos nuncupabant. Thani vero quæstores erant regij per interpretationem, uti Boetius. Certè in charta illa quæ jure clientelari se Henrico II. obstrinxit Willielmus Scotorum Rex, leguntur inter testes Willielmus de Curcy Seneschallus, Willielmus filius Aldelmi Se-

neschallus, Aluredus de Sancto Martino Seneschallus; Gilbertus Malet Seneschallus; unde honorarium fuisse hoc nomen patet. Horum bini defuncti apud Hovedenum; verum ex vetustiss. anonymo M. S. excerpti.

^c York and Lancaster.

^d Rabbi Abraham in Zeror Hammar ap. Munst. ad 2. Genes.

improper name of generation. Those which St. Augustine ^e calls ^f Dufi, in Gaul, altogether addicted to such filthiness, Fauns, Satyrs and Sylvans, have had as much attributed to them. But learn of this, from divines upon the Beni-haelohim ^g in holy writ, passages of the fathers upon this point, and the later authors of disquisitions in magique and forcery, as Bodin, Wier, Martin del Rio, others. For this Merlin (rather Merdhin, as you see to the fourth song, his true name being Ambrose) his own answer to Vortigern was, that his father was a Roman ^h Consul (so Nennius informs me) as perhaps it might be, and the fact palliated under name of a spirit; as in that of Ilia supposing, to save her credit, the name of Mars for Romulus his Father. But to interlace the polite muse with what is more harsh, yet even therein perhaps not displeasing, I offer you this antique passage of him.

— the messagers to Kermerdin come,
 And hou chylzen bivoze the pate pleyde hii take gome,
 Tho seide on to another, Merlin wat is the,
 Thou faderlese ⁱ shrewe, wy misdostou me,
 Doz icham of Kinges icome, and thou nart nought worth a fille,
 Doz thou naddest nebere nanne fader, thereboze hold the stille.
 Tho the messagers hurde this hii astunte there,
 And essie at men aboute wat the childe were,
 Me seide that he ne had never fader that me might understond,
 And is moder au king's daughter was of thulke lond,
 And woned at St. Petre's in a nonnerie there.

His mother (a Nun, daughter to Pubidius king of Mathraval, and called Matilda, as by ^k poetical authority only I find justifiable) and he being brought to the king, she colours it in these words:

— whanneich ofte was.
 In chambze mid mine fellowes, there come to me bi cas,
 A suite the bair man mid alle, and bi elupt me well softe,
 And semblance made baire gnou, and cust me well ofte.

And tells on the story which should follow so kind a preface. But enough of this.

By th'shoulder of a Ram from off the right side par'd.

Take this as a taste of their art in old time. Under Hen. II. one William Mangunel, ^l a Gentleman of those parts, finding by his skill of

^e Lib. 15. de Civ. Dei cap. 23.

^f Forte Drusij) quod vult Bodinus lib. 2. cap. 7. (demonoman.) quasi Sylvani. aut Dryades.

^g Gen. 6. 2.

^h Illustres sapientis viros indigetant bistoric nostri Consules, unde & Actium & in repudloquuntur Saxones Cos, quem tamen Consulem fuisse bant offerent Fassi, illustriss.

in. blicâ nobilissimum Procopij aliorumque historiarum Gothicarum produnt.

ⁱ Shrew, now a word apply'd to the shrewish sex; but in Chaucer, Lidgat, and Gower to the quieter also.

^k Spenser's Faery Q. lib. 3. cant. 3.

^l Girald. Itin. 1. cap. 11. — Quæ te dementia cepit, Querere sollicitè quod reperire times? Th. Mor. Epig.

of pre
his ow
rams
bour's
give h
laughte
so veh
whose
husband
and jud
the cou
when I
report
nurge, i
solution
oracle it
my auth

To cr

In the
lent fal
gols-hav
falcon, t
ramage,
author.
regains)
know, th
came fro
but also
bred in le
permits
never fou
be true)
ninth Per
common
ward acci

Whose

Of St.
He was pr
other attr
caused hi
which, un

m. Of Cuch
n. Albert, d
• Frederic, I.

of prediction that his wife had play'd false with him, and conceived by his own nephew, formally dresses the shoulder-bone of one of his own rams; and sitting at dinner (pretending it to be taken out of his neighbour's flock) requests his wife (equalling him in these divinations) to give her judgement; she curiously observes, and at last with great laughter casts it from her. The gentleman, importuning her reason of so vehement an affection, receives answer of her, that, his wife, out of whose flock the ram was taken, had by incestuous copulation with her husband's nephew fraughted herself with a young one. Lay all together, and judge, gentlewomen, the sequel of this cross accident. But why she could not as well divine of whose flock it was, as the other secret, when I have more skill in Osteomanty, I will tell you. Nor was their report less in knowing things to come, than past; so that jealous Panurge, in his doubt *de la Coquage*, might have had other manner of resolution than Rondibilis, Hippothade, Bridoye, Trovillogan, or the oracle itself, were able to give him. Blame me not, in that, to explain my author, I insert this example.

To crown the goodly road, where built that falcon stout.

In the rocks of this maritime coast of Pembroke are eyries of excellent falcons. Henry II. here passing into Ireland, cast off a Norway goshawk at one of these: but the goshawk taken at the source by the falcon, soon fell down at the king's foot, which performance in this ramage, made him yearly afterward send hither for eyresses, as Girald is author. Whether these here are the Haggarts (which they call Peregrins) or Falcon-gentles, I am no such falconer to argue; but this I know, that the reason of the name of Peregrins is given, for that they came from remote and unknown places, and therefore hardly fits these: but also I read in no less than imperial authority, that Peregrins never bred in less latitude than beyond the seventh climate, *Dia Riphæos*, which permits them this place; and that, of true falcons-gentle an eyry is never found but in a more southern and hotter parallel: which (if it be true) excludes the name of Gentle from ours, breeding near the ninth *Per Rostochium*. And the same authority makes them (against common opinion) both of one kind, differing rather in local and outward accidents, than in self-nature.

Whose birth the ancient Bards to Cambria long foretold.

Of St. Dewy and his bishoprick you have more to the fourth song. He was prognosticated ^p above thirty years before his birth; which with other attributed miracles (after the fashion of that credulous age) caused him be almost parallel'd in monkish zeal with that holy John, which, unborn, sprang at presence of the incarnate author of our redemption.

^m Of Cuckoldry. Rablais.

ⁿ Albert. *de Animal*. 23. cap. 8.

^o Frederic. II. lib. 2. *de arte Venand*. cap. 4.

^p *Monumeth*. lib. 8. cap. 8. Girald.

Nin. 2. cap. 1. Balcent. 1. *Vita S. Dewy*

demption. The translation of the archbishoprick was also ⁹ foretold in that of Merlin: *Menewia shall put on the pall of Caer-leon; and the preacher of Ireland shall wax dumb by an infant growing in the womb.* That was perform'd when St. Patrick, at presence of Melaria then with child, suddenly lost use of his speech; but recovering it after some time, made prediction of Dewy's holiness, joyn'd with greatness, which is so celebrated. Upon my author's credit only believe me.

q *Alan. de insul. 1. ad Prophet. Merlini.*



P O L Y - O L B I O N :

S O N G T H E S I X T H .

The ARGUMENT.

*With Cardigan the Muse proceeds,
And tells what rare things Tivy breeds :
Next, proud Plynillimon she plys ;
Where Severn, Wy and Rydoll rise.
With Severn she along doth go,
Her metamorphosis to show;
And makes the wand'ring Wy declame
In honour of the British name :
Then musters all the watry train
That those two Rivers entertain :
And viewing how those Rillets creep
From shore to the Vergivian deep,
By Radnor and Mountgomery, then
To Severn turns her course agen :
And bringing all their Riverets in,
There ends ; a new Song to begin.*

SITH I must stem thy stream, clear Tivy, yet before
The muse vouchsafe to seize the Cardiganian shore,
She of thy source will sing in all the Cambrian coast ;
Which of thy castors once, but now canst only boast

The

SONG THE FOURTH.

767.

The falmons, of all floods most plentiful in thee.
 Dear brook, within thy banks if any powers there be ;
 Then Naiads, or ye nymphs of their like watry kind
 (Unto whose only care great Neptune hath assign'd
 The guidance of those brooks wherein he takes delight)
 Assist her : and whilst she your dwelling shall recite,
 Be present in her work : let her your graces view,
 That to succeeding times them lively she may shew ;
 As when great Albion's sons, which him a sea-nymph
 brought

Amongst the grisly rocks, were with your beauties caught
 (Whose only love surpriz'd those of the ^a Phlegrian size,
 The Titanois, that once against high heaven durst rise)
 When as the hoary woods, the climbing hills did hide,
 And cover'd every vale through which you gently glide ;
 Even for those inly heats which through your loves they felt,
 That oft in kindly tears did in your bosoms melt,
 To view your secret bowers, such favour let her win.

Then Tivy cometh down from her capacious lin,
 Twixt Mirk and Brenny led, two handmaids, that do stay
 Their mistress, as in state she goes upon her way.

Which when Lanbeder sees, her wondrously she likes :
 Whose untam'd bosom so the beauteous Tivy strikes,
 As that the forest fain would have her there abide.
 But she (so pure a stream) transported with her pride,
 The offer idly scorns ; though with her flattering shade
 The Sylvan her entice with all that may perswade
 A water-nymph ; yea, though great Thetis self she were :
 But nothing might prevail, nor all the pleasures there
 Her mind could ever move one minute's stay to make.

Mild Mathern then, the next, doth Tivy overtake :
 Which instantly again by Dittor is supply'd.
 Then, Keach and Kerry help : twixt which on either side,
 To Cardigan she comes, the sovereign of the shire.
 Now, Tivy, let us tell thy sundry glories here.

When as the salmon seeks a fresher stream to find
 (Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his kind,

As

^a Giants.

As he in season grows) and stems the watry tract,
 Where Tivy falling down doth make a ^b cataract,
 Forc'd by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
 As though within their bounds they meant her to inclose;
 Here, when the labouring fish doth at the foot arrive,
 And finds that by his strength but vainly he doth strive,
 His tail takes in his teeth; and bending like a bow,
 That's to the compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw:
 Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand,
 That bended end to end, and flirtd from the hand,
 Far off it self doth cast; so doth the salmon vault.
 And if at first he fail, his second ^c summerfaut
 He instantly assays; and from his nimble ring,
 Still yerking, never leaves, until himself he sling
 Above the streamful top of the surrounded heap.

More famous long ago, than for the salmon's leap,
 For bevers Tivy was, in her strong banks that bred,
 Which else no other brook of Britain nourished:
 Where nature, in the shape of this now-perisht beast
 His property did seem t'have wondrously exprest;
 Being body'd like a boat, with such a mighty tail
 As serv'd him for a bridge, a helm, or for a sail,
 When kind did him command the architect to play,
 That his strong castle built of branched twigs and clay:
 Which, set upon the deep, but yet not fixed there,
 He easily could remove as it he pleas'd to steer
 To this side or to that; the workmanship so rare,
 His stuff where-with to build, first being to prepare,
 A foraging he goes, to groves or bushes nigh,
 And with his teeth cuts down his timber: which laid by,
 He turns him on his back; his belly laid abroad,
 When with what he hath got, the other do him load,
 Till lastly by the weight, his burthen he have found.
 Then, with his mighty tail his carriage having bound

^b Or water-fall.

^c The word in tumbling, when one casteth himself over and over.

As ca
Some

He ta
Hard
Going

From
Then
His p
That
As if
\$. Wh
Thus

But

Now,
To sh
To th
With
The A
The w
Fair I

Meets
Plynill
As fits

'Then c
Those
Then K

With E
Plyn

What c
That h
The ba

\$. Unto
In brave
The bel

As carters do with ropes, in his sharp teeth he grip'd
Some stronger stick : from which the lesser branches
stript,

He takes it in the midst ; at both the ends, the rest
Hard holding with their fangs, unto the labour prest,
Going backward, tow'rd's their home their loaded carriage
led,

From whom, those first here born, were taught the useful sled.
Then builded he his fort for strong and several fights ;
His passages contriv'd with such unusual sleights,
That from the hunter oft he issu'd undiscern'd,
As if men from this beast to fortify had learn'd ;
§. Whose kind, in her decay'd, is to this isle unknown.
Thus Tivy boasts this beast peculiarly her own.

But here why spend I time these trifles to areed?

Now, with thy former task, my muse, again proceed,
To shew the other floods from the ^a Cerettick shore
To the Vergivian sea contributing their store :
With Bidder first begin, that bendeth all her force
The Arron to assist, Arth holding on her course
The way the other went, with Werry which doth win
Fair Istwid to her aid ; who kindly coming in,
Meets Rydoll at her mouth, that fair and princely maid,
Plynillimon's dear child, deliciously array'd,
As fits a nymph so near to Severn and her queen.
'Then come the sister Salks, as they before had seen
Those delicater dames so trippingly to tread :
Then Kerry ; Cletur next, and Kinver making head
With Enion, that her like clear Levant brings by her.

Plynillimon's high praise no longer, muse, defer ;
What once the Druids told, how great those floods should be,
That here (most mighty hill) derive themselves from thee.
The bards with fury rapt, the British youth among,
§. Unto the charming harp thy future honor sung
In brave and lofty strains ; that in excess of joy,
The beldam and the girl, the grandfire and the boy,

D d d

With

With shouts and yearning cries, the troubled air did load
 (As when with crown'd cups unto the * Elia god
 Those priests high orgies held; or when the old world saw
 Full Phoebe's face eclips'd, and thinking her to daw,
 Whom they supposed slain in some enchanted swoond,
 Of beaten tinkling brass still ply'd her with the sound)
 That all the Cambrian hills, which high'ft their heads do
 bear

With most obsequious shows of low subjected fear,
 Should to thy greatness stoop: and all the brooks that be
 Do homage to those floods that issued out of thee:
 To princely Severn first; next to her sister Wye,
 Which to her elders court her course doth still apply.
 But Rydoll, young'ft, and least, and for the others pride
 Not finding fitting roomth upon the rising side,
 Alone unto the west directly takes her way.
 So all the neighbouring hills Plynillimon obey.
 For, though Moylvadian bear his craggy top so high,
 As scorning all that come in compass of his eye,
 Yet greatly is he pleas'd Plynillimon will grace
 Him with a chearful look: and, fawning in his face,
 His love to Severn shows as though his own she were,
 Thus comforting the flood; ' " O ever-during heir
 Of Sabrine, Locrine's child (who of her life bereft,
 Her ever-living name to thee, fair river, left)
 Brute's first-begotten son, which Gwendolin did wed;
 But soon th'unconstant lord abandoned her bed
 (Through his unchaste desire) for beauteous Elstred's love.
 Now, that which most of all her mighty heart did move,
 Her father, Cornwall's duke, great Corineus dead,
 Was by the lustful king unjustly banished.
 When she, who to that time still with a smoothed brow
 Had seem'd to bear the breach of Locrine's former vow,
 Perceiving still her wrongs insufferable were;
 Grown big with the revenge which her full breast did bear,
 And aided to the birth with every little breath
 (Alone she being left the spoil of love and death,

* Bacchus.

† The story of *Severn*.

In

In labor
 The ut
 She fir
 Whose
 To Co
 Which
 Then v
 Whom
 The
 As gre
 Him f
 All pi
 The f
 Amom
 Since
 Then
 And
 Not f
 The
 Had
 A spr
 Befor
 Upon
 Fair
 As sh
 Who
 Who
 Into
 Resor
 Your
 Your
 The
 And
 Ye r
 B
 The
 As v
 And

In labour of her grief outrageously distract,
 The utmost of her spleen on her false lord to act)
 She first implores their aid to hate him whom she found ;
 Whose hearts unto the depth she had not left to sound :
 To Cornwall then she sends (her Country) for supplies :
 Which all at once in arms with Gwendolin arise.
 Then with her warlike power her husband she pursu'd,
 Whom his unlawful love too vainly did delude.

The fierce and jealous queen, then void of all remorse,
 As great in power as spirit, whilst he neglects her force,
 Him suddainly surpriz'd, and from her ireful heart
 All pity clean exil'd (whom nothing could convert)
 The son of mighty Brute bereaved of his life ;
 Amongst the Britons here the first intestine strife,
 Since they were put a-land upon this promis'd shore.
 Then crowning Madan king, whom she to Locrine bore,
 And those which serv'd his sire to his obedience brought ;
 Not so with blood suffic'd, immediatly she fought
 The mother and the child : whose beauty when she saw,
 Had not her heart been flint, had had the power to draw
 A spring of pitying tears ; when, dropping liquid pearl,
 Before the cruel queen, the lady and the girl
 Upon their tender knees begg'd mercy. Woe for thee
 Fair Elstred, that thou should'st thy fairer Sabine see,
 As she should thee behold the prey to her stern rage
 Whom kingly Locrine's death suffic'd not to assuage :
 Who from the bord'ring cliffs thee with thy mother cast
 Into thy christned flood, the whilst the rocks aghast
 Resounded with your shrieks ; till in a deadly dream
 Your corsees were dissolv'd into that crystal stream,
 Your curls to curl'd waves, which plainly still appear
 The same in water now, that once in locks they were :
 And, as you wont to clip each others neck before,
 Ye now with liquid arms embrace the wandring shore."

But leave we Severn here, a little to pursue
 The often-wandring Wye (her passages to view,
 As wantonly she strains in her lascivious course)
 And muster every flood that from her bounteous source

Attends upon her stream, whilst (as the famous bound
Twixt the Brecknokian earth, and the Radnorian ground)
She every brook receives. First, Clarwen cometh in,
With Clarwy : which to them their consort Eland win
To aid their goodly Wye ; which, Ithon gets again :
She Dulas draws along : and in her watry train
Clowedock hath recourse, and Comran ; which she brings
Unto their wandring flood from the Radnorian springs :
As Edwy her attends, and Matchwy forward heaves
Her mistress. When, at last the goodly Wye perceives
She now was in that part of Wales, of all the rest
Which (as her very waste) in breadth from east to west,
In length from north to south, her midst is every way,
From Severn's bord'ring banks unto the either sea,
Which she might term the heart. The ancient Britons here
The river calls to mind, and what those British were
Whilst Britain was herself, the queen of all the west.

To whose old Nation's praise whilst she herself addrest,
From the Brecknokian bound when Irvon coming in,
Her Dulas, with Commarch, and Wevery that doth win,
Perswading her for them good matter to provide.

The wood-nymphs so again, from the Radnorian side,
As Radnor, with Blethaugh, and Knuckles forests, call
To Wye, and bad her now bestir her for them all :

For, if she stuck not close in their distressed case,

The Britons were in doubt to undergo disgrace.

That strongly thus provok'd, she for the Britons says ;

* " What spirit can lift you up, to that immortal praise
§. You worthily deserve ? by whom first Gaul was taught
Her knowledge : and for her, what nation ever wrought
The conquest you atchiev'd ? And, as you were most dread,
So ye (before the rest) in so great reverence had
Your bards which sung your deeds, that when stern hosts
have stood

With lifted hands to strike (in their inflamed blood)

§. One bard but coming in, their murd'rous swords hath staid ;
In her most dreadful voice as thundring heaven had said,

Stay,

* Wye's speech in behalf of the Britons.

Stay, I

So t

The n

Th'eff

Her ap

Instru

And a

Her fu

(But li

§. Our

Joyn'd

Which

§. Wh

And a

First p

Whose

As fro

Throu

Non

Them

Twixt

But th

Were

Upon

Were t

Besides

As the

Or else

The n

A patr

To he

Oft ha

His la

Besides

With t

Doth r

Stay, Britons: when he spake, his words so pow'ful were.

So to her native priests, the dreadless Druids here,
The nearest neighbouring Gaul, that wisely could discern
Th'effect their doctrine wrought, it for their good to learn,
Her apt and pregnant youth sent hither year by year,
Instructed in our rites with most religious fear.

And afterward again, when as our ancient seat
Her surcrease could not keep, grown for her soil too great
(But like to casting bees, so rising up in swarms)

§. Our Cymbry with the Gauls, that their commixed arms
Joyn'd with the German powers (those nations of the north
Which overspread the world) together issued forth: [long;

§. Where, with our brazen swords, we stoutly fought, and
And after conquests got, residing them among,

First planted in those parts our brave courageous brood:
Whole natures so adher'd unto their ancient blood, [sound,
As from them sprang those priests, whose praise so far did
Through whom that spacious Gaul was after so renown'd.

Nor could the Saxons swords (which many a lingring year
Them sadly did afflict, and shut us Britons here
Twixt Severn and this sea) our mighty minds deject;
But that even they which fain'd our weakness would detect,
Were forced to confess, our wildest beasts that breed
Upon our mighty wastes, or on our mountains feed,
Were far more sooner tam'd, than here our Welch-men were:
Besides, in all the world no nation is so dear
As they unto their own; that here within this isle,
Or else in forrain parts, yea forced to exile,
The noble Briton still his countryman relieves;
A patriot, and so true, that it to death him grieves
To hear his Wales disgrac'd: and on the Saxons swords
Oft hazardeth his life, ere with reproachful words
His language or his leek he'll stand to hear abus'd.
Besides, the Briton is so naturally infus'd
With true poetick rage, that in their ^s measures, art
Doth rather seem precise, than comely; in each part

D d d 3

Their

^s See the fourth song.

^b Henry the second.

Their metre most exact, in verse of th'hardest kind.
 And some to rhiming be so wondrously inclin'd,
 Those numbers they will hit, out of their genuin vain,
 Which many wise and learn'd can hardly e'er attain.

O memorable bards, of unmixt blood, which still
 Posterity shall praise for your so wondrous skill,
 That in your noble songs, the long descents have kept
 Of your great heroes, else in Lethe that had slept,
 With theirs whose ignorant pride your labours have disdain'd;
 How much from time, and them, how bravely have you gain'd!
 Musician, herald, bard, thrice may'st thou be renown'd,
 And with three several wreaths immortally be crown'd;
 Who, when to Pembroke call'd before the English king,
 And to thy powerful harp commanded there to sing,
 Of famous Arthur told'st, and where he was interr'd;
 In which, those retchless times had long and blindly err'd,
 And ignorance had brought the world to such a pass
 As now, which scarce believes that Arthur ever was,
 But when king ^b Henry sent th'reported place to view,
 He found that man of men: and what thou said'st was true.

Here then I cannot chuse but bitterly exclaim
 Against those fools that all antiquity defame,
 Because they have found out, some credulous ages laid
 Slight fictions with the truth, whilst truth on rumour staid;
 And that one forward time (perceiving the neglect
 A former of her had) to purchase her respect,
 With toys then trim'd her up, the drowsy world t'allure,
 And lent her what it thought might appetite procure
 To man, whose mind doth still variety pursue;
 And therefore to those things whose grounds were very true,
 Though naked yet and bare (not having to content
 The wayward curious ear) gave fictive ornament;
 And fitter thought, the truth they should in question call,
 Than coldly sparing that, the truth should go and all.
 And surely I suppose, that which this froward time
 Doth scandalize her with to be her heinous crime,
 That her most preserv'd: for, still where wit hath found
 A thing most clearly true, it made that, fiction's ground:

Which

Which
 From
 At wh
 And h
 That
 Upon
 As the
 (Whic
 These
 Who
 Will p
 In dirt
 There
 \$. Tha
 Our t
 As we
 Who
 Like
 Nor v
 Who
 When
 And
 Gras
 They
 To
 Shoul
 What
 Unski
 He n
 Excep
 Unto
 By th
 But o
 The v
 He n
 So no
 A pe
 Long

Which she suppos'd might give sure colour to them both :
From which, as from a root, this wondred error grow'th,
At which our criticks gird, whose judgments are so strict,
And he the bravest man who most can contradict
That which decrepit age (which forced is to lean
Upon tradition) tells ; esteeming it so mean,
As they it quite reject, and for some trifling thing
(Which time hath pinn'd to truth) they all away will fling.
These men (for all the world) like our precisians be,
Who for some cross or saint they in the window see
Will pluck down all the church : soul-blinded fots that creep
In dirt, and never saw the wonders of the deep.
Therefore (in my conceit) most rightly serv'd are they
§. That to the Roman trust (on his report that stay)
Our truth from him to learn, as ignorant of ours
As we were then of his ; except t'were of his powers :
Who our wise Druids here unmercifully slew ;
Like whom, great nature's depths no men yet ever knew,
Nor with such dauntless spirits were ever yet inspir'd ;
Who at their proud arrive th'ambitious Romans fir'd,
When first they heard them preach the soul's immortal state ;
And even in Rome's despight, and in contempt of fate,
Graspt hands with horrid death : which out of hate and pride
They slew, who through the world were revered beside.
To understand our state, no marvail then though we
Should so to Cæsar seek, in his reports to see
What anciently we were ; when in our infant war,
Unskilful of our tongue but by interpreter,
He nothing had of ours which our great bards did sing,
Except some few poor words ; and those again to bring
Unto the Latin sounds, and easiness they us'd,
By their most filed speech, our British most abus'd.
But of our former state, beginning, our descent,
The wars we had at home, the conquests where we went,
He never understood. And though the Romans here
So noble trophies left, as very worthy were
A people great as they, yet did they ours neglect,
Long rear'd ere they arriv'd. And where they do object,

The ruins and records we show, be very small
 To prove ourselves so great: even this the most of all
 (Gainst their objection) seems miraculous to me,
 That yet those should be found so general as they be;
 The Roman, next the Pict, the Saxon, then the Dane,
 All landing in the isle, each like a horrid rain
 Deforming her; besides the sacrilegious wrack
 Of many a noble book, as impious hands should sack
 The center, to extirp all knowledge, and exile
 All brave and ancient things, for ever from this isle:”
 Expressing wondrous grief, thus wandring Wye did sing.

But back, industrious muse; obsequiously to bring
 Clear Severn from her source, and tell how she doth strain
 Down her delicious dales; with all the goodly train,
 Brought forth the first of all by Brughan: which to make
 Her party worthy note, next, Dulas in doth take.
 Moylvadian his much love to Severn then to show,
 Upon his southern side sends likewise (in a row)
 Bright Biga, that brings on her friend and fellow flood;
 Next, Dungum; Bacho then is busily imploy’d,
 Tarranon, Carno, Hawes, with Becan, and the Rue,
 In Severn’s sovereign banks, that give attendance due.

Thus as she swoops along, with all that goodly train,
 Upon her other bank by Newtown: so again
 §. Comes Dulas (of whose name so many bevers be,
 As of none others is) with Mule, prepar’d to see
 The confluence to their queen, as on her course she makes:
 Then at Montgomery next clear Kennet in she takes;
 Where little Fledging falls into her broader bank;
 Forkt Vurnway, bringing Tur and Tanot: growing rank,
 She plies her towards the Pool, from the Gomerian fields;
 Than which in all our Wales, there is no country yields
 An excellenter horse, so full of natural fire,
 As one of Phœbus’ steeds had been that stallion’s fire
 Which first their race begun; or of th’Asturian kind,
 §. Which some have held to be begotten by the wind,
 Upon the mountain mare; which strongly it receives,
 And in a little time her pregnant part upheaves.

But,

But,
 The mu

A FTE
 wall
 contiguity
 nock are p

Who

That th
 Sylvester C
 both of th
 good autho

Un

Of the
 fee to the fo
 he calls
 Wales the
 have other
 using these
 Dardanus,
 in Ottoma
 dividing it
 two segmen
 near the sa
 with these
 which (if
 reason and
 that exprest

Apply it to
 goreans use
 Apollo’s, w

a Topograph
 cap. 3. Cam.
 b Powell,
 c Girald.
 d Horat. Ep.
 e Plutarch.
 i Horat. C

But, leave we this to such as after wonders long :
The muse prepares herself unto another song.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFTER Penbroke in the former song, succeeds here Cardigan ; both wash'd by the Irish seas. But, for intermixture of rivers, and contiguity of situation, the inlands of Montgomery, Radnor, and Brecknock are partly infolded.

Whose Kind, in her decay'd, is to this isle unknown.

That these rivers were in Tivy frequent, anciently is testified by Sylvester Girald ^a describing the particulars, which the author tells you, both of this, and the Salmons ; but that here are no Bevers now, as good authority of the present ^b time informs you.

Unto the charming Harp thy future honour sung.

Of the Bards, their singing, heraldship, and more of that nature, see to the fourth song. ^c Ireland (saith one) uses the harp and pipe, which he calls Tympanum : Scotland the Harp, Tympan, and Chorus ; Wales the Harp, Pipe, and Chorus. Although Tympanum and Chorus have other significations, yet, this Girald (from whom I vouch it) using these words as received, I imagine, of St. Hierome's epistle to Dardanus, according to whom, for explanation, finding them pictur'd in Ottomar Luscinus his Musurgy, as several kinds of pipes, the first dividing itself into two at the end, the other spread in the middle, as two segments of a circle, but one at both ends, I guess them intended near the same. But I refer my self to those that are more acquainted with these kind of British fashions. For the harp his word is Cithara, which (if it be the same with Lyra, as some think, although urging reason and authority are to the contrary) makes the Bards musick, like that express in the ^d lyrique :

—————^e *bibam*
Sonante mistum tibijs carmen lyrā,
Hæc Dorium, illis Barbarum.

Apply it to the former notes, and observe with them, that ^e the Pythagoreans used, with musick of the harp (which in those times, if it were Apollo's, was certainly but of ^f seven strings) when they went to sleep,

10

^a Topograph. Hib. dist. 1. cap. 21. Itin. cap. 3. Cam. 2.

^b Powel, & Camden.

^c Girald. Topograph. 3. dist. cap. 11.

^d Horat. Epod. ix.

^e Plutarch. de Isid. & Osiride.

^f Horat. Carm. 3. ed. 11. Homer in

Hymn. ad Eōm. Serv. Honorat ad 4. Æneid. (ubi testudinem primò trium Chordarum, quam à Mercurio Caducei precio emisse A. pollinem septemque discrimina vocum addidisse legimus, & videndus Diodor. Sicul. lib. 2.) unde ἑπτάχορδοι, ἑπτάχορδοι &c. dicitur Græcis.

to charm (as the old Scots were wont to do, and do yet in their isles, as Buchanan & affirms) and compose their troubled affections. Which I cite to this purpose, that in comparing it with the British musick, and the attributes thereof before remembred out of Heracleotes and Girald, you may see conveniency of use in both, and worth of antiquity in ours; and as well in Pipes as Harp; if you remember the poetick story of Marfyas. And withal forget not that in one of the oldest coins that have been made in this kingdom, the picture of the reverse, is Apollo having his harp incircled with Cunobelin's name, then chief king of the Britons; and for Belin and Apollo, see the eighth song.

By whom first Gaul was taught her knowledge.

Understand the knowledge of those great philosophers, priests, and lawyers call'd Druids (of whom to the tenth song largely.) Their discipline was first found out in this isle, and afterwards transfer'd into Gaul; whence their youth were sent hither as to an university for instruction in their learned professions: ^h Caesar himself is author of as much. Although, in particular law learning, it might seem that Britain was requited, if the satyrist ⁱ deceive not in that;

^k *Gallia caufidicos docuit facunda Britannos.*

Which, with excellent Lipsius ^l, I rather apply to the dispersion of the Latin tongue through Gaul into this province, than to any other language or matter. For also in Agricola's time somewhat before, it appears that matter of good literature was here in a far higher degree than there, as Tacitus in his life hath recorded. Thus hath our isle been as mistress to Gaul twice. First in this Druidian doctrine, next in the institution of their now famous university of Paris; which was done by Charlemain, through aid and industry of our learned Alcuin (he is called also Albin, and was first sent ambassador to the Emperor by Offa king of Mercland) seconded by those Scots, ^m John Mailros, Claudius Clement, and Raban Maurus. But I know great men permit it not; nor can I see any very ancient authority for it, but infinite of later times, so that it goes as a received opinion; therefore without more examination in this no more fit passage, I commit to my reader.

One Bard but coming in their murd'rous swords hath said.

Such strange assertion find I in story of these Bards powerful enchantments, that with the amazing sweetness of their delicious ⁿ harmonies, not their own only, but withal their enemies armies have suddenly de-

fisted

^g *Hist. Scot. 4. in Fethelmach.*

^h *Comment. 6.*

ⁱ *Juvenal. Satyr. 15.*

^k Eloquent Gaul taught the British Lawyers.

^l *De pronuntiat. rest. Lat. ling. cap. 3. lib. 6.*

^m *Virgilium ad Justin. tit. Instit. quib. non est permiff. fac. test. Circa DCC. XC. University of Paris instituted.*

ⁿ *Balaus cent. 1.*

^o *Diodor. Sicul. de gest. fabulos. antiqu.*

National
The name o
made the sa
from Gomer

^o *Aristot. Po.*
¹ *Imitations.*
^p *Lips. ad P.*
^q *Lozas Taciti*
^r *us Gal*

sifted from fierce encounters; so, as my author says, *did Mars reverence the Muses*. This exactly continues all fitness with what is before affirmed of that kind of musick; twixt which (and all other by authentick affirmation) and the mind's affections there are certain ° * *Μιμήμασι*, as in this particular example is apparent. But how agreeth this with that in Tacitus which calls a musical incentive to warr among the Germans, *Barditus*? Great criticks would there read *Barrhitus*, which in Vegetius and Ammian especially, is a peculiar name for those stirring up alarms before the battle used in Roman assaults (equal in proportion to the Greeks *αλαλαγμοι*, the Irish Kerns *Pharroh*, and that Roland's song of the Normans, which hath had his like also, in most nations.) But, seeing *Barrhitus* (in this sense) is a word of later time, and scarce yet, without remembrance of his naturalization, allowed in the Latin; and, that this use was notable in those Northerns and Gauls, until wars with whom, it seems Rome had not a proper word for it (which appears by Festus Pompeius, affirming that the cry of the army was called *Barbaricum*) I should think somewhat confidently, that *Barrhitus* (as the common copies are) is the truest * reading; yet so, that *Barditus* formed by an unknowing pronunciation is, and, by original, was the self-same. For, that Lipsius mending the place, will have it from *Baren* in Dutch, which signifies, to cry out, or from *Har Har* (which is as *Haron* in the Norman customs and elsewhere) or from the word *Beate* for imitation of that beast's cry, I much wonder, seeing Tacitus makes express mention of verses harmonically celebrating valiant performers, the recital whereof hath that name *Barditus*, which to interpret we might well call singing. But to conjoin this fiery office with that quenching power, of the Bards, spoken of by the author, I imagine that they had also for this martial purpose skill in that kind of musick, which they call Phrygian, being (as Aristotle says) *Οργιαστικὴ Παιητικὴ καὶ Ἐρυθσιαστικὴ* as it were, madding the mind with sprightly motion. For so we see that those which sing the tempering and mollifying Pæans to Apollo, the *Γυναικαὶ Ἑλληνικαί* after victory, did among the Greeks in another strain move with their Pæans to Mars, their *Ὀρβια*, and provoking charms before the encounter; and so meets this in our Bards dispersed doubtless (as the Druids) through Britain, Gaul, and part of Germany, which three had especially in warfare much community.

Our Cimbri with the Gauls —

National transigrations touched to the fourth song give light hither. The name of Cimbri (which most of the learned in this later time have made the same with Cimmericians, Cumerians, Cambrians, all coming from Gomer's Japhet's son, to whom with his posterity was this North-western

° *Aristot. Polit. n. cap. 5.*

* Imitations.

p *Lips. ad Polyb. 4. Dialog. 11.*

q *Locas Taciti in de morib. Germ.*

• *us Gallicæ & Britannicæ Cantor.*

Fest. & vide Bodin. meth. hist. cap. 9. qui Robartum Dagobartum & similia vocabantur hinc (malè verò) deducit.

r *Suid. in Παιητ.*

s *Gen. 10.*

western part of the world divided) expressing the Welsh, calling themselves also *Humry*. The author alludes here to that British army, which in our story is conducted under Brennus and Belinus (sons to Molmutius) through Gaul, and thence prosecuted, what in the eighth song and my notes there more plainly.

Where, with our brazen swords —

The author thus teaches you to know, that, among the ancients, brass, not Iron, was the metal of most use. In their little scithes, wherewith they ^t cut their herbs for enchantments, their priests rasours, plow-shares for describing the content of plotted cities, their musick instruments, and such like, how special this metal was, it is with good warrant delivered; nor with less, how frequent in the making of swords, spears, and armour in the heroic times, as among other authorities that in the encounter of Diomedes and Hector ^u manifesteth:

* — πλάγχθη δ' ἀπὸ χαλκῶφι χαλκός.

Which seems in them to have proceeded from a willingness of avoiding instruments too deadly in wounding; far from a styptick faculty in this, more than in iron, the cure of what it hurts is affirmed more easy, and the metal it self, ^x *φαρμακώδης*, as ^y Aristotle expresses it. But that our Britons used it alio it hath been out of old monuments by our most ^z learned antiquary observed.

That to the Roman trust (on his report that stay)

For indeed many are, which the author here impugns, that dare believe nothing of our story, or antiquities of more ancient times; but only Julius Cæsar, and others about or since him. And surely his ignorance of this isle was great, time forbidding him language or conversation with the British. Nor was any before him of his country, that knew or meddled in relation of us. The first of them that once to letters committed any word deduced from Britain's name was a philosophical ^a poet (flourishing some fifty years before Cæsar) in these verses:

*Nam quid Britannum cælum differre putamus,
Et quod in Ægypto est, quæ mundi claudicat axis?*

In the somewhat later poets that lived about Augustus, as Catullus, Virgil, and Horace, some passages of the name have you, but nothing that discovers any monument of this island proper to her inhabitants.

^t Sapphoes, Corminius, Virgil. *ap. Macrobius Saturnal. lib. 5. cap. 19.* Pausan. *in Laconic. 7. & Arcadic. n. Samuel. lib. 1.*

^{ap.} 17.
^u *Iliad. λ.*

* Brass rebound from Brass.

^x Of remedial power.

^y *Problem. a. Sect. λ.*

^z *Comed. in Cornub.*

See for this more in the tenth song.

^a *Lucret. de Rer. Nat. 6.*

I would
attribut
seems to
Dares the
supposed
so, beside
name of
Read but

And in the

At
San
En
In
Pro

Of him a

* C

Briefly th
bishop of B
under Henr
form:

Te
Tun
Ni

Which must
cross and voy
is in our e sto
holy father (t
his life; bein
grievances in
law liberties,
usurped supre
other, and th
and, if you p

c Cornelius Nep
wit.
d Ita. n. legen
so, uti ineptium
tenti suam inveni
typis excuso.

SONG THE SIXTH.

781

I would not reckon ^c Cornelius Nepos among them, to whose name is attributed, in print, that polite poem (in whose composition Apollo seems to have given personal aid) of the Trojan war, according to Dares the Phrygian's story; where, by poetical liberty the Britons are supposed to have been with Hercules at the rape of Hefione: I should so, besides error, wrong my country, to whose glory the true author's name of that book will among the worthies of the muses ever live. Read but these of his verses, and then judge if he were a Roman:

*Sine remigis usu
Non nosset Memphis Romam, non Indus Hiberum,
Non Scythia Cecropidem, non Nostra Britannia Gallum.*

And in the same book to Baldwin archbishop of Canterbury:

*At tu dissimulis longè cui fronte serenâ
Sanguinis egregij lucrum, pacemque litatâ
Emptam animâ Pater ille pius, summumque cacumen
In curam venisse velis, cui cederet ipse
Prorsus, vel proprias lætus sociaret habenas.*

Of him a little before:

*quo præside floret
Cantia, & in præscas respirat libera leges.*

Briefly thus: the Author was Joseph of Excester (afterwards Archbishop of Bourdeaux) famous in this and other kinds of good learning, under Henry II. and Richard I. speaking among those verses in this form:

*Te sacræ assument acies divinaque bella.
Tunc dignum majore tuba, tunc pectore toto
Nitar, & immensum metum spargere per orbem.*

Which must (as I think) be intended of Baldwin, whose undertaking of the cross and voyage with *Cœur de Lion* into the holy-land, and death there, is in our ^e stories; out of which you may have large declaration of this holy father (so he calls Tho. Becket) that bought peace with price of his life; being murdered in his house of Canterbury, through the urging grievances intolerable to the king and laity, his diminution of common law liberties, and endeavoured derogation, for maintenance of Romish usurped supremacy. For these liberties, see Matthew Paris before all other, and the epistles of ^f John of Salisbury, but lately published; and, if you please, my Janus Anglorum, where they are rettored from senseless

^c Cornelius Nepos challenged to an English, ^e *Chronica adde & Girald. Itin. Camb. 2.*

^{cap. 14.}

^d Ita. n. legendum, non Tantia aut Pon- ^f *Sarisburyens. Epist. 159. 210. 220.*

^g *uti ineptiunt qui Josepho nostro me- & 263.*

^h *scilicet suam invidiam cronam in Codice*

typis excuso.

senseless corruption, and are indeed more themselves than in any other whatsoever in print. But thus too much of this false Cornelius. Compare with these notes what is to the first song of Britain and Albion; and you shall see that in Greek writers mention of our land is long before any in the Latin: for Polybius that is the first which mentions it, was more than a hundred years before Lucretius. The author's plainness in the rest of Wye's song to this purpose discharges my further labour.

Comes Dulas, of whose name so many rivers be.

As in England the names of Avon, Ouse, Stoure, and some other; so in Wales, before all, is Dulas, a name very often of rivers in Radnor, Brecknock, Caermardhin, and elsewhere.

Which some have held to be begotten of the wind.

In those western parts of Spain, Galicia, Portugal, and Asturia many classique testimonies, both poets, as Virgil, Silius Italicus, Naturalists, Historians and Geoponiques, as Varro, Columel, Pliny, Trogus and Solinus have remembred these mares, which conceive through fervent lust of nature, by the west-wind, without copulation with the male (in such sort as the *Ova subventanea* are bred in hens) but so that the foals live not over some three years. I refer it as an allegory^h to the expressing only of their fertile breed and swiftness in course; which is elegantly to this purpose, framed by him that was the fatherⁱ of this conceit to his admiring posterity, in these lines speaking of Xanthus and Balius, two of Achilles' horses:

————— ^k τὰ δ' αὖ μαπνοῖσι πετίσθω
 Τὺς εἴτε Ζεφύρῳ ἀνέμῳ Ἄρπυϊα Πόδ' ἄρ' ἔχον
 Βοσκομῶν λειμῶνι παρὰ ἔσθον δὲ κεανόιο.

Whence withal you may note, that Homer had at least heard of these coasts of Spain, according as upon the conjectures on the name of Lisbon the Elysians, and other such you have in^l Strabo. But for Lisbon which many will have from Ulysses, and call it Ulixbon, being commonly written Olisippo or Ulisippo in the ancients, you shall have better etymology, if you hence derive and make it Ὀλῖβον ἵππων, as it were, that the whole tract is a seminary of horses, as a most learned man hath delivered.

POLY

^g αἰνῶματα windy eggs, bred without swift *Podarga* soaled to their fire Zephyrus feeding sn a Meadow by the Ocean.

^h *Justin. l. 1. lib. 44.*

ⁱ *Iliad. π.*

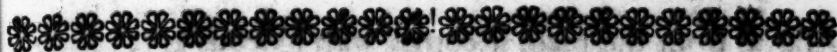
^k These did fly like the wind, which

^l *Geograph. a. Ολῖβον ἵππων Ptoleme*

Iota sublato vera restat lectio Paull. M

cul. cosmog. part 2. lib. 2. cap. 26.

HIGH As v
 The Camb
 Survey'd co
 She shapes l
 The Herefo
 That frau
 ous wa
 Manure the
 in Sabrin's f
 Shut up in



P O L Y - O L B I O N :

S O N G T H E S E V E N T H .

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse from Cambria comes again,
To view the forest of fair Dean ;
Sees Severn ; when the Higre takes her,
How fever-like the sickness shakes her ;
Makes mighty Malvern speak his mind
In honour of the mountain kind ;
Thence wafted with a merry gale,
Sees Lemster, and the Golden Vale ;
Sports with the nymphs, themselves that ply
At th'wedding of the Lug and Wy ;
Viewing the Herefordian pride
Along on Severn's setting side,
That small Wigornian part surveys :
Where for a while herself she stays.*

HIGH matters call our muse, inviting her to see
As well the lower lands, as those where lately she
The Cambrian mountains clomb, and (looking from aloft)
Survey'd coy Severn's course : but now to shores more soft
She shapes her prosperous sail ; and in this lofty song,
The Herefordian floods invites with her along,
That fraught from plenteous Powse, with their superfluous waste,

Manure the batful March, until they be imbrac'd
In Sabrin's sovereign arms : with whose tumultuous waves
Shut up in narrower bounds, the Higre wildly raves ;
And

And frights the straggling flocks, the neighbouring shores
to fly,

Afar as from the main it comes with hideous cry,
And on the angry front the curled foam doth bring,
The billows gainst the banks when fiercely it doth fling;
Hurls up the slimy ooze, and makes the scaly brood
Leap madding to the land affrighted from the flood;
O'erturns the toiling barge, whose steersman doth not lanch,
And thrusts the furrowing beak into her ireful panch:
As when we haply see a sickly woman fall
Into a fit of that which we the mother call,
When from the grieved womb she feels the pain arise,
Breaks into grievous sighs, with intermixed crys,
Bereaved of her sense; and struggling still with those
That gainst her rising pain their utmost strength oppose,
Starts, tosses, tumbles, strikes, turns, touses, spurns and
sprauls,

Casting with furious limbs her holders to the walls;
But that the horrid pangs torment the grieved so,
One well might muse from whence this suddain strength
should grow.

Here (queen of forests all, that west of Severn ly)
Her broad and bushy top Dean holdeth up so high,
The lesser are not seen, she is so tall and large.
And standing in such state upon the winding marge,
§. Within her hollow woods the Satyrs that did wonne
In gloomy secret shades, not pierc'd with summers sun,
Under a false pretence the nymphs to entertain,
Oft ravished the choice of Sabrin's watry train;
And from their mistress banks them taking as a prey,
Unto their woody caves have carried them away:
Then from her inner groves for succour when they cry'd,
She retchless of their wrongs (her Satyrs scapes to hide)
Unto their just complaint not once her ear inclines:
So fruitful in her woods, and weakly in her mines,
That Leden which her way doth through the desert make
Though near to Dean ally'd, determin'd to forsake

* A simile expressing the Boar or Higre.

SONG THE SEVENTH. 785

Her course, and her clear limbs amongst the bushes hide,
 Lest by the Sylvans (should she chance to be espy'd)
 She might unmaiden'd go unto her sovereign flood:
 So many were the rapes done on the watry brood,
 That Sabrina to her fire (great Neptune) forc'd to sue,
 The riots to repress of this outrageous crue,
 His armed Orks he sent her milder stream to keep,
 To drive them back to Dean that troubled all the deep.

§. Whilst Malvern (king of hills) fair Severn overlooks
 (Attended on in state with tributary brooks)
 And how the fertil fields of Hereford do ly,
 And from his many heads, with many an amorous eye,
 Beholds his goodly site, how towards the pleasant rise,
 Abounding in excess, the vale of Eufham lies,
 The mountains every way about him that do stand,
 Of whom he's daily seen, and seeing doth command;
 On tiptoes set aloft, this proudly uttereth he:

'Olympus, fair'st of hills, that heaven art said to be,
 'I envy not thy state, nor less my self do make;
 'Nor to possess thy name, mine own would I forsake:
 'Nor would I, as thou do'st, ambitiously aspire
 'To thrust my forked top into th'etherial fire.
 'For, didst thou take the sweets that on my face do breath,
 'Above thou wouldst not seek what I enjoy beneath:
 'Besides, the sundry soils I every way survey,
 'Make me, if better not, thy equal every way.
 'And more, in our defence, to answer those, with spight
 'That term us barren, rude, and void of all delight;
 'We mountains, to the land, like warts or wens to be,
 'By which, fair'st living things disfigur'd oft they see;
 'This strongly to perform, a well-stuff'd brain would need.
 'And many hills there be, if they this cause would heed,
 'Having their rising tops familiar with the sky
 '(From whence all wit proceeds) that fitter were than I
 'The task to undertake. As not a man that sees
 'Mounchdenny, Blorench hill, with Breedon, and the Cleees,
 'And many more as great, and nearer me than they,
 'But thinks, in our defence they far much more could say.

' Yet, falling to my lot, this stoutly I maintain
 ' 'Gainst forests, vallies, fields, groves, rivers, pasture, plain,
 ' And all their flatter kind (so much that do rely
 ' Upon their feedings, flocks, and their fertility)
 ' The mountain is the king : and he it is alone
 ' Above the other soils that nature doth inthroned.
 ' For mountains be like men of brave heroïck mind,
 ' With eyes erect to heaven, of whence themselves they find,
 ' Whereas the lowly vale, as earthly, like it self,
 ' Doth never further look than how to purchase self.
 ' And of their batful sites, the vales that boast them thus,
 ' Ne'er had been what they are, had it not been for us :
 ' For, from the rising banks that strongly mound them in,
 ' The valley (as betwixt) her name did first begin :
 ' And almost not a brook, if she her banks do fill,
 ' But hath her plenteous spring from mountain or from hill.
 ' If mead, or lower flade, grieve at the room we take,
 ' Know that the snow or rain, descending oft, doth make
 ' The fruitful valley fat, with what from us doth glide,
 ' Who with our winter's waste maintain their summer's pride :
 ' And to you lower lands if terrible we seem,
 ' And cover'd oft with clouds ; it is your foggy steam
 ' The powerful sun exhales, that in the cooler day
 ' Unto this region come, about our tops doth stay.
 ' And, what's the grove, so much that thinks her to be grac'd,
 ' If not above the rest upon the mountain plac'd,
 ' Where she her curled head unto the eye may show ?
 ' For in the easy vale if she be set below,
 ' What is she but obscure ? and her more dampy shade
 ' And covert, but a den for beasts of raven made ?
 ' Besides, we are the marks, which looking from on high,
 ' The traveller beholds ; and with a cheerful eye
 ' Doth thereby shape his course, and freshly doth pursue
 ' The way, which long before lay tedious in his view.
 ' What forest, flood, or field, that standeth not in awe
 ' Of Sina, or shall see the sight that mountain saw ?
 ' To none but to a hill such grace was ever given :
 ' As on his back, 'tis said, great Atlas bears up heaven.

' So

' So
 ' That
 ' Pale
 ' As fo
 ' An
 ' Not
 ' Nor
 ' They
 ' But hi
 ' Upon
 ' Of the
 ' Than
 For
 Along t
 The He
 For grea
 First, F
 And tak
 To mee
 At Prest
 The Wa
 Her full
 As to all
 Lug li
 At Lem
 And seer
 Had this
 When ho
 He then
 Had only
 Where
 To whom
 That wit
 Wherein,
 As doth t
 As neatly

' E

'So Latmus by the wise Endymion is renown'd ;
 'That hill, on whose high top he was the first that found
 'Pale Phæbe's wandring course ; so skilful in her sphere,
 'As some stick not to say that he enjoy'd her there.
 'And those chaste maids, begot on memory by Jove,
 'Not Tempe only love delighting in their grove ;
 'Nor Helicon their brook, in whose delicious brims,
 'They oft are us'd to bathe their clear and crystal limbs ;
 'But high Parnassus have, their mountain, whereon they
 'Upon their golden lutes continually do play.
 'Of these I more could tell, to prove the place our own,
 'Than by his spacious maps are by Ortellius shown.'

For mountains this suffice. Which scarcely had he told ;
 Along the fertil fields, when Malvern might behold
 The Herefordian floods, far distant though they be :
 For great men, as we find, a great way off can see.
 First, Frome with forehead clear, by Bromyard that doth
 glide ;

And taking Loden in, their mixed streams do guide,
 To meet their sovereign Lug, from the Radnorian plain
 At Prestain coming in ; where he doth entertain
 The Wadel, as along he under Derfold goes :
 Her full and lusty side to whom the forrest shows,
 As to allure fair Lug, abode with her to make.

Lug little Oney first, then Arro in doth take,
 At Lemster, for her wool whose staple doth excel,
 And seems to over-match the golden Phrygian fell.
 Had this our Colchos been unto the ancients known,
 When honour was herself, and in her glory shown,
 He then that did command the infantry of Greece,
 Had only to our isle adventur'd for this fleece.

Where lives the man so dull, on Britain's farthest shore,
 To whom did never sound the name of Lemster ore ?
 That with the silkworms web for smalness doth compare :
 Wherein, the winder shows his workmanship so rare
 As doth the fleece excel, and mocks her looser clew ;
 As neatly bottom'd up as nature forth it drew ;

E e e 2

Of

Endymion found out the course of the moon.

Of each in high't accompt, and reckoned here as fine,
 §. As there th' Apulian fleece, or dainty Tarentine.
 From thence his lovely self for Wye he doth dispose,
 To view the goodly flocks on each hand as he goes;
 And makes his journey short, with strange and sundry tales
 Of all their wondrous things; and, not the least, of Wales;
 Of that prodigious spring (him neighbouring as he past)
 That little fishes bones continually doth cast.

Whose reason whil't he seeks industriously to know,
 A great way he hath gone, and Hereford doth show
 Her rising spires aloft; when as the princely Wye,
 Him from his muse to wake, arrests him by and by.
 Whose meeting to behold, with how well-ordered grace
 Each other entertains, how kindly they embrace;
 For joy, so great a shout the bordering city sent,
 That with the sound thereof, which thorough Haywood
 went,

The wood-nymphs did awake that in the forest won;
 To know the sudden cause, and presently they run
 With locks uncomb'd, for haste the lovely Wye to see
 (The flood that grac'd her most) this day should married be
 To that more lovely Lug; a river of much fame,
 That in her wandering banks should lose his glorious name.
 For Hereford, although her Wye she hold so dear,
 Yet Lug (whose longer course doth grace the goodly shire,
 And with his plenteous stream so many brooks doth bring)
 Of all hers that be north is absolutely king.

But Marcell, griev'd that he (the nearest of the rest,
 And of the mountain kind) not bidden was a guest
 Unto this nuptial feast, so hardly it doth take,
 As (meaning for the same his station to forsake)
 §. Inrag'd and mad with grief, himself in two did rive;
 The trees and hedges near, before him up doth drive,
 And dropping headlong down, three days together fall:
 Which, bellowing as he went, the rocks did so appal,
 That they him passage made, who coats and chappels crush.
 So violently he into his valley rush.

* The excellency of Lemster wool.

But W
 In man
 To Ro
 Oft win
 Meand
 Hath n
 The
 As she
 That fo
 Neat G
 Their v
 To gra
 Beyo
 The go
 More fr
 The air
 As mal
 Th' H
 Which
 One of
 That r
 As if t
 Banks
 Fields
 Floods
 To she
 So bra
 As to
 And f
 Whom
 (For E
 With
 To wh
 That

But

* Wy

SONG THE SEVENTH. 789

But Wye (from her dear Lug whom nothing can restrain,
In many a pleasant shade, her joy to entertain)
To Roſs her courſe directs; and right her^d name to ſhow,
Oft windeth in her way, as back ſhe meant to go.
Meander, who is ſaid ſo intricate to be,
Hath not ſo many turns, nor cranking nooks as ſhe.

The Herefordian fields when well near having paſt,
As ſhe is going forth, two ſiſter brooks at laſt
That ſoil her kindly ſends, to guide her on her way;
Neat Gamar, that gets in ſwift Garran: which do lay
Their waters in one bank, augmenting of her train,
To grace the goodly Wye, as ſhe doth paſs by Dean.

Beyond whoſe equal ſpring unto the weſt doth ly
The goodly Golden Vale, whoſe luſcious ſcents do fly
More free than Hybla's ſweets; and twixt her bord'ring hills,
The air with ſuch delights and delicacy fills,
As makes it loth to ſtir, or thence thoſe ſmells to bear.
Th' Heſperides ſcarce had ſuch pleaſures as be there:
Which ſometime to attain, that mighty ſon of Jove
One of his labours made, and with the dragon ſtrove,
That never cloſ'd his eyes, the golden fruit to guard;
As if t'enrich this place, from others, nature ſpar'd:
Banks crown'd with curled groves, from cold to keep the
plain,

Fields batful, flow'ry meads, in ſtate them to maintain;
Floods, to make fat thoſe meads, from marble veins that
ſpout,

To ſhew, the wealth within doth answer that without.
So brave a nymph ſhe is, in every thing ſo rare,
As to ſit down by her, ſhe thinks there's none ſhould dare.
And forth ſhe ſends the Doire, upon the Wye to wait,
Whom Munno by the way more kindly doth intreat
(For Eſkle, her moſt lov'd, and Olcon's only ſake)
With her to go along, till Wye ſhe overtake.
To whom ſhe condeſcends, from danger her to ſhield,
That th' Monumethian parts from th' Herefordian field.

E e c 3

Which

^d Wye or Gwy, ſo called (in the Britiſh) of her ſinuofity, or turning.

Which manly Malvern sees from furthest of the shire,
 On the Wigornian waste when northward looking near,
 On Corfwood casts his eye, and on his * home-born chafe,
 Then constantly beholds, with an unusual pace,
 'Team with her tribute come unto the † Cambrian queen,
 Near whom in all this place a river's scarcely seen,
 That dare avouch her name; Team scorning any spring
 But what with her along from Shropshire she doth bring,
 Except one nameless stream that Malvern sends her in,
 And Laughern though but small: when they such grace
 that win,

There thrust in with the brooks inclosed in her bank.
 Team lastly thither com'n with water is so rank,
 As though she would contend with Sabine, and doth crave
 Of place (by her desert) precedency to have:
 Till chancing to behold the other's godlike grace,
 So strongly is surpris'd with beauties in her face
 By no means she could hold, but needly she must show
 Her liking; and herself doth into Sabine throw.

Not far from him again when Malvern doth perceive
 Two hills, which though their heads so high they do not
 heave,

Yet duly do observe great Malvern, and afford
 Him reverence: who again as fits a gracious lord,
 Upon his subjects looks, and equal praise doth give
 That Woodberry so nigh and neighbourly doth live
 With Abberley his friend, deserving well such fame
 That Saxton in his maps forgot them not to name:
 Which, though in their mean types small matter doth appear,
 Yet both of good account are reckon'd in the shire,
 And highly grac'd of Team in his proud passing by.

When soon the goodly Wyre, that wonted was so high
 Her stately top to rear, ashamed to behold
 Her straight and goodly woods unto the furnace fold
 (And looking on herself, by her decay doth see
 'The misery wherein her sister forests be)

Of

* Malvern chafe.

† Severn.

Of Eriſiſthon's * end begins her to bethink,
 And of his cruel plagues doth wiſh they all might drink
 That thus have them diſpoil'd: then of her own deſpight;
 That ſhe, in whom her town, fair Beudly, took delight,
 And from her goodly ſeat conceiv'd ſo great a pride,
 In Severn on her eaſt, Wyre on the ſetting ſide,
 So naked left of woods, of pleaſure, and forlorn,
 As ſhe that lov'd her moſt, her now the moſt doth ſcorn;
 With endleſs grief perplext, her ſtubborn breaſt ſhe ſtrake,
 And to the deafen'd air thus paſſionately ſpake;

' You Dryads, that are ſaid with oaks to live and die,
 ' Wherefore in our diſtreſs do you our dwellings fly:
 ' Upon this monſtrous age and not revenge our wrong?
 ' For cutting down an oak that juſtly did belong
 ' To one of Ceres' nymphs, in Theſſaly that grew
 ' In the Dodonian grove (O nymphs!) you could purſue
 ' The ſon of Perops then, and did the goddeſs ſtir
 ' That villany to wreak the tyrant did to her:
 ' Who, with a dreadful frown did blaſt the growing grain:
 ' And having from him reſt what ſhould his life maintain,
 ' She unto Scythia ſent, for hunger him to gnaw,
 ' And thruſt her down his throat, into his ſtanchleſs maw:
 ' Who, when nor ſea nor land for him ſufficient were,
 ' With his devouring teeth his wretched fleſh did tear.

' This did you for one tree: but of whole foreſts they
 ' That in theſe impious times have been the vile decay
 ' (Whom I may juſtly call their country's deadly foes)
 ' Gainſt them you move no power, their ſpoil unpuniſht goes.
 ' How many griev'd ſouls in future time ſhall ſtarve,
 ' For that which they have rapt their beaſtly luſt to ſerve!

' We, ſometime that the ſtate of famous Britain were,
 ' For whom ſhe was renown'd in kingdoms far and near,
 ' Are ranſackt; and our trees ſo hackt above the ground,
 ' That where their lofty tops their neighbouring countries
 ' crown'd,

' Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and naked ſtand,
 ' As for revenge to heav'n each held a wither'd hand:

E e e 4

' And

* A fable in Ovid's metamor.

'And where the goodly herds of high-palm'd harts did gaze
'Upon the passer by, thereby now doth only graze
'The gall'd-back carion jade, and hurtful swine do spoil
'Once to the sylvan powers our consecrated soil.'

This uttered she with grief: and more she would have
spoke,

When the Salopian floods her of her purpose broke,
And silence did enjoin; a list'ning ear to lend
To Severn, which (was thought) did mighty things intend.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE muse yet hovers over Wales, and here sings the inner terri-
tories, with part of the Severn story, and her English neighbours.

*That fraught from plenteous Powise with their superfluous waste
Manure the batful March——*

Wales (as is before touched) is divided into three parts, North-wales, South-wales and Powise; this last is here meant, comprising part of Brecknock, Radnor and Montgomery. The division hath its beginning attributed to the three sons of ^a Roderique the Great, Mervin, Cadell, and Anarawt, who possess them for their portions hereditary, as they are named. But out of an old book of Welsh laws, David Powel affirms those tripartite titles more ancient. I know that the division and gift is different in Caradoc Llancharvan from that of Girald; but no great consequence of admitting either here. Those three Princes were called in British ^b *Triwysgar Cafaethior*, because ^c every one of them wore upon his bonnet or helmet, a coronet of gold, being a broad lace or headband, indented upwards set and wrought with pretious stones, which in British or Welsh is called ^d *Cafaeth*, which name nurses give to the upper band on a child's head. Of this form (I mean of a band or wreath) were the ancientest of crowns, as appears in the description of the Cidaris, and Tiara of the Persians in Ctesias, Q. Curtius, and Xenophon, the crowns of Oak, Grass, Parsly, Olives, Myrtle, and such among the Greeks and Romans, and in that express name of Diadema, signifying a Band, of which, whether it have in our tongue community with that Banda, derived of the ^e Carian into Italian, expressing victory, and so, for ominous good words, is translated to ensigns and standards (as in oriental stories the words *Barda* and *Bardosop* often shew) I must not here inquire.

^a Girald. Camb. descript. cap. 2. DCCC. LXX. VI.

^b The three crowned Princes.

^c D. Powel. ad Caradoc. Llancharvan.

^d Crowns, Diadems, Band,

^e Stephan. *Σει πολ.* 'Αλδανδα. v. *Corap. Becceslan.* 2. & Pet. *Pithael aduersar.* 2. c. 20. de Bandâ, cui & Andatem apud Dionem conferat, & uidesis in alijs alterius reliquiâ.

inquire.
as it feet
digress.
Wales;
Herefore
divided
nexed so
them w
i. e. Ma
Roger of
bervil, (S
Simon o
Lewes) a
of Mortin
Wales an
to the I
that hon
tiers, or
the ^m Fe
Baronies,
them, the
the baron
rected to
Hereford.
as in Eng
the crown
effoigning
Afterward
conforming
you have
were sum
South-wal
distinct;
which in
were, as
the partic
fant in ou
you.

f Galfred.
g 27 Hen.
h Lib. Ru
i Matth.
k Marque
l For the
m Ad Co
Dux, & Juri

SONG THE SEVENTH. 793

inquire. Molmutius first ^f used a golden crown among the British, and as it seems by the same authority, Athelstan among the Saxon. But I digress. By the March understand those limits between England and Wales; which continuing from north to south, join the Welsh shires to Hereford, Shropshire and the English part, and were divers baronies, divided from any shire until ^s Henry VIII. by act of parliament annexed some to Wales, others to England. The barons that lived in them were called lord Marchers, and by the name of ^h Marchiones, i. e. Marquesses. For so Roger of ⁱ Mortimer, James of Audeleg, Roger of Clifford, Roger of Leiburn, Haimo L'estrangle, Hugh of Turbervil, (which by sword adventured the ransom of Henry III. out of Simon of Montfort his treacherous imprisonment, after the battle of Lewes) are called ^k Marchiones Walliæ; and Edward III. created Roger of Mortimer Earl of March, as if you should say, of the Limits ⁱ twixt Wales and England, ~~March~~, or ~~March~~, signifying a bound or limit: as to the III. song more largely. And hence is supposed the original of that honorary title of Marquess, which is as much as a lord of the frontiers, or such like; although I know divers others are derivations which the ^m Feudists have imagined. These Marchers had their laws in their Baronies, and for matter of suit, if it had been twixt tenants holding of them, then was it commenced in their own courts and determined; if for the barony it self, then in the king's courts at Westminster, by writ, directed to the sheriff of the next English shire adjoining, as Gloucester, Hereford, and some others. For the king's ⁿ writ did not run in Wales as in England, until by statute the principality was incorporated with the crown; as appears in an old ^o report where one was committed for esloigning a ward into Wales, *extra potestatem Regis* under Henry III. Afterward ^p Edward I. made some shires in it, and altered the customs, conforming them in some sort to the English, as in the statute of Rutland you have it largely; and under Edward II. to a ^q Parliament at York were summoned twenty four out of North-wales, and as many out of South-wales. But notwithstanding all this, the Marches continued as distinct; and in them were, for the most part, those controverted titles, which in our law-annals are referred to Wales. For the divided shires were, as it seems, or should have been subject to the English form; but the particulars hereof are unfit for this room: if you are at all conversant in our law, I send you to my ^r margin; if not, it scarce concerns you.

— the Higre wildly raves.

This

^f Galfred. Monumetb. lib. 1. & 9.

^g 27 Hen. 8. cap. 26. v. 28. Ed. 3. cap. 2.

^h Lib. Rub. Scaccar.

ⁱ Matib. Westmonast. lib. 2.

^k Marquess or lord marcher of Wales.

^l For the limits see to the next song.

^m Ad Const. Feud. 2. tit. quis dicatur
Dux. & Jurisconsulti sapient.

ⁿ But see to the ninth song more particularly.

^o 13 Hen. 3. tit. Guard. 147.

^p Stat. Rutland. 12. Ed. 1.

^q 14 Ed. 2. dors. claus. mem. 13.

^r V. 18. Ed. 2. tit. Affise 382. 13. Ed. 3. jurisdict. 23. 6. Hen. 5. ib. 34. 1. Ed. 3. f. 14. & sæpius in annalibus Juris nostri.

This violence, of the water's madness, declared by the author, is so express'd in an old * monk, which about four hundred years since, says it was called the Higre in English. To make more description of it, were but to resolve the author's poem.

Within her hollow woods the Satyrs that did won.

By the Satyrs ravishing the sea-nymphs into this maritime forest of Dean (lying between Wye and Severn in Gloucester) with Severn's suit to Neptune, and his provision of remedy, you have, poetically describ'd the rapines which were committed along that shore, by such as lurked in these shady receptacles, which he properly titles Satyrs, that name coming from an Eastern * root, signifying to hide, or ly hid, as that * all knowing Isaac Casaubon hath at large (among other his unmeasurable benefits to the state of learning) taught us. The English were also ill intreated by the Welsh in their passages here, until by act of Parliament remedy was given; as you may see in the * statute's preamble, which satisfies the action.

Whilst Malverne king of hills fair Severn overlooks.

Hereford and Worcester are by these hills seven miles in length confined; and rather, in respect of the adjacent vales, than the hills self, understand the attribute of excellency. Upon these is the supposed vision of Piers Plowman, done, as is thought, by Robert * Langland, a Shropshire man, in a kind of English meter: which for discovery of the infecting corruptions of those times, I prefer before many more seemingly serious invectives, as well for invention as judgement. But I have read that the author's name was John Malverne, a fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who finished it 16 Ed. III.

As there th' Apulian fleece, or dainty Tarentine.

In Apuglia and the upper Calabria of Italy, the wool hath been ever famous for ^z finest excellence: in so much that for preserving it from the injury of earth, bushes, and weather, the shepherds used to cloath their sheep with skins, and indeed it was so chargeable in these and other kind of pains about it, that it scarce requited cost.

————— *himself in two did rive.*

Alluding to a prodigious division of Marcy hill, in an earth-quake of late * time; which most of all was in these parts of the island.

POLY-

* Guil. Malmesbur. lib. 4. digest. Pontificum.

† 770.

‡ Παιτιστήριον. lib. de Satyra. Merito indigetatur hoc Epitheto longe d. Pissimus a doctissimo Dñ. Heinso in annot. ad Horatium.

x Stat. 9. Hen. 6. cap. 5.

y About time of Edward III.

z Varr. de re rustic. 2. cap. 2. Columell. lib. 7. cap. 4.

a 1575.

T
South-v
Those
Those
For refu
By Eng
Her fur
Which
And riv



P O L Y - O L B I O N :

The EIGHTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The goodly Severn bravely sings
The noblest of her British kings ;
At Cæsar's landing what we were,
And of the Roman conquest here :
Then shews, to her dear Britain's fame,
How quickly christned they became ,
And of their constancy doth boast,
In sundry fortunes strangely tost :
Then doth the Saxons landing tell,
And how by them the Britons fell ;
Cheers the Salopian mountains high,
That on the west of Severn lie ;
Calls down each riveret from her spring,
Their queen upon her way to bring ;
Whom down to Brug the muse attends :
Where, leaving her, this song she ends.*

TO Salop when herself clear Sabrina comes to show,
And wisely her bethinks the way she had to go,
South-westward cast her course ; and with an amorous eye
Those countries whence she came surveyeth (passing by)
Those lands in ancient times old Cambria claim'd her due,
For refuge when to her th'oppressed Britons flew ;
By England now usurp'd, who (past the wonted meers,
Her fure and sovereign banks) had taken sundry shires,
Which she her marches made : whereby those hills of fame
And rivers stood disgrac'd ; accounting it their shame,
§. That

§. That all without that mound which Mercian Offa cast
To run from north to south, athwart the Cambrian waste,
Could England not suffice, but that the straggling Wye,
Which in the hart of Wales was sometime said to lye,
Now only for her bound proud England did prefer.

That Severn, when she sees the wrong thus offer'd her,
Though by injurious time deprived of that place

Which anciently she held : yet loth that her disgrace
Should on the Britons light, the hills and rivers near
Austerly to her calls, commanding them to hear

In her dear childrens right (their ancestors of yore,
Now thrust betwixt herself, and the Vergivian shore,

§. Who drave the giants hence that of the earth were bred,
And of the spacious isle became the sovereign head)

What from authentick books she liberally could say.

Of which whilst she bethought her ; westward every way,

The mountains, floods, and meers, to silence them betake :

When Severn lowting low, thus gravely them bespake ;

‘ How mighty was that man, and honoured still to be,

‘ That gave this isle his name, and to his children three,

‘ Three kingdoms in the same? which, time doth now deny,

‘ With his arrival here, and primer monarchy.

‘ ‘ Loëgia, though thou canst thy Locrine easely lose,

‘ Yet ‘ Cambria, him, whom fate her ancient founder chose,

‘ In no wise will forego ; nay, should ‘ Albania leave

‘ §. Her Albanact for aid, and to the Scythian cleave.

‘ And though remorseless Rome, which first did us enthrall,

‘ As barbarous but esteem’d, and stickt not so to call ;

‘ The ancient Britons yet a sceptred king obey’d

‘ §. Three hundred years before Rome’s great foundation

‘ laid ;

‘ And had a thousand years an empire strongly stood,

‘ Ere Cæsar to her shores here stem’d the circling flood ;

‘ §. And long before, borne arms against the barbarous Hun,

‘ Here landing with intent the isle to over-run :

‘ And

‘ England.

‘ Wales.

‘ Scotland.

‘ Pri
tiles.

SONG THE SEVENTH. 797

‘ And following them in flight, their general Humberd
‘ drown’d

‘ In that great arm of sea, by his great name renown’d ?

‘ And her great builders had, her cities who did rear

‘ With fanes unto her gods, and ^d flamins every where.

‘ Nor Troynovant alone a city long did stand ;

‘ But after, soon again by Ebrank’s powerful hand

‘ York lifts her towers aloft : which scarcely finish’d was,

‘ But as they, by those kings, so by Rudhudibras,

‘ Kent’s first and famous ^c town, with Winchester, arose :

‘ And others, others built, as they fit places chose.

‘ So Britain to her praise, of all conditions brings ;

‘ The warlike, as the wise. Of her courageous kings,

‘ Brute Greenshield : to whose name we providence impute,

‘ Divinely to revive the land’s first conqueror, Brute.

‘ So had she those were learn’d, endu’d with nobler parts :

‘ As, he from learned Greece, that (by the liberal arts)

‘ §. To Stamford, in this isle, seem’d Athens to transfer ;

‘ Wise Bladud, of her kings that great Philosopher ;

‘ Who found our boiling baths ; and his knowledge high,

‘ Disdaining human paths, here practis’d to fly.

‘ Of justly vexed Leire, and those who last did tug

‘ In worse than civil war, the ^f sons of Gorbodug

‘ (By whose unnatural strife the land so long was tost)

‘ I cannot stay to tell, nor shall my Britain boast ;

‘ But, of that man which did her monarchy restore,

‘ Her first imperial crown of gold that ever wore,

‘ And that most glorious type of sovereignty regain’d ;

‘ Mulmutius : who this land in such estate maintain’d

‘ As his great belfire Brute from Albion’s heirs it won.

‘ §. This grand-child, great as he, those four proud

‘ streets begun

‘ That each way cross this isle, and bounds did them allow.

‘ Like privilege he lent the temple and the plow :

‘ So studious was this prince in his most forward zeal

‘ To the celestial power, and to the publick weal.

‘ Bel-

^d Priests among idolatrous Gen-
tiles.

^c Canterbury.

^f Ferrex and Porrex.

‘ ‘ Bellinus he begot, who Dacia proud subdu’d ;
 ‘ And Brennus, who abroad a worthier war pursu’d,
 ‘ Asham’d of civil strife ; at home here leaving all :
 ‘ And with such goodly youth, in Germany and Gaul
 ‘ As he had gather’d up, the Alpin mountains past,
 ‘ And bravely on the banks of fatal Allia chas’d
 ‘ The Romans (that her stream distained with their gore)
 ‘ And through proud Rome, display’d his British ensign bore :
 ‘ §. There, balancing his sword against her baser gold,
 ‘ The senators for slaves he in her forum sold.
 ‘ At last, by power expell’d, yet proud of late success,
 ‘ His forces then for Greece did instantly address ;
 ‘ And marching with his men upon her fruitful face,
 ‘ Made Macedon first stoop ; then Theffaly, and Thrace ;
 ‘ His foldiers there enrich with all Peonia’s spoil ;
 ‘ And where to Greece he gave the last and deadliest foil,
 ‘ In that most dreadful fight, on that more dismal day,
 ‘ O’erthrew their utmost prowess at sad Thermopylæ ;
 ‘ And daring of her gods, adventur’d to have taen
 ‘ Those sacred things enshrind in wise Apollo’s fane :
 ‘ To whom when thundring heaven pronounc’d her fear-
 ‘ full’st word,
 ‘ §. Against the Delphian power he shak’d his ireful sword.
 ‘ As of the British blood, the native Cambri here
 ‘ (So of my Cambria call’d) those valiant Cymbri were
 ‘ (When Britain with her brood so peopled had her seat,
 ‘ The soil could not suffice, it daily grew so great)
 ‘ Of Denmark who themselves did anciently possess,
 ‘ And to that straitned point, that utmost chersonesse,
 ‘ § My country’s name bequeath’d ; whence Cymbrica it took :
 ‘ Yet long were not compriz’d within that little nook,
 ‘ But with those Almain powers this people issued forth :
 ‘ And like some boistrous wind arising from the north,
 ‘ Came that unwieldy host ; that, which way it did move,
 ‘ The very burthenous earth before it seem’d to shove,
 ‘ And only meant to claim the universe its own.
 ‘ In this terrestrial globe, as though some world unknown,
 ‘ By

‘ Belinus and Brennus.

‘ By
 ‘ (An
 ‘ The
 ‘ Fir
 ‘ And
 ‘ The
 ‘ The
 ‘ And
 ‘ The
 ‘ Wh
 ‘ In
 ‘ Gurg
 ‘ To
 ‘ In h
 ‘ §. T
 ‘ Fron
 ‘ So
 ‘ Mor
 ‘ His
 ‘ Thei
 ‘ So
 ‘ Who
 ‘ That
 ‘ And
 ‘ Unto
 ‘ But
 ‘ In h
 ‘ The
 ‘ From
 ‘ Who
 ‘ Him
 ‘ That
 ‘ At th
 ‘ Ther

‘ Ag
 ‘ them na
 ‘ Mar

' By pamper'd nature's store too prodigally fed
 ' (And surfeiting therewith) her surcrease vomited ;
 ' These roaming up and down to seek some settling room,
 ' First like a deluge fell upon Illyricum,
 ' And with his Roman powers Papyrius overthrew ;
 ' Then, by great ^h Belus brought against those legions, slew
 ' Their forces which in France Aurelius Scaurus led ;
 ' And afterward again, as bravely vanquished
 ' The consuls Cæpio, and stout Manlius on the plain,
 ' Where Rhodanus was red with blood of Latines slain.

' In greatness next succeeds Belinus' worthy son,
 ' Gurgustus : who soon left what his great father won,
 ' To Guynteline his heir : whose ⁱ queen, beyond her kind,
 ' In her great husband's peace, to shew her upright mind,
 ' §. To wise Mulmutius' laws, her Martian first did frame :
 ' From which we ours derive, to her eternal fame.

' So Britain forth with these, that valiant bastard brought,
 ' Morindus, Danius' son, which with that ^k monster fought
 ' His subjects that devour'd ; to shew himself again
 ' Their Martyr, who by them selected was to reign.

So Britain likewise boasts her Elidure the just,
 ' Who with his people was of such especial trust,
 ' That (Archigallo slain into their general hate,
 ' And by their powerful hand depriv'd of kingly state)
 ' Unto the regal chair they Elidure advanc'd :
 ' But long he had not reign'd, ere happily it chanc'd,
 ' In hunting of a hart, that in the forest wild,
 ' The late deposed king, himself who had exil'd
 ' From all resort of men, just Elidure did meet ;
 ' Who much unlike himself, at Elidurus' feet,
 ' Him prostrating with tears, his tender breast so strook,
 ' That he (the British rule who lately on him took
 ' At th' earnest peoples pray'rs) him calling to the court,
 ' There Archigallo's wrongs so lively did report,

^h Agreat General of those northern nations.

ⁱ Martia.

^k A certain monster often issuing from the sea, devoured diverse of the British people.

SONG THE SEVENTH. 801

' Which, their undaunted spirits soon made that conqueror
 ' feel,
 ' Oft vent'ring their bare breast gainst his oft-bloody'd steel;
 ' And in their chariots charg'd: which they with wondrous
 skill
 ' Could turn in their swift'st course upon the steepest hill,
 ' And wheel about his troops for vantage of the ground,
 ' Or else disfrank his force where entrance might be found:
 ' And from their armed seats their thrilling darts could throw;
 ' Or nimbly leaping down, their valiant swords bestow,
 ' And with an active skip remount themselves again,
 ' Leaving the Roman horse behind them on the plain,
 ' And beat him back to Gaul his forces to supply;
 ' As they the gods of Rome and Cæsar did defy.
 ' Cassibelan renown'd, the Britons faithful guide,
 ' Who when th' Italian pow'rs could no way be deny'd,
 ' But would this isle subdue; their forces to fore-lay,
 ' Thy forests thou didst fell, their speedy course to stay:
 ' §. Those armed stakes in Tames that stuck'st, their horse
 ' to gore,
 ' Which boldly durst attempt to forrage on thy shore:
 ' Thou such hard entrance here to Cæsar didst allow,
 ' To whom (thy self except) the western world did bow.
 ' §. And more than Cæsar got, three emperors could not win,
 ' Till the courageous sons of our Cunobelin
 ' Sunk under Plautius' sword, sent hither to discuss
 ' The former Roman right, by arms again, with us.
 ' Nor with that consul join'd, Vespasian could prevail
 ' In thirty several fights, nor make them stoop their sail.
 ' Yea, had not his brave son, young Titus, past their hopes,
 ' His forward father fetcht out of the British troops,
 ' And quit him wondrous well when he was strongly charg'd,
 ' His father (by his hands so valiantly enlarg'd)
 ' Had never more seen Rome; nor had he ever spilt
 ' The temple that wise son of faithful David built,
 ' Subverted those high walls, and lay'd that city waste,
 ' Which God, in human flesh, above all other grac'd.

' No marvail then though Rome so great her conquest
 ' thought,
 ' In that the isle of Wight she to subjection brought,
 ' Our ^h Belgæ and subdu'd (a people of the west)
 ' That latest came to us, our least of all the rest ;
 ' When Claudius, who that time her wreath imperial wore,
 ' Though scarce he shew'd himself upon our southern shore,
 ' It scorn'd not in his stile; but, due to that his praise,
 ' Triumphal arches claim'd, and to have yearly plays ;
 ' The noblest naval crown, upon his palace pitch ;
 ' As with the Ocean's spoil his Rome who had enricht.
 ' Her Caradock (with cause) so Britain may prefer ;
 ' Than whom, a braver spirit was ne'er brought forth by her :
 ' For whilst here in the west the Britons gather'd head,
 ' This general of the rest, his stout ⁱ Silures led
 ' Against Ostorius, sent by Cæsar to this place
 ' With Rome's high fortune (then the high'st in fortune's grace)
 ' A long and doubtful war with whom he did maintain,
 ' Until that hour wherein his valiant Britons slain,
 ' He grievously beheld (o'erprest with Roman power)
 ' Himself well near the last their wrath did not devour.
 ' When (for revenge, not fear) he fled (as trusting most,
 ' Another day might win, what this had lately lost)
 ' To Cartismandua, queen of ^k Brigants, for her aid,
 ' He to his foes, by her, most falsely was betray'd.
 ' Who, as a spoil of war, t' adorn the triumph sent
 ' To great Ostorius due, when through proud Rome he went,
 ' That had herself prepar'd (as she had all been eyes)
 ' Our Caradock to view ; who in his country's guise,
 ' §. Came with his body, nak'd, his hair down to his waist,
 ' Girt with a chain of steel ; his manly breast inchas'd
 ' With sundry shapes of beasts. And when this Briton saw
 ' His wife and children bound as slaves, it could not awe
 ' His

^h A people then inhabiting
 Hamp. Dorset. Wilt. and Somers-
 setshires.

ⁱ Those of Monmouth, and the
 adjacent shires.

^k Those of Yorkshire, and there-
 by.

' HI
 ' Un
 ' An
 ' HI
 ' TH
 ' TH
 ' (U
 ' Th
 ' Th
 ' WI
 ' An
 ' WH
 ' Inf
 ' A
 ' So
 ' §.
 ' WH
 ' And
 ' Bra
 ' To
 ' Till
 ' The
 ' The
 ' Hin
 ' Wit
 ' (In
 ' As
 ' Inco
 ' Upo
 ' Wa
 ' The
 ' The
 ' And

ⁱ Ne
^m An
 residen

' His manliness at all : but with a settled grace,
 ' Undaunted with her pride, he lookt her in the face :
 ' And with a speech so grave as well a prince became,
 ' Himself and his redeem'd, to our eternal fame.
 ' Then Rome's great ⁱtyrant next, the last's adopted heir,
 ' That brave Suetonius sent, the British coasts to clear ;
 ' The utter spoil of ^m Mon who strongly did pursue
 ' (Unto whose gloomy strengths, th' revolted Britons flew)
 ' There entring, he beheld what strook him pale with dread :
 ' The frantick British froes, their hair dishevelled,
 ' With fire-brands ran about, like to their furious eyes ;
 ' And from the hollow woods the fearless Druides ;
 ' Who with their direful threats, and execrable vows,
 ' Inforc'd the troubled heaven to knit her angry brows.
 ' And as here in the west the Romans bravely wan,
 ' So all upon the east the Britons over-ran :
 ' §. The colony long kept at Mauldon, overthrown,
 ' Which by prodigious signs was many times fore-shown,
 ' And often had dismay'd the Roman soldiers : when
 ' Brave Voadicia made with her resolved ^{ft} men
 ' To ⁿ Virolam ; whose siege with fire and sword she ply'd,
 ' Till level'd with the earth. To London as she hy'd,
 ' The consul coming in with his auspicious aid,
 ' The queen (to quit her yoke no longer that delay'd)
 ' Him dar'd by dint of sword, it hers or his to try,
 ' With words that courage show'd, and with a voice as high
 ' (In her right hand her lance, and in her left her shield,
 ' As both the battels stood prepared in the field)
 ' Encouraging her men : which resolute, as strong,
 ' Upon the Roman rush'd ; and she, the rest among,
 ' Wades in that doubtful war : till lastly, when she saw
 ' The fortune of the day unto the Roman draw,
 ' The queen (t' outlive her friends who highly did disdain,
 ' And lastly, for proud Rome a triumph to remain)

F f f 2

' §. By

ⁱ Nero.^m Anglesey, the chief place of
residence of the Druides.ⁿ By saint Albans.

' §. By poison ends her days, unto that end prepar'd,
 ' As lavishly to spend what Suetonius spar'd.
 ' Him scarcely Rome recall'd, such glory having won,
 ' But bravely to proceed, as erst she had begun,
 ' Agricola here made her great lieutenant then :
 ' Who having settled Mon, that man of all her men,
 ' Appointed by the powers apparently to see
 ' The wearied Britons sink, and eas'ly in degree
 ' Beneath his fatal sword the ° Ordovies to fall
 ' Inhabiting the west, those people last of all [worth.
 ' Which stoutl'est him withstood, renown'd for martial
 ' Thence leading on his powers unto the utmost north,
 ' When all the towns that lay betwixt our Trent and Tweed,
 ' Suffic'd not (by the way) his wasteful fires to feed,
 ' He there some Britons found, who (to rebate their spleen,
 ' As yet with grieved eyes our spoils not having seen)
 ' Him at ^P Mount Grampus met: which from his height
 ' beheld
 ' Them lavish of their lives; who could not be compell'd
 ' The Roman yoke to bear: and Galgacus their guide
 ' Amongst his murdered troops there resolutely dy'd.
 ' Eight Roman emperors reign'd since first that war began;
 ' Great Julius Cæsar first, the last Domitian.
 ' A hundred thirty years the northern Britons still,
 ' That would in no wise stoop to Rome's imperious will,
 ' Into the straitned land with theirs retired far,
 ' In laws and manners since from us that different are;
 ' And with the Irish Pict, which to their aid they drew
 ' (On them oft breaking in, who long did them pursue)
 ' §. A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred,
 ' Than Rome, with much expence that us had conquered.
 ' And when that we great Rome's so much in time were
 ' grown,
 ' That she her charge durst leave to princes of our own,
 ' (Such as, within our selves, our suffrage should elect)
 ' §. Arviragus, born ours, here first she did protect;
 ' Who

° Northwales men.

^P In the midst of Scotland.

' W
 ' Th
 ' Gr
 ' §. T
 ' A
 ' Aft
 ' Wi
 ' By
 ' Mo
 ' Inte
 ' S
 ' Of
 ' §. C
 ' Her
 ' Wh
 ' Fro
 ' A
 ' Gre
 ' §. A
 ' At
 ' N
 ' And
 ' The
 ' All
 ' To
 ' Tho
 ' The
 ' W
 ' Wit
 ' And
 ' And
 ' Muc
 ' By t
 ' The
 ' A na
 ' Our
 ' Jos

' Who faithfully and long, of labour did her ease.
 ' Then he, our Flamins seats who turn'd to bishops sees ;
 ' Great Lucius, that good king : to whom we chiefly owe
 ' §. This happiness we have, Christ crucify'd to know.

' As Britain to her praise receiv'd the christian faith,
 ' After (that word-made man) our dear redeemer's death
 ' Within two hundred years ; and his disciples here,
 ' By their great master sent to preach him every where,
 ' Most reverently receiv'd, their doctrine and prefer'd ;
 ' Interring him, ' who erst the son of God interr'd.

' So Britons was she born, though Italy her crown'd,
 ' Of all the christian world that empress most renown'd,
 ' §. Constantius' worthy wife ; who scorning worldly loss,
 ' Her self in person went to seek that sacred cross,
 ' Whereon our saviour dy'd : which found, as it was sought,
 ' From ' Salem unto Rome triumphantly she brought.

' As when the primer church her councils pleas'd to call,
 ' Great Britain's bishops there were not the least of all ;
 ' §. Against the Arian sect at Arles having room,
 ' At Sardica again, and at Ariminum.

' Now, when with various fate five hundred years had past,
 ' And Rome of her great charge grew weary here at last ;
 ' The Vandals, Goths, and Huns, that with a powerful head
 ' All Italy and France had well-near overspread,
 ' To much-endanger'd Rome sufficient warning gave,
 ' Those forces that she held, within her self to have.
 ' The Roman rule from us then utterly remov'd.

' Whilst we, in sundry fields, our sundry fortunes prov'd
 ' With the remorseless Pict, still wasting us with war.
 ' And twixt the froward fire, licentious Vortiger,
 ' And his too forward son, young Vortimer, arose
 ' Much strife within our selves, whilst here they interpose
 ' By turns each other's reigns : whereby, we weakned grew.
 ' The warlike Saxon then into the land we drew ;
 ' A nation nurst in spoil, and fitt'ft to undergo
 ' Our cause against the Pict, our most inveterate foe.

F f f 3

' When

' Joseph of Arimathea.

' Jerusalem.

' When they, which we had hir'd for soldiers to the shore,
 ' Perceiv'd the wealthy isle to wallow in her store,
 ' And subt'ly had found out how we infeebl'd were ;
 ' They, under false pretence of amity and chear,
 ' The British Peers invite, the German healths to view
 ' At Stonehenge ; where they them unmercifully slew.

' Then, those of Brute's great blood, of Armorick possiest,
 ' Extreemly griev'd to see their kinsmen so distrest,
 ' Us offer'd to relieve, or else with us to dy :

' We, after, to requite their noble courtesy,
 ' §. Eleven thousand maids sent those our friends again,
 ' In wedlock to be linkt with them of Brute's high strain ;
 ' That none with Brute's great blood, but Britons might be

' mixt :

' Such friendship ever was the stock of Troy betwixt.
 ' Out of whose ancient race, that warlike Arthur sprong ;
 ' Whose most renowned acts shall sounded be as long
 ' As Britain's name is known : which spred themselves so

' wide,

' As scarcely hath for fame left any roomth beside.

' My Wales, then hold thine own, and let thy Britons
 ' stand

' Upon their right, to be the noblest of the land.
 ' Think how much better 'tis, for thee, and those of thine,
 ' From gods, and heroes old to draw your famous line,
 ' §. Than from the Scythian poor ; whence they themselves

derive,

' Whose multitudes did first you to the mountains drive.
 ' Nor let the spacious mound of that great Mercian king
 ' (Into a lesser roomth thy burliness to bring)
 ' Include thee ; when my self, and my dear brother ' Dee,
 ' By nature were the bounds first limited to thee.'

Scarce ended she her speech, but those great mountains
 near,

Upon the Cambrian part that all for Brutus were,

With

* The ancient bounds of Wales.

With her high truths inflam'd, look'd every one about
To find their several springs; and bade them get them out,
And in their fulness wait upon their sovereign flood,
In Britons ancient right so bravely that had stood.

When first the furious Team, that on the Cambrian side
Doth Shropshire as a mear from Hereford divide,
As worthiest of the rest; so worthily doth crave
That of those lesser brooks the leading she might have;
The first of which is Clun, that to her mistress came:
Which of a ' forest born that bears her proper name,
Unto the Golden Vale and anciently ally'd,
Of every thing of both sufficiently supply'd,
The longer that she grows, the more renown doth win:
And for her greater state, next Bradfield bringeth in,
Which to her wider banks resigns a weaker stream.

When fiercely making forth, the strong and lusty Team
A friendly forest-nymph (nam'd Mocktry) doth imbrace,
Herself that bravely bears; twixt whom and Bringwood-
chafe,

Her banks with many a wreath are curiously bedeckt,
And in their safer shades they long time her protect.

Then takes she Oney in, and forth from them doth fling:
When to her further aid, next Bow, and Warren, bring
Clear Quenny; by the way, which Stradbrook up doth
take:

By whose united powers, their Team they mightier make;
Which in her lively course to Ludlow comes at last,
Where Corve into her stream herself doth headlong cast.
With due attendance next, come Ledwich and the Rhea.

Then speeding her, as though sent post unto the sea,
Her native Shropshire leaves, and bids those towns adieu,
Her only sovereign queen, proud Severn to pursue.

When at her going out, those mountains of command
(The Clees, like loving twins, and Sutterston that stand)
Trans-severned, behold fair England tow'rs the rise,
And on their setting side, how ancient Cambria lies.

F f f 4

Then

Then Stipperton a hill, though not of such renown
As many that are set here tow'ards the going down,
To those his own allies, that stood not far away,
Thus in behalf of Wales directly seem'd to say ;

' Dear Corndon, my delight, as thou art lov'd of me,
' And Breeden, as thou hop'st a Briton thought to be,
' To Cortock strongly cleave, as to our ancient friend,
' And all our utmost strength to Cambria let us lend.
' For though that envious time injuriously have wrung
' From us those proper names did first to us belong,
' Yet for our country still, stout mountains let us stand.'

Here, every neighbouring hill held up a willing hand,
As freely to applaud what Stipperton decreed :
And Hockstow when she heard the mountains thus proceed,
With echoes from her woods, her inward joys express,
To hear that hill she lov'd, which likewise lov'd her best,
Should in the right of Wales, his neighbouring mountains
fir,

So to advance that place which might them both prefer ;
That she from open shouts could scarce herself refrain.

When soon those other rills to Severn which retain,
And tended not on Team, thus of themselves do show
The service that to her they absolutely owe.

First Camlet cometh in, a Montgomerian maid,
Her source in Severn's banks that safely having laid,
Mele, her great mistress next at Shrewsbury doth meet,
To see with what a grace she that fair town doth greet ;
Into what sundry gyres her wondered self she throws,
And oft insles the shore, as wantonly she flows ;
Of it oft taking leave, oft turns, it to imbrace ;
As though she only were enamour'd of that place,
Her fore-intended course determined to leave,
And to that most-lov'd town eternally to cleave :
With much ado at length, yet bidding it adieu,
Her journey towards the sea doth seriously pursue.
Where, as along the shores she prosperously doth sweep,
Small Marbrook maketh in, to her inticing deep.

And

And as
That for
To see
Where

STIL
song
Severn.

That

Of the
ticular bo
dike. TI
from b S
naturally
by appare
ment was
both natio
author al
line (almo
time as he
even almo
whatsoever
have, up
quest of F
in regard
which we
general m
monk's p
lenfum,
plainly th
call'd Hu
only of th
then havin
this limit

a Carad
daethwy. G
Descript. ca
b By Cbe
Offa. see
D.CC. LXI

And as she lends her eye to "Bruge's lofty sight,
That forest-nymph mild Morff doth kindly her invite
To see within her shade what pastime she could make:
Where she, of Shropshire; I my leave of Severn take.

"Bruge-North.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

STILL are you in the Welsh march, and the Chorography of this song includes itself, for the most, within Shropshire's part over Severn.

That all without the mound that Mercian Offa cast.

Of the Marches in general you have to the next before. The ^a particular bounds have been certain parts of Dee, Wye, Severn, and Offa's dike. The ancientest is Severn, but a later is observed in a right line from ^b Strigoil-castle upon Wye, to Chester upon Dee, which was so naturally a mere between these two countries Wales and England, that by apparent change of its channel towards either side superstitious judgment was used to be given of success in the following years battels of both nations; whence perhaps came it to be called Holy Dee, as the author also often uses. Betwixt the mouths of Dee and Wye in this line (almost an hundred miles long) was that Offa's dike cast, after such time as he had besides his before-possess Mercland, acquired by conquest even almost what is now England. King Harold ^c made a law, that whatsoever Welsh transcended this dike with any kind of weapon should have, upon apprehension, his right hand cut off; Athelstan after conquest of Howel Dha king of Wales made Wye limit of North-wales, as in regard of his chief territory of West-Saxony (so affirms Malmesbury) which well understood impugns the opinion received for Wye's being a general mere instituted by him, and withal shews you how to mend the monk's published text, where you read ^d *Ludwalum regem omnium Wal-lensium, & Constantinum regem Scotorum cedere regnis compulit*. For plainly this Ludwal (by whom he means Howel Dha, in other chronicles call'd Huwal) in Athelstan's life time was not king of all Wales, but only of the South and Western parts with Powis, his cousin Edwal Voel then having North-wales; twixt which and the part of Howel conquered, this limit was proper to distinguish. Therefore either read *Occiden-talium*

^a Caradoc Lbancarwan in Conin Tin-daethwy. Girald. Itinerar. 2. cap. 11. & Descript. cap. 19.

^b By Cbeystow in Mon-mouth. Claudh-Offa. see to the tenth song for Dee, An. D.CC. LXXX.

^c Higden. in Polycronic. 1. cap. 43.

^d He compelled Ludwal king of all Wales, and Constantine king of Scots to leave their crowns. Emendatio historię Malmesburienfis lib. 2. cap. 6.

talium Wallensium (for in Florence of Worcester and Roger of Hoveden that passage is with *Occidentalium Britonnum*) or else believe that Malmesbury mistook Howel to be in Athelstan's time, as he was after his death, sole prince of all Wales. In this conjecture I had aid from Lhancarvan's history, which in the same page (as learned Lhuid's edition in English is) says, that Athelstan made the river ^s Cambia the frontier towards Cornwall: but there, in requital, I correct him, and read Tambra, *i. e.* Tamar, dividing Devonshire and Cornwall; as Malmesbury hath it expressly, and the matter self enough perswades.

Who drave the Giants hence, that of the earth were bred.

Somewhat of the giants to the first song; fabulously supposed begotten by spirits upon Dioclesian's or Danaus's daughters. But here the author aptly terms them bred of the Earth, both for that the antiquities of the Gentiles made the first inhabitants of most countries as produced of the soil, calling them Aborigines and *Αυτόχθονες*, as also for imitation of those epithets of *Γηγενεῖς*, and ^b *Πηλογόνοι* among the Greeks, *Terræ filij* among the Latins, the very name of giants being thence derived,

* Οὐνεκαγῆς ἐγένοντο καὶ ἀίμασι Ουρενοῖο.

Which misconceit I shall think abus'd the heathen upon their ill understanding of Adam's creation ¹ and allegorique greatness, touched before out of Jewish fiction.

Her Albanact; for aid, and to the Scythian cleave.

Britain's tripartite division by Brute's three sons, Logrin, Camber and Albanact, whence all beyond Severn was stil'd Cambria, the now England Loegria, and Scotland Albania, is here shewed you: which I admit, but as the rest of that nature, upon credit of our suspected stories followed with sufficient justification by the muse; alluding here to that opinion which deduces the Scots and their name from the Scythians. Arguments of this likelihood have you largely in our most excellent antiquary. I only add, that by tradition of the Scythians themselves, they had very anciently a general name, titling them ^m Scolots (soon contracted into Scots) whereas the Græcians called the northern all ⁿ Scythians, perhaps the original of that name being from Shooting; for which they were especially through the world famous, as you may see in most passages of their name in old poets; and that Lucian's title of Toxaris, is, as if you should say, an Archer. For the word *shoot* being

^g Cambalan or Camel.

^h Callimach. in hymn. Jovis.

^k Because they were bred of earth, and the dew of heaven. *Orpheus ap. Nat. Com. Mytholog.* 6. cap. 21.

^l *אֶרֶץ* terra.

^m Herodot. Melpomene 8.

ⁿ Ephor. ap. Strab. 7.

being a
the nor
testimon
the fore

Three

Take
tins, un
year Ro
with su

And

Our f
Scythian
his atte
death in
country,
you also
Agathia
And we
the nam
British,
signifyin
a River
the Yor
ocean.
maid th

To

Look
testimon
philosop
colnshire
time, th
when thr
division
Northern
made sec

o In τῷ
ὁ ὅτι
atione, Sag
8. five A
p Thure
q Agath

SONG THE EIGHTH. 811

being at first of the Teutonique (which was very likely disperst largely in the northern parts) anciently was written nearer *Scyth*, as among other testimonies, the name of ° *Scyte finger*, i. e. the shooting finger, for the forefinger among our *P Saxons*.

Three hundred years before Rome's great foundation laid.

Take this with latitude : for between *Aeneas Sylvius* king of the Latins, under whose time *Brute* is placed, to *Numitor*, in whose second year *Rome* was built, intercedes above three hundred and forty, and with such difference understand the thousand until *Cæsar*.

And long before borne arms against the barbarous Hun.

Our stories tell you of *Humber* king of *Huns* (a people that being *Scythian*, lived about those ¹ parts which you now call *Mar delle Zabach*) his attempt and victory against *Albanact*, conflict with *Logrin*, and death in this river, from whence they will the name. Distance of his country, and the unlikely relation weakens my historical faith. Observe you also the first transmigration of the *Huns*, mentioned by *Procopius*, *Agathias*, others, and you will think this very different from truth. And well could I think by conjecture (with a great ² antiquary) that the name was first (or thence derived) ° *Habzen* or *Wber*, which in British, as appears by the names *Abergevenni*, *Abertewi*, *Aberhodni*, signifying the fall of the river *Gevenni*, *Tewi*, *Rhodni*, is as much as a ³ River's mouth in English, and fits itself specially, in that most of the *Yorkshire* rivers here cast themselves into one confluence for the ocean. Thus perhaps was *Severn* first *Hafren*, and not from the maid there drown'd, as you have before ; but for that, this no place.

To Stamford in this isle seem'd Athens to transferr.

Look to the third song for more of *Bladud* and his baths. Some testimony ⁴ is, that he went to *Athens*, brought thence with him four philosophers, and instituted by them a university at *Stamford* in *Lincolnshire* ; but, of any perswading credit I find none. Only of later time, that profession of learning was there, authority is frequent. For when through discording parts among the scholars (reigning *Ed. III.*) a division in *Oxford* was into the Northern and Southern faction, the Northern (before under *Hen. III.* also was the like to *Northampton*) made secession to this *Stamford*, and there profest, until upon humble suit

° In *ra Scyte*, forsan reliquæ vocabuli
 ☐wp i. e. *Arcus*, & punctorum vari-
 atione, *Sagittarius*. v. *Coropium Beceselan*.
 8. five *Amazonic*.
 p *Alured*. *leg. cap. 40.*
 q *Agathias lib. 9. Mæotidis Palus*.

r *Leland. ad Cyg. Cant. in Hull.*
 s *Abus dictum isthac æstuarium Ptolemea.*
 t *Girald. Itinerar. cap. 2. & 4.*
 u *Merlin. apud Hard. cap. 25. ex iisdem*
 & *Baleus.*

suit by Robert of Stratford, chancellor of Oxford, the king^x by edict, and his own presence, prohibited them; whence, afterward, also was that oath taken by Oxford graduates, that they should not profess at Stamford. White of Basingstoke otherwise guesses at the cause of this difference, making it the Pelagian heresy, and of more ancient time, but erroneously. Unto this refer that suppos'd prophecy of Merlin:

*Doctrinæ studium quod nunc viget ad y vada Boum,
Ante finem sæcli celebrabitur ad z vada Saxi.*

Which you shall have Englished in that solemnized marriage of Thames and Medway, by a most admired^a muse of our nation, thus with advantage:

*And after him the fatal Welland went,
That, if old saws prove true (which God forbid)
Shall drown all^b Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning more than ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beams.*

Nor can you apply this, but to much younger time than Bladud's reign.

— *As be those four proud streets began.*

Of them you shall have better declaration to the sixteenth song.

There ballancing his sword against her baser gold.

In that story, of Brennus and his Gauls taking Rome, is affirm'd, that by senatory authority P. Sulpitius (as a tribune) was committee to transact with the enemy for leaving the Roman territory; the price was agreed^c four hundred pound of gold; unjust weights were offered by the Gauls, which Sulpitius disliking, so far were those insolent conquerors from mitigation of their oppressing purpose, that (as for them all) Brennus to the first injustice of the ballance, added the poize of his sword also, whence, upon a murmuring complaint among the Romans, crying^d *Vae victis*, came that to be as proverb applied to the conquered.

Against the Delphian power yet shak'd his ireful sword.

Like liberty as others, takes the author in affirming that Brennus, which was general to the Gauls in taking Rome, to be the same which

over-

^x Jo. Cai. antiq. Cant. 2. Br. Twin.

lib. 3. apolog. Oxon. §. 115. & seqq.

^y Oxenford.

^z Staneford.

^a Spens. Faery Q. lib. 4. Cant. 11. Stanz.

35.

^b The maritime part of Lincolnshire, where, Welland a river.

^c Liv. dec. lib. 5. Plutarch. in Camille.

^d Wo to the conquered. v. verò Stephan. Forcatulum lib. 2. de Gall. philosoph. qui hæc inter examinandum sædè, ast cum alijs, in historiâ ipsâ lapsus est.

over
thus
and
vict
at la
was
lydo
excu
the
anot
Belg
fame
viole
divid
bitat
their
Lom
ruled
grow
which
comp
terial
mized
what
liberty
him;
appar
Brenn
But w
of this
by the
the or

Which
names
and pe
fame
confusi

e Hali
f V.
mum b
g Thu
h Pa
i Stra
k Poly
lib. 5. de

overcame Greece, and assaulted the oracle. But the truth of story stands thus : Rome was afflicted by one Brennus about the year ^e three hundred and sixty after the building, when the Gauls had such a Cadmeian victory of it, that fortune converted by martial opportunity, they were at last by Camillus so put to the sword, that a reporter of the slaughter was not left, as Livy and Plutarch (not impugned by Polybius, as Polydore hath mistaken) tell us. About cx years after, were tripartite excursions of the Gauls ; of an army under Cerethrius into Thrace ; of the like under Belgius or Bolgius into Macedon and Illyricum ; of another under Brennus and Acichorius into Pannonia. What success Belgius had with Ptolemy, surnamed ^ε Κέραυνος, is discovered in the same ^h authors which relate to us Brennus his wasting of Greece, with his violent, but somewhat voluntary, death ; but part of the army, either divided by mutiny, or left, after Apollo's revenge, betook them to habitation in Thrace about the now Constantinople, where first under their king Comontorius (as Polybius, but Livy saith under Lutatius and Lomnōrius, which name perhaps you might correct by Polybius) they ruled their neighbouring states with imposition of tribute, and at last growing too populous, sent (as it seems) those colonies into Asia, which in ⁱ Gallogræcia left sufficient steps of their ancient names. My compared classique ^k authors will justify as much ; nor scarce find I material opposition among them in any particulars ; only Trogus, epitomized by Justin, is therein, by confusion of time and actions, somewhat abused ; which hath caus'd that error of those which take historical liberty (poetical is allowable) to affirm Brennus which sackt Rome, and him, that died at Delphos, the same. Examination of time makes it apparently false ; nor indeed doth the British chronology endure our Brennus to be either of them, as Polydore and Buchanan have observed. But want of the British name moves nothing against it ; seeing the people of this western part were all, until a good time after those wars, stiled by the name of Gauls or Celts ; and those which would have ransackt the oracle are said by Callimachus to have come

————— ^l ἀφ' Ἑσπέρας ἰσχυρόντες.

Which as well fits us as Gaul. And thus much also observe, that those names of Brennus and Belinus, being of great note, both in signification and personal eminency ; and, likely enough, there being many of the same name in Gaul and Britain, in several ages such identity made confusion in story. For the first in this relation appears what variety was

^e Halicarnass. ἀρχ. α. Liv. 5.
^f V. Jo. Prijs. defens. hist. Brit. qui nihil hic errore involutus.

^g Thunderbolt.

^h Pausanias in Phocic.

ⁱ Strab. lib. 13.

^k Polyb. l. α. β. δ. & θ. & Liv. dec. 1. lib. 5, dec. 4. lib. 8. Strab. δ. Pausan.

Phocic. 1. Appian. Illyric. Justin. lib. 24. & 25. Plutarch. Camillo. Cæterum plerique Delphis injecta à Phæbo grandine peremptis, qui fuerunt reliquos in Ægyptum conductos sub stipendijs Ptolemæi Philadelphii meruisse ait vetus Scholiastes Græc. ad hymn. Callimach. in Delum.

^l From the, utmost west.

was of it; as also *Urenghin* and *Brennin* in the British are but significant words for King; and peradventure almost as ordinary a name among these westerns, as Pharaoh and Ptolemy in Ægypt, Agag among the Amalekites, Arfaces, Nicomedes, Aleuada, Sophi, Cæsar, Oisling, among the Parthians, Bithynians, Theffalians, Persians, Romans, and our Kentish kings, which the course of history shews you. For the other, you may see it usual in names of their old kings, as Cassi-belin in Cæsar, Cuno-belin and Cym-belin in Tacitus, and Dio, and perhaps Cam-baules in Pausanias, and Belin (whose steps seem to be in ^m Abellius a Gaulish and Bela-tucadre a British god) was the name among them of a worshipt idol, as appears in Ausonius; and the same with Apollo, which also by a most ancient British coin, stampd with Apollo, playing on his harp, circumscribed with CUNO-BELIN, is shew'd to have been expressly among the Britons. Although I know, according to their use, it might be added to Cuno (which was the first part of many of their regal names, as you see in Cuneglas, Cyngetorix, Congolitan, and others) to make a significant word, as if you should say, the yellow King; for Belin in British is yellow. But seeing the very name of their Apollo so well fitted with that colour, ⁿ which to Apollo is commonly attributed (and observe that their names had usually some note of colour in them, by reason of their custom of painting themselves) I suppose they took it as a fortunate concurrence to bear an honour'd deity in their title, as we see in the names of Merodach and Evil-merodach among the Babylonian kings, from Merodach ^o one of their false gods; and like examples may be found among the old emperors. Observe also that in British genealogies, they ascend always to Belin the great (which is supposed Heli; father to Lud and Cassi-belin) as you see to the fourth song; and here might you compare that of Hel ^p in the Punique tongue, signifying Phœbus, and turn'd into Belus: but I will not therewith trouble you. Howsoever, by this I am perswaded (whensoever the time were of our Belinus) that Belgius in Pausanias, and Belgius in Justin were mistook for Belinus, as perhaps also Prausus in Strabo (^π supplying ^q oftentimes the room of ^c.) generated of Brennus corrupted. In the story I dare follow none of the modern erroneously transcribing relators or seeming correctors, but have, as I might, took it from the best self-fountains, and only upon them, for trial, I put my self.

— whence

^m *Vet. Inscript. in Cumbria, & apud Jus. Scalig. ad Auson. l. 1. cap. 9. & V. Rhodigin. lib. 17. cap. 28. Plura de Belino, five Beleno, i. Apolline Gallico Pet. Pithæus advers. subsec. lib. 1. cap. 3. qui Belenum παρά το Έκκεδόν Phebē epitheton autumat. vid. notas Camd. ad Numismata. & Nos ad Cant. IX.*

ⁿ Ζαῦβος Ἀπόλλων.

^o *Jerem. cap. 50.*

^p *Cæsar. Rhod. Antiq. I. c. 1. cap. 6.*

^q *Enstatb. ad D. v. f. περιγ. καὶ Ἀμωραξ, ἀντι τῷ Ἀμωραξ, & Νῆτοι Πιτωίη ἀντι τῷ Ἐριτανίη.*

That
dom, is
people in
or Cumr
gine that
by liber
their fol
son to Ja
the world
giving th
ans, Cim
being ver
promont
the utmo
longer th
than othe
name) ag
it had mo

To w

Particu
husbandry
queen Ma
king Alfre
laws, in
i. e. the M
their sever
volume by
new comm
name from
kingdom o
Northumb
that name,
of the othe

King Lu
leaving the

^r Transmu
ciently, often
lib. de pronunc
f. Platarch.

SONG THE EIGHTH. . 815

— — — whence Cymbrica it took.

That northern promontory now Jutland, part of the Danish kingdom, is call'd in geographers Cymbrica Chersonesus from name of the people inhabiting it. And those which will the Cymbrians, Cambrians, or Cumrians from Camber, may with good reason of consequence imagine that the name of this Chersonese is thence also, as the author here, by liberty of his muse. But if, with Goropius, Camden, and other their followers, you come nearer truth and derive them from ^t Gomer, son to Japhet, who, with his posterity, had the north-western part of the world; then shall you set, as it were, the accent upon Chersonese, giving the more significant note of the country; the name of Cymbrians, Cimmerians, Cambrians, and Cumrians, all as one in substance being very comprehensive ^s in these climates; and perhaps, because this promontory lay out so far, under near sixty degrees latitude (almost at the utmost of Ptolomy's geography) and so had the first winter days no longer than between five and six hours, therein somewhat (and more than other neighbouring parts of that people, having no particular name) agreeing with Homer's attribute of ^t darkness to the Cimmerians, it had more specially this title.

To wise Molmutius' laws her Martian first did frame.

Particulars of Molmutius' laws, of church-liberty, freedom of ways, husbandry, and divers other are in the British story, affirming also that queen Martia made a book of laws, translated afterward, and titled by king Alfred Meicenlage. Indeed it appears that there were three sorts of ^u laws, in the Saxon heptarchy, Meicen-lage, Dan-lage ηπετραξεν-lage. i. e. the Mercian, Danish, and West-Saxon law; all which three had their several territories, and were in divers things compiled into one volume by ^x Cnut, and examined in that Norman constitution of their new common-wealth. But as the Danish and West-Saxon had their name from particular people; so it seems, had the Mercian from that kingdom of Mercland, limited with the Lancashire river Mersey toward Northumberland, and joining to Wales, having either from the river that name, or else from the word ^y Μαρς, because it bounded upon most of the other kingdoms; as you may see to the eleventh song.

— — — in whose eternal name,
Great London still shall live — — —

King Lud's re-edifying Troynovant (first built by Brute) and thence leaving the name of Caer Lud, afterward turned (as they say) into London,

^r Transmutation of G. into C. was, anciently, often and easy, as Lipsius shews, lib. de pronunciat. ling. Latin. cap. 13.

^s Ptolearch, in Mario, & Herod. lib. 8,

^t Odyss. λ. Περὶ τῆς ὑπὸ τῆς καλῆς καὶ καλῆς

^u Look to the eleventh song.

^x Gervaf. Tilburienfis de Scaccario.

^y A limit or bound.

don, is not unknown, scarce to any that hath but lookt on Ludgate's inner frontispice; and in old ^z rhimes thus I have it exprest:

Walls ^a he lete make al aboute, and pates up and down,
And after Lud that was is name he clupede it Lud's town.
The herte gate of the toun that put front there, and is,
He let hit clupie Ludgate after is own name iwis.
He let him tho he was ded bury at thulke gate,
Thereboze put after him me clupeth it Ludgate.
The toun me clupeth that is wide couth,
And now me clupeth it London, that is lighter in the mouth.
And new ¹roy it het ere, and now it is so ago,
That London it is now icluped and worth eber mo.

Judicious reformers of fabulous report I know have more serious derivations of the name: and seeing conjecture is free, I could imagine it might be called at first *Lhan Dien*, *i. e.* the temple of Diana, as *Lhan-Dewi*, *Lhan Stephan*, *Lhan Padern Daur*, *Lan Dair*; *i. e.* S. Dewy's, S. Stephan's, S. Patern the great, S. Mary; and Verulam is by H. Lhuid derived from *Der-lhan*. *i. e.* the church upon the river Ver, with divers more such places in Wales: and so afterward by strangers turned into Londinium, and the like. For, that Diana and her brother Apollo (under name of Belin) were two great deities among the Britons, what is read next before, Caesar's testimony of the Gauls; and that she had her temple there where Paul's is, relation in Camden discloses to you. Now, that the antique course was to title their cities oftentimes by the name of their power adored in them, is plain by Beth-el among the Hebrews, Heliopolis (which in holy writ is ^c called *בית-חל*) in Ægypt, and the same in Greece, Phœnicia, elsewhere; and by Athens named from Minerva. But especially from this supposed deity of Diana (whom in substance Homer no less gives the Epithet of ^d *Ἐρυσίατολας*; than to Pallas) have divers had their titles: as Artemisium in Italy, and Eubœa, and that Bubastis in Ægypt, so called from the same word, signifying in Ægyptian, both a cat and Diana.

Those armed stakes in Thames————

He means that which now we call Cowaystakes by Otelands, where only the Thames being without boat passable, the Britons fixt both on the bank of their side, and in the water ^e sharp stakes, to prevent the Romans coming over, but in vain, as the stories tell you.

And

^z Rob. Glocestrenf.

^a But it is affirmed that K. Coill's daughter, mother to Constantine the great, walled this first, and Colchester also. Huntingdon. lib. 1. & Simon Dunelmens. op. Stow. in notitia Lond. I shall presently speak of her also.

^c Jerem. cap. 43. conj. ult.

^d Patron of cities. v. Homer. ad Dian. Stephan. *αἰτίη πόλ.* in *Βυβάζ.* Herodot. lib. β.

^e Bed. lib. 1. cap. 2.

f Sue
Cassius.
g Poly
h Sol
i Gir
k He

And more than Cæsar got, three Emperors could not win.

Understand not that they were resisted by the Britons, but that the three successors of Julius, *i. e.* Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula, never so much as with force attempted the isle, although the last after king Cunobelin's son Adminius his traiterous revolting to him, in a seeming martial vehemency made ^f all arm to the British voyage, but suddenly on the German shore, (where he then was) like himself, turned the design to a jest, and commanded the army to gather cockles.

Came with his body naked, his hair down to his waist.

In this Caradoc (being the same which at large you have in Tacitus and Dio, under name of Caratacus and Cataracus, and is by some Scottish historians drawn much too far northward) the author expresses the ancient form of a Briton's habit. Yet I think not that they were all naked, but, as is affirmed ^s of the Gauls, down only to the navel; so that on the discovered part might be seen (to the terror of their enemies) those pictures of beasts, with which ^h they painted themselves. It is justifiable by Cæsar, that they us'd to shave all except their head and upper lip, and wore very long hair; but in their old coins I see no such thing warranted: and in later ⁱ times, about four hundred years since, it is especially attributed to them that they always cut their heads close for avoiding Absalon's misfortune.

The colony long kept at Maldon—

Old historians and geographers call this Camalodunum, which some ^k have absurdly thought to be Camelot in the Scottish sheriffdom of Stirling, others have sought it elsewhere: but the English light of antiquity (Camden) hath surely found it at this Maldon in Essex, where was a Romish colony, as also at ^l Gloucester, Chester, York, and perhaps at Colchester, which proves expressly (against vulgar allowance) that there was a time when in the chiefest parts of this southern Britany the Roman laws were used, as every one that knows the meaning of a colony (which had all their rights and institutions deduced with it) must confess. This was destroyed upon discontentment taken by the Iceni and Trinobantes (now Norfolk, Suffolk, Middlesex, and Essex men) for intollerable wrongs done to the wife and posterity of Prasutagus king of the Iceni by the ⁿ Romans, which the king (as others in like form) thought, but vainly, to have prevented by instituting Nero, then

G g g

empe-

^f Suet. lib. 4. cap. 44. & 46. & Dio. Cassius.

^g Polyb. hist. 7.

^h Solin. polyhist. c. 35.

ⁱ Girald. de script. c. 10.

^k Hez. Bæti. lib. 3.

^l Antiq. Inscript. Lapidea & Numm. Vid. Fortescut. de laud. leg. Ang. cap. 17. & Vit. Basingstocb. lib. 4. not. 36.

ⁿ Agellius l. 16. cap. 13. Tacit. an. 14. Dio. lib. 5.

emperor, his heir. The signs, which the author speaks of, were, a strange, and, as it were, voluntary falling down of the goddess Victory's statue, erected by the Romans here; women, as distracted, singing their overthrow; the ocean looking bloody; uncouth howlings in their assemblies, and such like. Petilius Cerealis, lieutenant of the ninth legion, coming to aid, lost all his footmen, and betook himself with the rest to his fortified tents. But for this read the history.

By poison end her days.-----

So Tacitus; but Dio, that she died of sickness. Her name is written diversly Voadicia, Boodicia, Bunduica and Boudicea: she was wife to Prasutagus, of whom last before.

A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred.

Every story, of the declining British state, will tell you what miseries were endured by the hostile irruptions of Scots and Picts into the southern part. For the passage here of them, know, that the Scottish stories, which begin their continued monarchique government at Ferguze, affirm the *Picts (from the Scythian territories) to have arrived in the now Jutland, and thence passed into Scotland some two hundred and fifty years after the Scots first entring Britain, which was, by account, about eighty years before our Saviour's birth, and thence continued these a state by themselves, until king Kenneth about eight hundred and forty years after Christ utterly supplanted them. Others, as Bede and his followers, make them elder in the isle than the Scots, and fetch them out of Ireland; the British story (that all may be discords) says, they entred Albania under conduct of one Roderic their king (for so you must read in Monmouth, and not Londric, as the print in that and much other mistakes) and were valiantly oppos'd by Marius then king of Britons, Roderic slain, and Caithness given them for habitation. This Marius is placed with Vespasian, and the gross differences of time make all suspicious; so that you may as well believe none of them, as any one. Rather adhere to learned Camden, making the Picts very genuine Britons, distinguish'd only by accidental name, as in him you may see more largely.

Arviragus of ours first taking to protect.

His marriage with (I know not what) Genissa, daughter to Claudius, the habitude of friendship betwixt Rome and him, after composition with Vespasian then, under the emperor, employ'd in the British war, the

* Pictorum in Britannia (potius Pictorum, ita n. legitur) primus meminit Romanorum Panegyristes ille inter alios, qui Constantinum encomijs adhaeruit, & si placet adeas Humfred. Leuid. Brev. Brit. & Buchanan. lib. 2. rer. Scotic. aut Camdeni Scotos & Pictos. Rob. Glocestrensis dicuntur Pictos. & Galfridus Monumeth. correctus, & ibidem vice rō Macsmarius lege Vestmaria.

the c
of. P
cause
make
means

Nea
in is p
long)
of " I
Arima
before
verted

But
christia
author
Gunda
Edeffa,
own h
perour
that th
Europe
(which
affirms
Not mu
Scots;
from a
christia
by help
Arch-fl
lut'ng
stituted

s Saty
t Suida
u The
ten.
x Ex
Codices i
tiguos con

SONG THE EIGHTH. 819

the common story relates. This is Armitagus, which Juvenal * speaks of. Polydore refers him to Nero's time, others rightly to Domitian, because indeed the Poet † then flourished. That fabulous Hector Boetius makes him the same with Phasviragus, as he calls him, in Tacitus; he means Prasutagus, having misread Tacitus his copy.

This happiness we have, Christ crucify'd to know.

Near an hundred eighty years after Christ (the chronology of Bede herein is plainly false, and observe what I told you of that kind to the fourth song) this Lucius, upon request to pope Eleutherius, received at the hands of † Fugatus and Damianus, holy baptism; yet so, that by Joseph of Arimathea (of whom to the third song) seeds of true religion were here before sown: by some I find it * without warrant, affirm'd that he converted Arviragus,

And gave him then a shilde of silver white,
 His arms endlong and overthwart full perfect,
 These arms were used through all Britain
 For a common sign each man to know his nation
 From enemies, which now we call certain,
 S. George's arms —————

But thus much collect, that, although until Lucius we had not a christian king (for you may well suspect, rather deny, for want of better authority, this of Arviragus) yet (unless you believe the tradition of Gundafer king of Indy, † converted by S. Thomas, or Abagar ‡ king of Edessa, to whom those letters written, as is supposed, by our Saviour's own hand, kept as a pretious relique in † Constantinople until the emperor Isaacius Angelus, as my authors say, were sent) it is apparent that this island had the first christian king in the world, and clearly in Europe, so that you cite not Tiberius his private seeming christianity (which is observed out of † Tertullian) even in whose time also Gildas affirms, Britain was comforted with wholesome beams of religious light. Not much different from this age was Donald first christian king of the Scots; so that if priority of time swayed it, and not custom (derived from a communicable attribute given by the popes) that name of most christian should better fit our sovereigns than the French. This Lucius, by help of those two christian aids, is said to have, in room of three Arch-flamins and twenty eight Flamins (through whose doctrine, polluting sacrifices and idolatry reigned here instead of true service) instituted three archbishopricks at London, York, and Caer-leon upon

G g g 2

Uike,

s Satyr. 4.

t Suidas in Juvenali.

u These names are very differently written.

x Ex Nennio Harding. cap. 4. 8. Ast Codices ij, quos consuluisse me Nennij antiquos contigit bujuse rei parum sunt memores.

y Abdias hist. Apostolic. lib. 9. Euseb. lib. 1. cap. 13.

z Nicet. Chroniat. in Andronic. Commen. lib. 2.

a Nicephor. Callist. lib. 2. cap. 7. & 8.

b Distinct. 80. c. in illis, Clemens PP.

Uske, and twenty eight bishopricks; of them, all beyond Humber subject to York; all the now Wales to Caer-leon; to London, the now England with Cornwall. And so also was the custom in other countries, even grounded upon S. Peter's own command, to make substitution of arch-bishops or patriarchs to arch-flamins, and bishops to flamins, if you believe a ^c pope's assertion. For York, there is now a metropolitan see; Caerleon had so until the change spoken of to the fifth song. And London, the cathedral church being at S. Peter's in Cornhill, until translation of the pall ^d to Canterbury by Augustin^e, sent hither by Gregory the first, under king Ethelbert, according to a prophesy of Merlin, that christianity should fail, and then revive when the see of London did adorn Canterbury, as, after coming of the Saxons, it did. This moved that ambitious Gilbert of Folioth bishop of London to challenge the primacy of England; for which he is bitterly taxed by a great ^e clerk of the same time. If I add to the British glory that this Lucius was cause of like conversion in Bavaria and Rhetia, I should out of my bounds. The learned Mark Velfer, and others, have enough remembred it.

Constantius' worthy wife———

That is Helen, wife to Constantius or Constans Ch'orus the emperour, and mother to Constantine the great, daughter to Coil king of Britain, where Constantine was by her brought forth. Do not object Nicephorus Callistus, that erroneously affirms him born in Drepanum of Bithynia, or Jul. Firmicus ^f, that says at Tarsus, upon which testimony (not uncorrupted) a great critique ^g hath violently offered to deprive us both of him and his mother, affirming her a Bithynian; nor take advantage of Cedrenus, that will have Dacia his birth-soil. But our histories, and, with them, the Latin ecclesiastique relation (in passages of her invention of the cross and such like) allowed also by cardinal Baronius, make her thus a British woman. And for great Constantine's birth in this land, you shall have authority; against which I wonder how Lipsius durst oppose his conceit. In an old panegyrist speaking to Constantine: *Liberavit ille* (he means his father) *Britannias servitute, tu etiam nobiles illic Oriendo fecisti*; and another, *O fortunata & nunc omnibus beatior terris Britannia, quæ Constantinum Cæsarem prima vidisti!* These might perswade, that Firmicus were corrupted, seeing they lived when they might know as much of this as he. Nicephorus and Cedrenus are of much later time, and deserve no undoubted credit. But in certain oriental admonitions ^k of state (newly published by John Meursius professor of Greek story at Leiden) the emperor Constantine Porphyrogenetes advises his son Romanus, that he should not take him a wife of alien

^c V. Kenulph in *Epist. ad Leonem PP.* 1. ^g Lips. de *Rom. magnitud. lib. 4. cap. 11. nimum laps.*
^d apud G. Malmesb. lib. 1. de reg. & 1. de Pontific. vide Basingstocb. *hist.* 9. not. 11.
^e k Constant. Porphyrog. de administ. imperio, c. 29. Jo. Leuinaum ad Panegyris 5. cauit multum hic moramur.
^f Storw's Survey of London, p. 479.
^g Joann. Carnotens. in *Epistol.* 272.
^h Marbes. l. 1. cap. 4.

alien blood, because all people dissonant from the government and manners of the empire by a law of Constantine, established in S. Sophy's church, were prohibited the height of that glory, excepting only the Franks, allowing them this honour, ¹ ὅτι καὶ αὐτοὶ τῶν γλῶσσων ἀπὸ τῶν τοιούτων ἔσχε μέρη, which might make you imagine him born in Gaul; let it not move you, but observe that this Porphyrogenetes lived about seven hundred years since, when it was (and among the Turks still is) ordinary with these Greeks to call ^m all (especially the western) Europeans by the name of Franks, as they did themselves Romans. Why then might not we be comprehended, whole name, as English, they scarce, as it seems, knew of, calling us ⁿ Inclins; and indeed the indefinite form of speech, in the author I cite, shews as if he meant some remote place by the Franks, admitting he had intended only but what we now call French. If you can believe one of our country-men ^o that lived about Henry II. he was born in London; others think he was born at York: of that, I determine not. Of this Helen, her religion, finding the cross, good deeds in walling London and Colchester (which in honour of her, they say, bears a cross between four crowns, and for the invention she is yet celebrated in holy-rood day in May) and of this Constantine her son, a mighty and religious emperor (although I know him taxt for no small faults by ecclesiastick writers) that in this air received his first light and life, our Britons vaunt not unjustly: as in that spoken to king Arthur.

**Now it worth iended that Sibile the sage sede biþore,
That there shold of Brutain thze men be yþore
That shold winne the aumpr of Rome; of tweye ydo it is,
As of ^r Bely and Constantine, and thou art the thzedde y wis.**

Against the Arrian Sect at Arles having run.

In the second council at Arles in Provence, held under Constantine and Silvester, is subscribed the name of Restitutus bishop of London, the like respectively in other councils spoken of by the author. It is not unfit to note here, that in the later time the use hath been (when and where Rome's supremacy was acknowledged) to send always to general councils, out of every christian state, some bishops, abbots and priors; and I find it affirmed by the clergy under ^r Henry II. that, to a general council, only four bishops are to be sent out of England. So, by reason of this course added to state-allowance afterward at home, were those canons received into our law; as of Bigamy in the council of Lions, interpreted by parliament under Edward I. Of Pluralities in the council of Lateran, held by Innocent III. reigning our king John; and the law of

G g g 3

Laple

¹ Because he was born in their parts.
^m *Histor. Orientales passim, & Themata*
Constantini, cum supra citato libro.
ⁿ Nicet. Choniast. 2. Isaac. Angel. §. ult.
12. 11. 101.

^o G. Steph. de Londino. *Basingstock. bish.*
^{6.} not. 10.
^q Belinus.
^r Roger. Hoved. f. 332.

Lapse in benefices had so its ground from that council of Lateran, in the year eleven hundred seventy nine under Alexander the third, whither, for our part, were sent Hugh bishop of Durham, John bishop of Norwich, Robert bishop of Hereford, and Rainold bishop of Bath, with divers abbots, where the ^s canon was made for presentation within six months, and title of lapse given to the bishop in case the chapter were patron, from the bishop to them if he were patron: which although, in that, it be not law with us, nor also their difference between a lay ^s and ecclesiastique patron for number of the months, allowing the layman but four, yet shews itself certainly to be the original of that custom anciently and now used in the ordinary's collation. And hither Henry of Bracton ^u refers it expressly; by whom you may amend John le Briton, and read Lateran instead of Lions about this same matter. Your conceit, truly joining these things, cannot but perceive that canons and constitutions, in popes councils, absolutely never bound us in other form than, fitting them by the square of English law and policy, our reverend sages and Baronage allowed and ^x interpreted them, who in their formal ^y writs would mention them as law and custom of the kingdom, and not otherwise.

Eleven thousand maids sent those our friends again.

Our common story affirms, that in time of Gratian the emperor, Conan king of Armorique Britain (which was filled with a colony of this isle by this Conan and Maximus, otherwise Maximian that slew Gratian) having war with the neighbouring Gauls, desired of Dinoth regent of Cornwall, or (if you will) of our Britain (by nearness of blood so to establish and continue love in the posterity of both countries) that he might himself match with Dinoth's daughter Ursula, and with her a competent multitude of virgins might be sent over to furnish his unwiv'd batchelors: whereupon were eleven thousand of the nobler blood with Ursula and sixty thousand of meaner rank (elected out of divers parts of the kingdom) shipt at London for satisfaction of this request. In the coast of Gaul, they were by tempest disperst; some ravisht by the ocean; others for chaste denial of their maiden heads to Guaine and Melga, kings of Huns and Picts (whom Gratian had animated against Maximus, as usurping title of the British monarchy) were miserably put to the sword on some German coast, whither misfortune carried them. But because the author slips it over with a touch, you shall have it in such old ^z verse, as I have.

*This maidens were ygadzed and to London come,
 Many were glad ther of and well for some
 That bii sold of londe wende and neu est c ho: frend y se
 And some to lese ho: maidenhod wives no: to be.*

Tho

^s G. Nubr. (cujus edit. (nuperam & Jo. Picardi annotationes consulas) l. 3. & Hovedenus habent ipsas, quæ sunt Constit.
^t Extrav. Concess. præb. c. 2.
^u 6 Decret. tit. jure patronat. §. Verum cum unic.

^x Lib. 4. tract. 2. cap. 6.
^y D. Ed. Coke lib. de jure Regis ecclesiastic. Regist. Orig. f. 42.
^z Rob. Glocestrensis,
 b They.
 c Their.

Tho hii were in fipes ydo. and in the se ver were
 So gret tempest ther come that drof hem here and there.
 So that the o mestedel adzeined were in the se.
 And to other londs some ydive, that ne come never e age.
 A King there was of Hungry, Guane was his name,
 And Melga H. f Picardv that couthe inou of fame,
 The waters voꝝ to loki aboute the se hii were
 A company of this maydens so that hii met there
 To hoꝝ folie hii wolde g home nime and hoꝝ men also
 Ac the maydens wold rather die than conceyꝝ thereto
 Tho wende worth the h luther men and the maidens stow echone,
 So that to the lasse Brutaine there ne come alme none,

Some lay all this wickedness absurdly (for time endures it not) to At-
 tilla'sⁱ charge, who reigned king of Huns about four hundred fifty
 (above sixty years after Gratian) and affirm their suffering of this (as
 they call it) martyrdom at Cologne, whither, in at the mouth of
 Rhine, they were carried; others also particularly tell you that there
 were four companions to Ursula, in greatness and honour, their^k names
 being Pynnosa, Cordula, Eleutheria, Florentia, and that under these
 were to every of the eleven thousand one president, Ietan, Benigna, Cle-
 mentia, Sapientia, Carpophora, Columba, Benedicte, Odilia, Celyn-
 dris, Sibylla and Lucia: and that, custom at Cologne hath excluded
 all other bodies from the place of their burial. The strange multitude
 of seventy one thousand virgins thus to be transported, with the diffe-
 rence of time (the most excellent note to examine truth of history by)
 may make you doubt of the whole report. I will not justify it, but
 only admonish thus, that those our old stories are in this followed by
 that great historian Baronius, allowed by Francis de Bar, White of
 Basingstoke; and before any of them, by that learned abbot Tritemius,
 beside the martyrologies, which to the honour of the eleven thousand
 have dedicated the eleventh day of our October. But indeed how they
 can stand with what in some copies of Nennius^l we read, I cannot
 see: it is there reported, that those Britons which went thither with
 Maximus (the same man and time with the former) took them Gaulish
 wives, and cut out their tongues, lest they should possess their children
 of Gaulish language; whence our Welsh called them afterward
^m *Lehir-Widion*, because they spake confusedly. I see that yet there
 is great affinity betwixt the British Armorique, and the Welsh, the first
 (to give you a taste) saying, *Hon tad pehunif sou en esau*, the
 other *En tad pr hwn ydwit yn y nefoedd*, for our Father which art
 in heaven; but I suspect extremely that fabulous tongue-cutting, and
 would have you, of the two, believe rather the virgins, were it not for
 the exorbitant number, and that, against infallible credit, ourⁿ histo-

G g g 4

rians

d Most part.

e Again.

f Of the Picts.

g Them take.

h Lewd.

i Hector. Boet. Scotie. 7. ex antiquioribus,
verum falsi reis.

k Ufuard, Martyrolor. 2. c. O'Rob.

l Sunt enim antiqui C dices quibus hoc
meritū deest, nec. n. ut gl'iffema illud non ir-
reptasse, sentire sum potis.

m Half silent.

n Paul. Merul. Cosmog. part. 2. lib. 3.
cap. 15.

rians mix with it Gratian's surviving Maximus; a kind of fault that makes often the very truth doubtful.

That from the Scythian poor, whence they themselves derive.

He means the Saxons, whose name, after learned men, is to the fourth song derived from a Scythian nation. It pleases the muse in this passage to speak of that original, as mean and unworthy of comparison with the Trojan British, drawn out of Jupiter's blood by Venus, Anchises, and Æneas; I justify her phrase, for that the Scythian was indeed poor, yet voluntarily, not through want, living commonly in field-tents; and (as our Germans in Tacitus) so stoical, as not to care for the future, having provision for the present, from nature's liberality. But, if it were worth examining, you might find the Scythian as noble and worthy a nation as any read of; and such a one as the English and others might be as proud to derive themselves from, as any which do search for their ancestors glory in Trojan ashes. If you believe the old report^o of themselves, then can you not make them less than descended by Targitaus from Jupiter and Borysthenes; if what the Greeks, who, as afterward the Romans, accounted and stiled all barbarous, except themselves; then you must draw their pedigree through Agathyrsus, Gelonus and Scytha, from Hercules; neither of this have, in this kind, their superior. If among them you desire learning, remember Zamolxis, Diceneus, and Anacharsis before the rest. For although to some of these, other patronymiques are given, yet know that anciently (which for the present matter observe seriously) as all, southward, were call'd Æthiopians, all eastward, Indians, all west, Celts, so all northerns were stiled Scythians; as ^p Ephorus is author. I could add the honourable allegories, of those their golden yolk, plough, hatchet, and cup sent from heaven, wittily enough delivered by ^q Goropius, with other conjectural testimonies of their worth. But I abstain from such digression.

^o Herodot. Melpom. 8.
^p Apud Strab. l. 2.

^q Amazon. Becceselan. 3.



POLY-

at

e.

h

is

n

r-

-

n

e

e

d

o

l

l